

BRITANNIA

Edited and Published at Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.1.

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper and for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post.
Postage: British Isles, Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d. per copy; other places abroad, 2½d.

Vol. II

LONDON, JANUARY 25, 1929.

No. 18

THE DANGER *of* WAR

IT is often said vaguely that the chief interest of Great Britain is Peace. It has been said vaguely for a lifetime, during which lifetime Great Britain has been either involved in war or immediately threatened with war, on a great and a small scale, almost uninterruptedly. It ought to be repeated to-day, not vaguely, but with the utmost precision and emphasis, that Peace is a sheer necessity to Great Britain.

Naval Invincibility.

IN the old days England existed by sea power. It was the invincibility of the British Fleet between the battle of the First of June, 1794, and the Great War of 1914 that produced the British Empire and gave to this country possessions which many powerful rivals envy her.

To-day that supreme condition of power has come to an end. England is no longer strategically an island. It is no good talking of the value of a supreme fleet for defending distant possessions which nourish Britain by their produce and by her profit upon their trade. In case of war the essential point would be attacked—which is England—and that essential point is no longer securely defensible by sea.

The French come next in this necessity. They also have vast possessions which many and powerful rivals would like to share or to acquire. But Britain comes first in the race for Peace. If Peace be disturbed in any great degree, the whole of our civilisation would be crippled: that particular province of it which is our own country will be ruined for ever.

And that is why all patriotic men, with or without hypocrisy, are to-day almost as clamorous for Peace as they have been clamorous for War within everyone's memory. Exactly the same sort of man who was furiously waving the flag in 1877, and 1899 is now indefatigably promoting the League of Nations and any other instrument for preventing war. And he is right.

The Schoolboy Incentive.

NOW what are the causes of war? Until we have answered that question, we cannot advance in the problem. The causes of war under simple conditions when tribe meets tribe, or one State with primitive

Lies, in Mr. Belloc's view, on the other side of Germany's Eastern frontier where the people refuse to be governed by Germans. They will put up a fight against any attempt to subdue them—a fight in which all Europe would be involved.



Photo

E. O. Hoppe

BY HILAIRE BELLOC

arms clashes against another, are much the same causes as promote private quarrels. These causes are incompatibilities of temper and outlook, love of gain, and even sheer love of adventure and excitement: what may be called "the schoolboy" incentive to combat.

People still talk to-day, very often, as though this sort of thing were the chief cause of war. But it is no longer the case. The chief cause of war to-day, almost the only cause, may be defined as follows: *the certitude on the part of one set of people that they are quite certain of victory over another.*

HERE, perhaps, I must be clear upon that word "cause." One original cause of the disaster called a flood is no doubt the rising of the water in a river. But that is a thing depending upon the weather, which no man can control. If the river is properly embanked you have there control over its action by man's will. If the embankment be breached the water will pour over and flood the land, and we shall be right in saying that the *preventible* cause of the flood was lack of foresight and inspection in the matter of the embankment.

So it is with the real cause of war, for the purposes of practical political discussion at the present moment. The passions of men, their foolish pride, their cupidity, their cruelty, are what they are. They may be compared to the weather in the example of the flood. We may hope in some distant future to control them as people hope that we may in some distant future control the weather, but the immediate practical affair is a consideration of the *preventible* causes.

Now the Defensive to-day is so strong, and the damage which the more powerful may suffer in attacking the less powerful is so great, that we are morally certain of keeping the Peace *save where one side feels certain of easy success.* It is not a question of whether the people who feel certain of success are right or wrong. It is a question whether they believe themselves to be certain of success. If they believe themselves to be certain of success, they are prepared to undertake an adventure which, under the modern menace of the mine, the aeroplane, gas, the bomb, etc., they would never undertake.

Where Does Danger Lie?

WE see the truth of this in the world around us. France will conduct military operations in Morocco, Italy in Tripoli, Britain against mountain tribes in Iraq (or elsewhere), because success is assured. But as between the main European groups all will hesitate to begin hostilities unless or until they feel that superiority is overwhelming. When one group feels that, *then* you have the danger of war.

Where does such a danger lie at the present moment?

It does not lie as between any of the greater Powers of the West and their smaller neighbours. There is no advantage conceivable, whether economic (the principal motive) or political, in attack by one of the great Western Powers against the smaller neutral countries which lie interspersed among them or upon their margins.

But there is one quarter of our civilisation in which an advantage would follow from attack upon neighbours if that attack could be undertaken without serious risk: that quarter is the distant belt to the east where races and religion are mingled, where, in race and language and culture, the Slav and German are not only intertwined but opposed: in which the three religious bases of culture, the Catholic, the Protestant and the Greek Church, are also intertwined and opposed, and it is there that certitude of victory may lead to war.

Mixed Populations.

LORD D'ABERNON put it very well in his articles of the other day when speaking of the Prussian spirit in Europe. (He called it "the German," but it does not apply to the German race as a whole—for instance, in Switzerland or on the Middle Danube, or on the Rhine.) He said that it felt a natural right to govern the mixed populations, and especially the Slavs, to the east and south of it.

In other words, it feels quite certain that if these Slavs, partly intermingled with, and lying mainly to the east of, the German part of Europe, are left unaided they must easily fall again under the discipline and mastership of Berlin.



Map showing Germany's Eastern frontier and the danger points to which Mr. Belloe refers.

The words "these Slavs" means a Polish nation of many millions, a Bohemian nation of many millions, and the southern Slavs in the Balkans and on the lower Danube. It extends to people who would not allow themselves to be called Slavs, the Roumanians.

Germany's Frontiers.

IT is appreciated that the present freedom of these peoples was not due to their own efforts, but to the action of the great Western Powers, including America. It is felt that the snatching of them away from the dominion of Germans was an unnatural act.

The whole position is regarded among the Germans as one of highly unstable equilibrium, artificially maintained by the victorious Powers which dictated the Peace of Versailles. Once the artificial prop is removed or even weakened, there must be a crash, and a crash in favour of German superiority; and this profound conviction is called "the rightful plea for a revision of the eastern frontiers of the Reich."

A Peril to Europe.

IF the people thus regarded as natural inferiors agreed in this verdict against themselves, the danger of war would be much less or even non-existent. But they do not agree with it. They refuse to be governed by Germans, and they think they could put up a fight. Put up a fight they certainly will. When that begins all Europe is involved. People who talk of keeping England out of such a conflict do not know the alphabet of the position.

It is from this conjunction that European war threatens. Every word said or written in favour of revising the eastern frontiers established at Versailles is a word making for general European war. And European war is the one thing which it is a matter of life and death for this country to avoid.



GENERAL ZELIGOWSKI

Virtual Dictator of Poland. He led the filibustering enterprise which detached Vilna from Lithuania and is a menace to German aspirations in the Baltic.



MARSHAL FOCH

The great Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces during the war. He believes that the security of France lies on the Rhine and warmly supports the Franco-Polish Alliance.



DR. HUGENBERG

Leader of the German Nationalists, a film magnate and great newspaper owner. He is one of the most powerful factors in Germany and a determined opponent of the Versailles Settlement.

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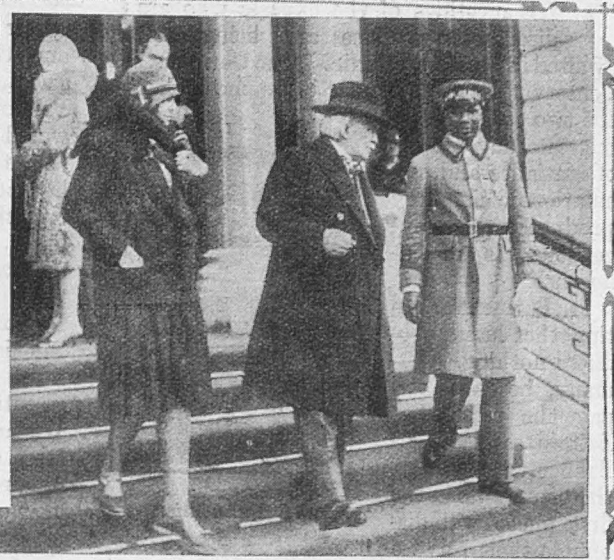
BRITANNIA'S DIARY

A Critical Survey of Current Events

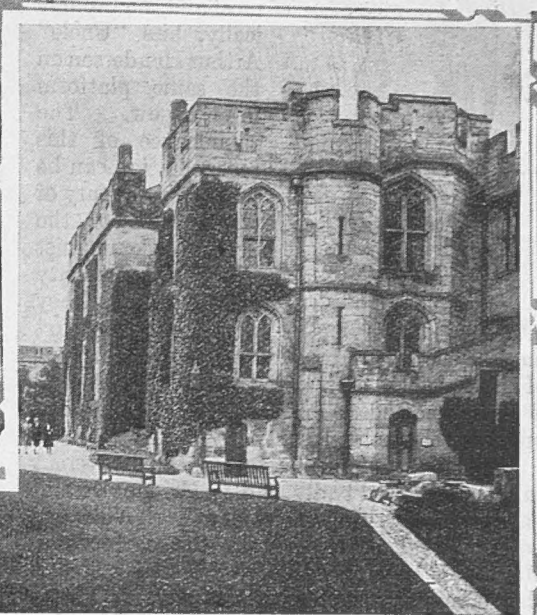
To Be Let. Warwick Castle, the only one of the well-known fortresses of Warwickshire which is still a residence. Tenants are generally Americans!



The guiding hand. Mr. Harcourt Gold, the new coach to the Oxford crew, giving instructions at boat-race practice.



Mr. Lloyd George, who has just celebrated his sixty-sixth birthday, with his daughter Megan, at Monte Carlo.



Date of the General Election.

THE date of the General Election is unknown. All prophecies, including the latest that Parliament will dissolve on May 23rd and that polling-day will be on June 12th, are worthless. The Dissolution cannot very well take place before May 1st because the Register will not be ready earlier, nor can it legally be delayed after November. July, August and September are holiday months and can be ruled out. Also they would interfere with important agricultural operations, and the farmers are disgruntled enough as it is.

The Government whips have worked out a theoretical time-table under which all business can be got through by the first week in May. But many things may happen to upset this time-table, such as special legislation to meet unforeseen contingencies or demands for debate on special matters of great public interest that may arise.

At the moment, neither the Prime Minister nor anyone else knows when Parliament can dissolve, [nor will they be able to fix an approximate date until after Easter.

Gentle Wangling.

A VIGOROUS movement has developed among some Conservatives, Members of Parliament and leading men in the Party machinery in the provinces alike, to delay the Dissolution until the end of October. They are being reinforced by Members of Parliament with shaky seats. The argument is, firstly, that a summer election will advantage the Labour Party by making up for lack of motor-cars and of money for the hiring of halls and so on; secondly, that it will play havoc with the London Season, and the shopkeepers, whose Christmas trade was spoilt owing to anxiety about the King's health, look to the Season to recoup themselves.

Thirdly, that June, July and part of October will then be available for new legislation to help the farmers, and to assist trade, including Bills rather more acceptable to the general public than anything on the Government's present bill of fare. Also it is hoped that something will turn up to improve the Conservative Party's electoral position. This Party of procrastinators may quite possibly grow in



In their element. Polar bears at the Zoo thoroughly enjoy the snow, even to the extent of going to sleep in it.

strength sufficiently to force the Government and the Whips' office to delay the Election till the last possible moment.

Brotherly Love at Sunbury.

NOT since those days of my youth when, if my memory serves, its early disciples were stoned at a South Coast resort, has the Salvation Army staged such a popular sensation as during the recent past. I have little inside knowledge of the drama which has been enacted at Sunbury, with Southwold as a change of scene and such hurtling about in motor cars as must greatly have intrigued Inspector Cooper and Mr. Edgar Wallace and their respective Flying Squads.

But these things cast a sorry shadow on Religion. With the Bishops at loggerheads and the Salvation Army engaged in fraternal strife, it is small wonder that the people are losing interest in orthodox Christianity. When we see religious leaders whose mission, presumably, is to preach the Gospel engaged in a battle of creeds or absorbed in purely administrative controversy, we are moved to remind them of Christ's last commandment: "That ye love one another."

The Religious Egotist.

FAR be it from me to venture on the ground that has rent the Army in twain, or to

hazard an opinion on the outcome of the struggle. I expect the Salvationist enterprise, like most other things nowadays, stands in need of what we call Rationalisation. But there is something tragic in the spectacle of an old man, obviously nearing the end of his earthly tether, holding tenaciously to the material glories of an office which is nothing if not a spiritual leadership.

The fact is, of course, that there is no egotist so egotistical as your doctrinaire religionist. We all know the type. His conception of Divine Right

would put the ex-Kaiser to shame. He imagines himself to be the chosen vessel of Divine Guidance and, like the Pharisee of old, thanks God that he is not as other men. Logically, he can do no wrong, because he believes everything he does is right. He is merely the aftermath of Victorian Christianity.

What is Rationalisation?

BY the way, I note that Mr. W. A. S. Bhewins, having consulted a standard English dictionary without success, has been worrying the Editor of *The Times* about the precise meaning of "rationalisation" as an economic policy. It is possible that many erudite explanations will flow from the fountain pens of verbal pundits, and that we shall not proceed much farther in the direction of economic recovery in consequence.

What it means in plain language is that we must reorganise our industries on a sensible commercial basis and get on with the job. It means that we must stop wasting our resources, be they brain, brawn or raw material, cease the duplication of energy and set a term to such futilities as pushing empty coal wagons about the country for the fun of it. There are other things which it does not mean, such, for example, as sending trade catalogues to Chinamen printed in English and quoting sterling prices for English weights f.o.b. factory, Halifax, "plus packing at cost."

The Caxton-Mook Party.

THE Labour Party is making great efforts to close its ranks. The greatest success the peacemakers have had so far was to induce the redoubtable David Kirkwood, hitherto Mr.



Maxton's principal lieutenant in Parliament, and the treasurer of the Cook-Maxton movement, to meet and, metaphorically, kiss "Uncle" Arthur Henderson on the same platform in Glasgow. The significance of this reconciliation can be judged by the fury of the leaders of the Scotch Communist Party and Minority Movement. They

retaliated by trying to break up the first meeting addressed by the re-united champions of the Left and Right wings. David Kirkwood is now reported to be the fiercest anti-Communist in the Labour Party.

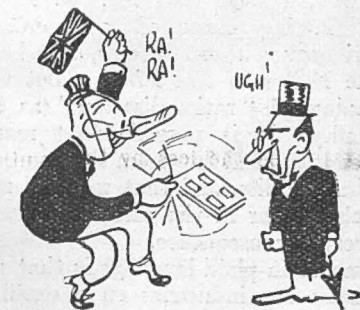
The Caxton-Mook Party, as the irreverent call it, has fizzled badly, and, as Mr. MacDonald has just been writing in the *New York Nation*, is now only taken seriously by the cartoonists. Maxton is seeking a fourth term of office as chairman of the Independent Labour Party, though no chairman, not even Philip Snowden himself, has held office for more than three years since the canonised Keir Hardie completed his seven years' leadership in the wilderness in 1900; and the resulting danger of a split in the I.L.P. is the only present weakening of the Socialist structure. Yet this has been amply compensated for by the fact that Cook and Maxton fired their bolts in 1928, and missed, instead of shooting far more dangerously in this present year of the Election.

U.S.S. "Kellogg."

NOW that the Kellogg pact against war has been ratified, the American Senate is proceeding to consider the cruiser programme. America is the only country in the world whose present expenditure on armaments is more than 100 per cent. in excess of its expenditure in 1914 and there seems just a hope that the fact may attract the attention of American senators. It has already attracted the attention of Europe.

Brighter Brighton.

THAT most delightful of hosts, Mr. Harry Preston, tells me that Brighton is at last awakening from its Edwardian apathy and is now fired with a determination to provide us



with a winter resort wherein heroes may fittingly hibernate. Good news. I am surprised that more people do not avail themselves of Brighton's natural amenities

; but there is much to be done before it can hope to rival the Continental resorts.

The dull black finish to the flat roof of the new Aquarium seems a lost opportunity, with the result that the front is an arid waste of asphalt from Kemp Town to Hove. The Council should make friends with a gardener and a forestry expert. Then there is no general rendezvous such, for example, as the Café de Paris at Monte Carlo. This could easily be provided, and it would prove infinitely more

attractive than a new eel house at the Marine Zoo. The nucleus of a Brighter Brighton lies rather in the genial atmosphere of the Royal Albion than in the provision of extended esplanades.

Reparations Again.

THE meetings of the experts who are to discuss reparations are being eagerly awaited in Paris and Berlin. The Germans, so a Conservative M.P. who has just come back from the two capitals told me yesterday, are full of statistics and calculations which they produce with an ingenuous air of innocence.

M. Parmentier, on the other hand, produces nothing. Germany, he says, will pay the most that Britain will allow France to ask. But the disputants in the first phase will dissemble their private

differences when it comes to the real crux, which is to get the Americans to take over the capitalised debt. As I said last week, the general view is that Mr. Hoover's bite will be less ferocious than Mr. Coolidge's bark. America, above all, is interested in a final settlement of a situation which restricts the field within which she can exploit her financial supremacy.



M. Parmentier.

A Trying Ordeal.

THOSE greatly daring motorists, including BRITANNIA's motoring correspondents, the Hon. Victor and Mrs. Bruce, who ventured to make Riga their starting point for the Monte Carlo Rally have met with adventures which, if not without the realms of possibility, can hardly have been anticipated. Our contributors have wired that they have arrived in Berlin after a sleigh journey of 150 miles, but the ignominy of such a journey after the expectation of a speedy motor trip against time must have seemed little when compared with the hardships previously encountered.

When making for Riga they were caught in a heavy snow storm which resulted in their having to fight for life in a successful attempt to reach shelter, seven miles away, on foot. The car was abandoned in a snow drift and, when it was recovered, was found to have water in the engine. Spare parts are being rushed to the marooned car and the motorists still entertain hopes that they will be able to reach Monte Carlo in time to take part in the festivities, though as competitors their chances of success must have been wrecked.

Owing to the loss of time and the present ice-bound state of the roads Mr. and Mrs. Bruce report that they will have great difficulty in reaching the Belgian frontier in time. Such adventures are not often the lot of British motorists. Apart from the intense cold and battling against snow, there was always the danger of attack by wolves which infest East Prussia and Poland.

Dearer Romance.

THE number of petitions filed in the Divorce Court for the session just begun shows a further increase. The regular upward trend of the figures makes it clear that the increase has little or nothing to do with the change of the law in 1924, since when women can obtain a divorce from their husbands on the grounds of misconduct alone.

They are, I fancy, due to the social tolerance which is now extended to irregularities which have always existed. Seventy years ago the fashionable thing to do was to run away with the groom and be brought back with a romantic halo. Romance is more expensive to-day but less strenuous.

Channel Tunnel Risks.

TRUTH will out, and according to Dr. Vaughan Cornish the danger of the Channel tunnel lies in the fact that a successful foreign commander would keep a large force in England because he could repair the tunnel and thereby ensure supplies. Presumably he would not maintain this force if he had to depend on the existing lines of communication across the straits of Dover.



This is, of course, just the sort of argument that has thus far delayed a logical, essential and highly desirable enterprise. We are not told what would happen to the large enemy force while the tunnel was being repaired—an operation which would take a year or more. Perhaps, while dependent upon sea-borne supplies, they would have to tighten their belts, hole by hole, for twelve months. And by that time they might have got used to it.

This question is one for public decision, for the public would reap the benefits and, in the last resort, take the risks. The opinion of narrow-minded "Brass Hats" who simultaneously favour a military alliance with France and object to a tunnel communicating with French soil is not worth heeding. Let us get on with the job.

Corinth.

THE Corinthians will start their Cup Tie to-morrow with the good wishes of most people. Unlike the Old Etonians and other famous amateur clubs, they have never won the Cup, not even in the days when it used to be played at Kennington Oval before a mere handful of spectators. But to-day the Corinthians concentrate on themselves the enthusiasm of the small band of public schools who are still faithful to the Association Code. Of these, Westminster, Charterhouse and Winchester are the most important in point of age, and it was appropriate that an old Carthusian, A. G. Bower, should have captained his side in their first match after Norwich.

General Groener's Memorandum.

THE publication in the *Review of Reviews* of a secret memorandum on German naval defence has raised a miniature storm in Germany. As, however, the memorandum merely



General Groener.

discusses the defensive measures proper to meet the possibility of an attack on the German coast by Poland or Russia, the document seems perfectly harmless. I have noticed before, however, that even the most patriotic people get sceptical about the merits of the Treaty of Versailles when the Germans prepare to defend it.

Truly we are an ungrateful people.

Caricature Sculpture.

THE portrait busts by the Jugo-Slav sculptor Sava Botzaris, now on view at the French Gallery, are exciting a good deal of comment, partly because any exhibition showing heads of social personalities like Lady Carisbrooke, Lady Howe, and Mrs. Inigo Freeman Thomas, and professional personalities like

Dr. Elizabeth Sloan-Chesser, Lady Forbes Robertson, Madame d'Alvarez, Sir E. Denison Ross, and Mr. Philip Guedella is bound to attract attention, and partly because M. Sava's methods are much nearer to caricature than to sculpture of the monumental kind.

Many sculptors can make a head but not a likeness. M. Sava can make a likeness, but he rarely makes a head. Even the "Head of a Negro"—which is disconcertingly naturalistic in facial expression and in the treatment of the folds of skin round the neck—is really more a caricature mask than a head.

The word caricature comes from the Italian *caricare*, meaning to load or stress, and a caricature is a work which stresses certain aspects of the subject. But psychological portraiture also selects and stresses certain aspects. M. Sava's show is thus interesting because it demonstrates how fine the line is between the one kind of portrait and the other.

Marshal Foch.

MARSHAL FOCH, who is lying dangerously ill at his house in Paris, is 77. The age of the French generals during the war was considerably above the average among the British leaders, though not among the German, President Hindenburg being many years older than his ultimate conqueror. Continental logic, however, never subscribed to the idea that war was "a young man's game," and the precedents of Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Condé, Turenne, and Napoleon never appealed to them.

I suppose they were right. The command of armies and groups of armies is an "office job," and can never be anything else. The doctrine of the detached and imperturbable general fishing behind the lines as his troops went into action was first popularised in England by Major-General Sir Edward Swinton in the *Green Curve*. Unfortunately with us it did more harm than good, as by the end of the war every one who had fifteen hundred men under him was a general in name, and too many of them adopted the pose of detachment when they would have been better employed leading their men "on the ground."

Mr. Keynes and the Bank.

MR. KEYNES has come back to the attack on the Bank of England and on the central banks in general for hoarding gold in order to maintain a fixed proportion of gold to notes. The result of this will be a scramble for gold with the usual accompaniment of high discount rates, falling prices and general trade depression.

It is a serious prophecy, and coming from Mr. Keynes, who has a knack of being right in these matters, deserves the attention of Parliament. Mr. Keynes does not, however, give sufficient weight to the real case for a statutory gold backing to note issues, which is to tie the hands of politicians against such a policy of inflation as nearly ruined France as recently as four years ago.

Scottish Nationalism.

THE decision of the Liberal party in favour of Home Rule for Scotland reflects no credit on anyone concerned. The argument on

which the decision was based is that "internationalism can only be based on satisfied nationalism." This is nonsense. Internationalism, if it means anything at all, means the denial to national States of that unfettered independence to gain which they cut themselves off from the larger aggregates of which Europe was composed a few centuries ago. Nationalism means the continuance of the process which broke up the Holy Roman Empire and went on



This striking "Head of a Negro" is the work of the young Yugo-Slav sculptor, M. Sava, whose "expressionist" talent is here seen at its best. M. Sava spent four days studying the folds of skin on the neck of this model in order to seize the racial characteristic.

unchecked until it culminated in the Treaty of Versailles.

The vice of nationalism is that it creates artificial barriers, leads to a plethora of officials, duplicates the cost of administration and produces no material benefits to the inhabitants. The merit of nationalism is that it offers the best guarantee against internationalism which can never be more than a wirepullers' harvest until Europe regains its old common culture or finds a new one.



"Lou Pidou," Mr. H. G. Wells's villa at Grasse on the Alpine coast of the Mediterranean. Among recent visitors was Sir William Joynson-Hicks ("Jix"), who was much entertained by Mr. Wells.

A Vindication?

IN an article on common superstitions, Mr. Jefferson Farjeon reminds us that America was discovered on Friday, the 13th of June. Columbus was clearly no Nelson. As a good Catholic he would certainly have turned a blind eye if he had thought of it. But then the English are so much more practical than the Latin races.

Looking at the "Listener."

IAM bound to say that the new B.B.C. paper, the *Listener*, raises more serious issues than I had imagined. It is an admirable production, but that it serves any purpose ancillary to broadcasting I strongly deny. It is not listeners but non-listeners who want "talks" reproduced, and any "talk" worth reproducing will be reproduced in any case by the author in the way in which he anticipates that it will reach the widest public.

As for the rest, bridge notes headed "Broadcast Bridge," and literary notes of the ordinary type not, I think, broadcast at all, and an admirable article, certainly not broadcast, by Mr. John Buchan, on conventional newspaper features. Parliament will do well to relax its attention from de-rating (which it does not understand) to this question, which is of the kind which shows our much abused House of Commons at its best.

East is No Longer East.

SIR DENISON ROSS, Director of the School of Oriental Studies, left England last week for a tour of the Near and Middle East. Before he went he expressed a doubt about the benefits of the experiments of Westernisation which are in progress from Angora to Manchuria.

"The further I go West," said a wise Victorian, "the more convinced I am that the wise men came from the East." The haste with which the East to-day is swallowing every quack nostrum from the West would have raised a doubt, however, even in the Victorian mind.

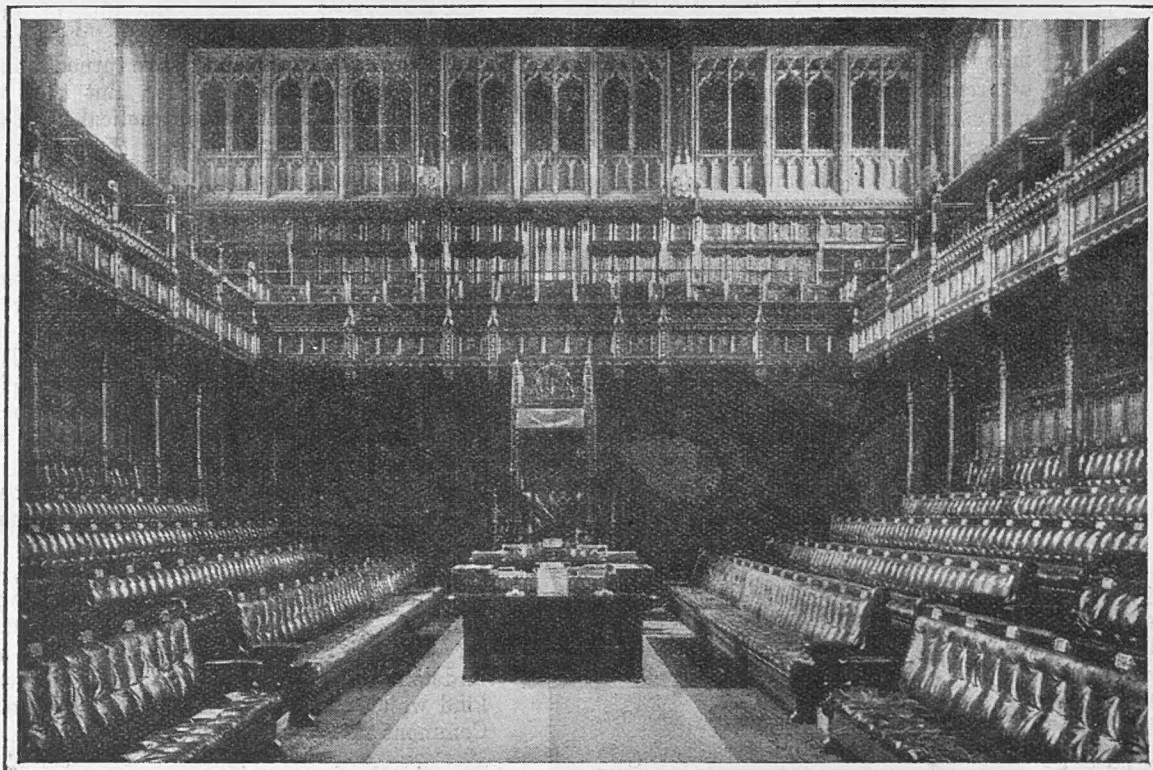
Meanwhile, Mr. Ghandi is urging the Indian National Congress to vote for Dominion status. "We want Home Rule and freedom," he says. Unlike Carlyle, Mr. Ghandi thinks that the wise men came from Westminster. He had better come a little closer and look again.

Waste Paper.

THE decision of the Soviet Government to order the destruction, so far as is practicable, of the files in the Government offices at Moscow, and in the provinces, will make English civil servants profoundly jealous. An era without precedents would be an era of short hours in Whitehall. What it would be outside is more open to question. The probable result would be the loss by the politicians of the few shreds of their public reputations (I need hardly say that politicians have no reputation in Whitehall).

One of the most delightful tasks which ever falls to the lot of a civil servant is to be able to reply to a suggestion from a Minister saying that his suggestion was first made by a member of the opposition party twenty years ago.

By Lieut.-Commander the Hon. J. M. KENWORTHY, M.P.



NO Parliamentarian will regret the passing of the present House of Commons. Its history has been made up of blunders and lost opportunities.

Whatever the complexion of the next Parliament, it will certainly be alive; for all practical purposes the present assembly is dead already.

discourage speeches and activity by their supporters; and independent members, unless they could show their independence in large numbers, have been at a discount.

I can best illustrate this by the interest and atmosphere in the House during the first and second Prayer Book debates, when the Whips were off, party allegiance was at a discount, and age-long issues cutting deep into the mentality of the British people were exposed again with a freshness on a subject that has been for so long taboo that it appeared

as a novelty. But except on this, and one or two other occasions, the hard-whipped majority have sought refuge in sullen silence or indifference, and this has affected the Opposition also. For men cannot fight unless they have something to fight against.

Another factor that has prevented this Parliament having a fair chance, and which I hope will never be possible again, has been the device of organising the supporters of the Government in relays, or "watches" to use a nautical term. Quite early in its life the flatness of the Parliamentary situation led to such indifference that enough of the Government's supporters stayed away to make the position of the administration hazardous.

Three-line "Whips" and four-line "Whips" having no effect, Commander "Bobby" Monsell, the Chief Whip, drawing on his naval experience, introduced the group system. Dividing his followers into sections, he was able to insist that on their duty nights they should not leave the precincts of Parliament, whether they were interested or not in the subjects under discussion, but when off duty they could go to the devil or anywhere else they liked. The effect of this arrangement on the whole atmosphere of debate can be imagined. And, of course, the Opposition suffered too.

"Y.M.C.A.'s" Lost Opportunity.

THE only way this Parliament could have been saved was by the formation of a strong "Cave" on the Conservative benches. And such a "Cave," to have been effective, must have been on the Left of the Party. The Tory Democrats, or Progressives, or "Young Men's Christian Association" as they are irreverently dubbed, should have threatened the Government on, for example, its lack of a policy with regard to unemployment, or its handling of the coal situation *before* the General Strike and when

THE DYING PARLIAMENT

A Life of Lost Opportunities

THE Thirty-fourth Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland, to give it its official title, is on its death-bed. Inevitably members will be thinking more, from now on, of the political position in the country, and in their own constituencies especially, than of the debates at Westminster.

A Summer Election.

THE De-Rating Bill will go through under the guillotine time-table. On its broad principles all that can be said has been said. In any case the effect of the guillotine is always to kill interest in the debates. The annual discussions on the Estimates will have to be curtailed, and no new legislation of importance can be introduced if the appeal to the country is to take place in May. It is an open secret that much pressure, especially from the business interests of the country, is being brought to bear upon the Government to dissolve before June.

Nor will they want much persuasion, for, as Mr. Badlwin has said, an election is like a visit to the dentist, the sooner over the better. There will be a flare-up of interest over the Budget, the secrets of which are locked in Mr. Churchill's breast and known only to some 200 permanent officials at the Treasury.

What kind of a Parliament has it been and what have been its outstanding features? There is a strong political non-party opinion at Westminster. However much members may disagree with each other on the floor of the House, those who are really interested in politics as the art of government meet together in the smoking-rooms, the dining-rooms and the lobbies as experts and connoisseurs.

Nearly all the older members belong to this select brotherhood, for unless they feel the fascination of Parliament they could never tolerate its routine and long periods of dullness, and would have dropped out of active politics long ago. They, and their friends and allies, the lobby correspondents, form an unbiased opinion of each elected Parliament as an assembly and of its active members.

Intellectual but Bad.

THE dying House has been unanimously voted a bad Parliament. Perhaps the best proof is that more than one hundred of its members are not seeking re-election. This does not mean to say there is not plenty of talent. The general intellectual level and character of members is as high as in any Parliament of this century. But it has been killed as a deliberative assembly by the overwhelming majority supporting Mr. Baldwin.

This huge predominance of one party has had a treble effect. The outcome of every debate has been a foregone conclusion; the Government Whips have felt compelled to



"Jix" has lost influence, but remains the cartoonist's closest friend. He made his best speeches on the Prayer Book.

the £24,000,000 subsidy, which might just as well have been thrown into the sea, was voted for the coalowners. Or the agricultural members might have organised themselves and kicked hard on behalf of the farmers.

The strength of such a "Cave" is that the troglodytes can threaten a temporary alliance with the Opposition. In the event of a Labour or Liberal Government in office the "Cave" must be on the Right, so that it can threaten action in combination with the Conservative opposition. Two historic examples were the threatened revolt of the Whigs against Lloyd George's land taxes in the People's Budget, which successfully emasculated them, and the actual revolt of the Liberal-Unionists against Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule proposals.

But the young Tories of to-day have forgotten their business. The actual bench used by Balfour, Lord Randolph Churchill and the rest of the Fourth Party has been occupied in this Parliament by Colonel Gretton and his Die-Hards.

Such revolts as have been threatened in the Conservative Party have been on the Right. Two were successful, the third failed; and it was the more important. The weakness of a "Cave" on the Right in the Conservative Party is that the Government can always count on the support of the Opposition, if the worse comes to the worst, to beat off any attack. We saw this manoeuvre successfully accomplished by the Prime Minister the first time the Die-Hard Cave-Men attempted to force legislation against the Trade Union political levy. This was when Mr. Baldwin made his famous "Peace in our Time, O Lord," speech, the greatest oratorical feat he has ever accomplished or, in the opinion of most people, ever will.

A Die-Hard Failure.

THE Cave-Men had their way later, but that was after the General Strike, and in quite a different atmosphere. And the particular objective of crippling the political levy, and which they attained, was only a small part of a Bill dealing with Trade Unions generally, which was one of the few Government measures to galvanise this Parliament into life until, as always, the guillotine deadened our Assembly again.

The Die-Hards were more successful over Russia. But then they won the support of two great powers in the Cabinet, Mr. Churchill and the Home Secretary, then at the height of his reputation. Events in China, the famous Arcos Raid, and the oratory of a good Parliamentarian, Oliver Locker-Lampson, who if he could have got rid of this *idée fixe* might have done great things, overwhelmed the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary. They found themselves "in the air" supported only by a group of timid young Tories and the official opposition.

But these were minor successes compared to the far greater issue of Safeguarding. Here the Die-Hard "Cave" failed. They found Churchill against them. Colonel Amery, their stoutest adherent in the

Cabinet, was abroad a good deal on the King's business in the Dominions, and the Home Secretary's influence had waned. Yet so vigorous was the movement for a general expansion of Safeguarding that the position was only saved by the astuteness of the Chief Whip, who, himself sitting for a rural constituency, was able to divide the agricultural members from the industrialists and play one interest off against the other. If Sir Robert Horne had abandoned the City and led the Protectionist Rump, or if Colonel Amery had resigned from the Cabinet and joined them, they would have had their way.

Few Reputations Made.

ON the other hand, if the "Y.M.C.A." had found a leader, thirty or forty of them could have had a far greater influence on the programme of the Government and the fortunes of their Party. Their weakness was lack of leadership. Duff-Cooper might have supplied it, but Mr. Baldwin was quick enough to see this and took him into the Government, where he has done well.

Oliver Stanley, perhaps the best of the younger Conservatives, has the qualities, but the Stanleys have never inclined to revolt. And Edward Wood, now Lord Irwin, Colonel Guinness and Sir Samuel Hoare are all in office. Lacking leadership the Young Tories

have been ineffective. If the "Y.M.C.A." had filled their natural rôle of restoring the political balance the history, not only of this Parliament but of England, would have been altered for the better. The whole Conservative cause will suffer in the result.

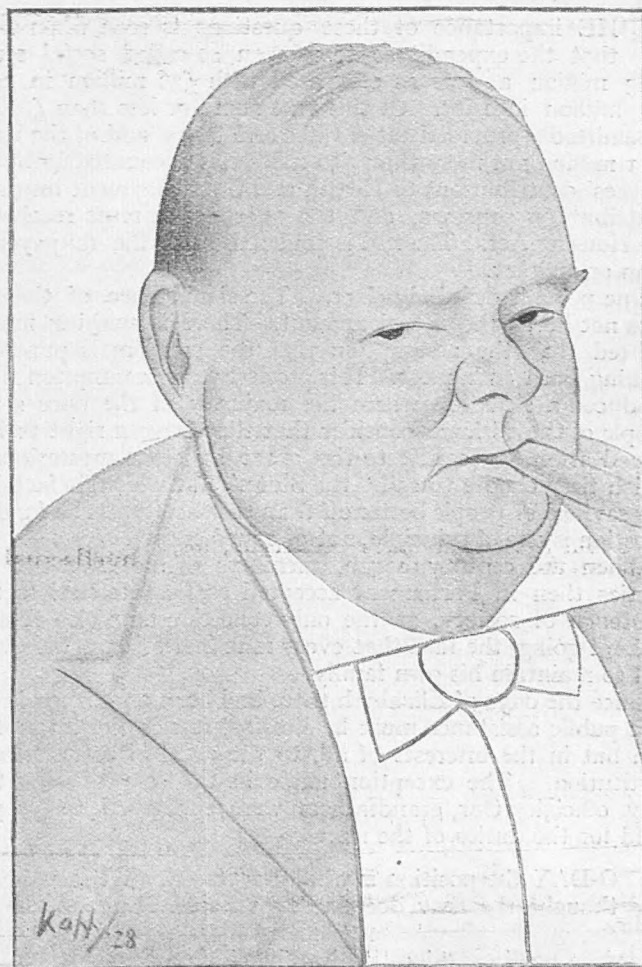
Under these circumstances it is hardly surprising that few new reputations have been made or old ones enhanced. Herbert Williams, the young member for Reading, did well as a Conservative guerilla at the beginning, but his courage gave way to over-cautiousness when he went to the Board of Trade. "Jix," at one time virtually the Deputy-Leader of the Party, has dropped back. He made his best speeches on the Prayer Book.

Temperamental Opposition.

THE one Minister who has done persistently well and really come to the fore has been Neville Chamberlain. He is now assured of the reversion of the Conservative leadership. His success has been as striking as the failure of his half-brother, Sir Austen Chamberlain.

The greatest discovery on the opposition side of the House has been a woman member, Miss Susan Lawrence. MacDonald, Snowden, Thomas, Henderson, and Clynes, have been in a class by themselves on the Opposition side. MacDonald has been very variable; so has Clynes. Both are artists, and suffer from their temperaments, though Clynes has managed to conceal his very successfully. MacDonald's position as Leader was assailed at the beginning of this Parliament. His position is now stronger than ever.

No Parliamentarian will regret the passing of the present House of Commons. Its history has been made up of blunders and lost opportunities. Whatever the complexion of the next Parliament, it will certainly be alive; for all practical purposes the present Assembly is dead already.



Even the redoubtable Winston failed to impress the House, but he is probably nursing his strength for the Premiership!

BRITANNIA



Published every Friday by
BRITISH NATIONAL NEWSPAPERS, LTD.
 Inveresk House, Strand, London.

Telephone: City 1522 (16 lines). — Telegrams: "Flam!orch, London."

Editor: CRAWFORD PRICE.

Business Manager: Wm. W. J. STUDD.

All MSS. should be addressed to the Editor and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

CAN WE AFFORD IT?

THE present Parliament assembled on Tuesday to complete its final session. During the adjournment the Treasury have issued the annual return of expenditure on what are termed Public Social Services, and we would fain think that a study of that document had sent our legislators back to Westminster in a chastened frame of mind. Unfortunately it is far more likely that the spare time of Parliament will be devoted to throwing new charges on to the taxpayer. It therefore behoves the over-burdened taxpayer himself—the shorn lamb of party politics—to wake up to the situation.

Let us begin at the beginning. The most objectionable feature of this business is its description. To ask a man whether he believes in economising on the social services is like asking him whether he killed his mother with a hatchet, or poisoned her with arsenic!

The question which decent people have to consider is not whether we should spend more or less on social service—obviously social service is the whole duty of man—but whether it is a social service to make a public distribution of other people's money irrespective of the individual needs or claims of the recipients.

A Vast Increase in Cost.

THE importance of these questions is seen when we realise that the expenditure to-day on so-called social services is £383 million a year as compared with £36 million in 1901 and £63 million in 1911. Of this vast sum not less than £272 million is admittedly provided out of rates and taxes, and of the balance of £111 million not more than £50 million is accounted for by the employees' contributions to Health and Unemployment insurance and contributory pensions, and the uneconomic rents received under the Housing Act. The rest is mulcted from the taxpayer in one form or another.

One point is definitely clear. The significance of these figures does not lie in the actual amount. There is nothing more short-sighted than the assumption that the problem is purely one of making both ends meet. It is precisely this assumption which has produced a situation where the majority of the once self-reliant people of these islands consider that they have a right to be maintained from the cradle to the grave by some mysterious agency which they choose to call "the State," but which, in fact, is simply the savings of people better off than themselves. The fundamental question is one of principle, not of expediency.

When the century began, members of the only two political parties then in Parliament accepted as fundamental to the very existence of society, as the only condition on which things could be kept going, the idea that every man had to earn his own living and to maintain his own family.

Since the days of Elizabeth there had been no change in the view that public assistance must be limited, not in the interests of the rich but in the interests of all, to the relief of actual and proven destitution. The exception made in the case of education was only official. Our grandfathers were concerned to prepare the child for the duties of the man.

TO-DAY the position is wholly reversed. We accept without thought the easy doctrine that expenditure on the relief of sickness, on the alleviation of unemployment, on higher education, on public health services, on housing and on pensions, is inherently good, and only objectionable on economic grounds. It is true, of course, that in one view the question is economic. We are drifting, and drifting fast, towards national bankruptcy. But that is not

because we cannot to-day afford to spend what we are spending, but because by spending it we are doing harm instead of good, creating demands which would otherwise not exist, and increasing the distress that we are meaning to alleviate.

Sir Ernest Benn has been attacked for his bitter gibe that the men described as unemployed, by the official return, are not unemployed, but men who have qualified for benefits to which the law assures them that they are entitled. Like all unqualified assertions it does not cover the whole ground, but his contention is certainly supported by the growth of expenditure on other social services. Here is one typical case of expansion.

We are spending to-day on the maintenance of lunatics and feeble minded alone substantially as much as our total expenditure on poor relief of all kinds (including the able-bodied unemployed) in 1911. This is not due, thank goodness, to an overwhelming increase in the number of lunatics. Neither is it due, apparently, to improved methods of treatment, because the number of lunatics is increasing slightly, not diminishing. Nor are the lunatics of to-day happier than they were 17 years ago. It is due simply to the shelving of responsibility from private to public shoulders.

The same is true of the Health Insurance Acts. The number of people claiming and receiving benefit on the ground that they are too ill to work is increasing. Yet medical science has increased, sanitary conditions have improved, and the general physique of the country has changed for the better. Even for medicine, the supply creates the demand.

Burden on All Classes.

WHEN we come to consider the more direct subsidies—old age pensions, widows' pensions, unemployment insurance and housing grants—the position is even graver. In passing, let us be quite clear that the point so often made about the contributory character of some of these subsidies is unsound. To a genuine scheme for the compulsory insurance of wage earners there is no possible objection. But that is not what we are up against. Under our magnanimous scheme more than half the premiums are paid by persons who have no claim to the benefits when they fall due, and, even so, the benefits are paid irrespective of the solvency of the insurance fund. This is not a genuine scheme of insurance. It is the forced transfer of one person's savings to another.

Being clear on this point we have to look at the wider problem. Do these schemes do good to the community as a whole? If we could show that they did, the fact that they cannot with due regard to truth be called insurance schemes would be a small matter. Unfortunately the facts show, only too clearly, that they are a burden on all classes.

Every time you take £1 from one man and give it to another two things happen. The man who loses his £1 loses something surplus to his immediate requirements which he would therefore have invested in one way or another. The man who receives it, on the other hand, diminishes his production by the amount that he receives. The obvious and everyday instance of the latter process is that of the man who refuses two days' work for fear of becoming disqualified for unemployment benefit.

A Delusive Heresy.

THE evil of all this is firstly moral, and secondly economic. Men are being encouraged to look elsewhere than to their own efforts for their daily bread. They are actually being taught the fatal and delusive heresy that a man or a woman who is kept out of production by a pension or an insurance benefit is not only exercising a right but conferring a benefit by giving his or her "job" to someone else. The actual fact is that every man who goes out of production is, by diminishing the available supply of goods and diminishing at the same time the savings available for investment, jeopardising the employment of his fellows.

The case of education is somewhat different. To assume that all educational expenditure is productive is to fly in the face of facts. There has been no such threefold increase in the standard of knowledge, craftsmanship, and general intelligence as to justify the increase in expenditure from £30 million in 1911 to £93 million in 1927. The real tragedy is, however, that with one hand we are pouring out money on the most ambitious educational programme ever undertaken by a central government, while, with the other, we are neutralising its effects.

AND so we come back to the broad question to which every patriotic and honest man must seek the answer for himself. We must work to improve, not to reduce, the standard of living of our fellow citizens. But we must have the courage to face the fact that the unparalleled sacrifices and exertions of the last ten years have not increased employment. They have reduced it. If we are to find salvation it must be by a common effort directed to preaching a new gospel. So long as politics remains a process of competitive bribery we shall not see the end of our discontents.



When Sleep
will not
come



NIGHTS of maddening sleeplessness! Your nerves are all on edge! The hours pass with leaden feet and, when morning comes, you feel more tired than when you went to bed.

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WHY WOMEN WILL FAVOUR PROHIBITION

By JOAN KENNEDY

MAN is a convivialist. Woman is not. Thereby hangs many a curtain lecture. Of late years man has accused woman of copying him until he has little left to call his own. His smokes and his hair-cut, his club and his professions—the line between masculinity and femininity has dwindled almost to vanishing point. Adam sees his old hats with their linings torn out and a diamond ornament decorating their turned-up brims.

In his own estimation of the "pinching" properties of his womenfolk, his plus-fours are never really safe. But in one detail of his life, he is secure enough from imitation. Eve will never see any sense in his habit of "standing" drinks.

Paying for Drinks.

ALTHOUGH not entirely logical, woman is the practical sex. She does not always begrudge her man a drink, but she does begrudge the money which leaves his pocket to pay for the drinks of the other man.

"Why don't you each pay for your own drink?" is her query. "There's no sense in three men drinking nine glasses of liquid between them when they only need one. Oh, you men!"

It happens that she is not a convivialist—never will be. She has no desire for equality with man in all his habits. She regards her own as superior sometimes.

If Britain ever goes "dry" it will be the woman's vote which will "put the cap" on the question, and which ever party makes prohibition their main plank will sweep up a good many votes from women. This is bound to be.

You may talk of that £220,000,000 or more loss to the Revenue should drink be abolished in these isles, and point out the millions more which would have to be spent to enforce prohibition in a country which is separated from alcoholic countries by a mere ditch; but Eve will not listen, if she inclines towards Pussyfootism.

You may picture the ease of rum-running in the Channel, the lure of "forbidden fruit," the increase in bribery and corruption, but she is deaf to your logic and reasoning.

You may tell her that her income-tax would go up and that by indirect taxation she would have to pay in a score of ways, from the cost of her shoes to the cup of tea she drinks with her friends; but she waves aside your arguments with talk of increased production which would result were drink abolished.

No Political Logic.

IF she and her husband managed the up-keep of a little seven-horse-power run-about, they would ask themselves, "Can we afford it?" if they began to contemplate changing to a Rolls. Over a personal home-matter, a woman can be logical. She would be the first to point out that

even if they had the purchase money of the Rolls, they couldn't pay for a chauffeur, a larger garage, the increased running costs, and "Can we afford it?" would loom large in her thoughts.

But she does not bring her home logic to her politics. She will favour prohibition because she believes that it will make for increased happiness in the home.

There may be secret drinking among women—a fact which goes to prove that woman has not the convivial spirit of man—but the mass of womankind would not suffer personally if Pussyfoot ruled in Britain.

Plenty of women who "take a little wine," find far more pleasure in a cup of tea. Miss Modernity may take her cocktails and champagne with gilded youth or monied age, but where we have a few hundreds leading the gay life, we have thousands of women and girls who have never tasted a cock-

tail, and who could not tell champagne from cider. The cocktail drinking class is not such a large one and champagne is far too costly to reach the masses.

Revenue Does not Matter.

WOMEN argue that so long as public houses are open they will be patronised. If they were closed and drink driven out of the land, they believe they would gain in home happiness. The Revenue can look after itself. They may grasp the fact that what Bill or Jim or Jack spends in drink to-day would have to be paid away in indirect taxation to make out for the loss to the Revenue were drink driven out of the country, but what matters most is that they believe Bill, Jim and Jack, would be better husbands and fathers without the drink.

Man may be but a little lower than the angels, but a woman sees drink as the thing which pushes him down among the beasts.

The average wife among the poorer classes suffers when her man wastes in the public

house what should have gone to the stocking of the home cupboard. She knows the degradation of drink, its coarsening effect on her mate, and its cruelty as the thing which robs her children of food and clothing.

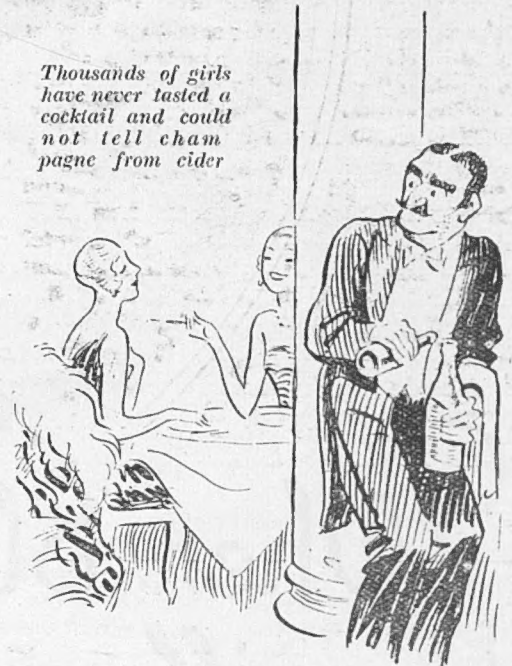
In the great middle-class—the backbone of our national life—more rifts come in the home lute through the convivial habits of man than through anything else.

Wives have a sixth sense which they apply to the increase of their own mental misery where husbands are concerned. The "other woman" may be blissfully unaware that Edgar has had "one over the eight," but no Edgar can deceive his own Eve. She knows his every mood and can guess to a nicety what he has imbibed and its potency.



His plus-fours are never quite safe.

Thousands of girls have never tasted a cocktail and could not tell champagne from cider



Mere Man is Puzzled.

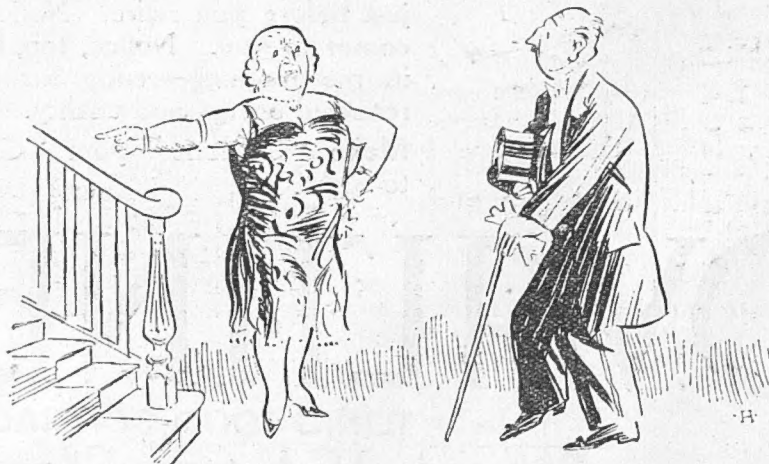
IN nearly all women there lurks a particular little devil whose presence becomes manifest when the man she loves drinks unwisely. Drink goads a wife who does not drink herself in a way which puzzles a man. The mental stress through which she passes rubs a great deal of the gilt from her love-story. She sees in the whiskey decanter the enemy of love and her heart cries for moderation if the thing must be. If she could sweep it away altogether, she believes she would have more peace.

Domestic upsets innumerable arise over the drink question. Anything which tends to rob romance of its glamour and bring trouble into the home is hated by women.

National questions are not nearly so important to the mass of womankind as are home questions. Women know that the home is the base on which national life is built.

The family—the clan—the nation! But home comes before the homeland.

And it is because women believe that homes would be happier if drink were abolished that we shall find them favouring prohibition—giving their votes to party or candidate where plank or pledge is all for Pussyfoot.



Women have a sixth sense which they apply where their husbands are concerned.

WHAT IS SAFEGUARDING?

By Brig. Gen. Sir Henry Page Croft, Bart., C.M.G., M.P.



The Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, M.P., "Security must be given against the dumping of goods produced abroad."



The Rt. Hon. Philip Snowden, M.P., is opposed to the McKenna duties, and repealed them when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer.



Brig. Gen. Sir Henry Page Croft, Bart., C.M.G., M.P., tells the plain man in plain language what safeguarding means.

IN the following article Sir Henry Page Croft explains how Safeguarding came into being, outlines its scope and states in what respects it differs from Protection. The one is an economic, and the other rather a political issue.

DURING the war the Liberal Government of Mr. Asquith, and afterwards the Coalition Government of Mr. Lloyd George, discovered that in certain of our vital needs we were entirely dependent upon enemy countries. Dyes, magnetos, scientific instruments and optical glass, wireless valves and carbons were cases in point.

The Origin of Safeguarding.

IN January, 1916, at the Economic Conference in Paris it was decided:—

1. That the Allies should take steps to make themselves independent of possible enemy sources of supply of vitally necessary manufactures, and
2. That the Allies should defend their commerce and industry against dumping or any other mode of unfair competition.

Referring to their resolution Mr. Asquith, the Prime Minister, said:—

"The war has opened our eyes to the full meaning and the manifold implications of the German system of economic penetration, and commercial and financial control of vitally important industries and to the use to which vantage ground gained by this system can be put in war. . . .

"Three of the most important resolutions, namely, those relating to the Most-Favoured-Nation treatment, protection against dumping or unfair competition, and the adoption of measures to render the Allies independent of enemy countries as regards essential industries, were proposed by the British delegates and passed at the Conference in the form in which they were put forward. These resolutions were drafted by my Right Hon. friend, the President of the Board of Trade (Mr. W. Runciman). . . .

Mr. Lloyd George, when Prime Minister, wrote as follows on November 2nd, 1918, to Mr. Bonar Law:—

"I am prepared to say that the key industries on

which the life of the nation depends must be preserved. I am prepared to say also that in order to keep up the present standard of production and develop it to the utmost extent possible, it is necessary that security should be given against the unfair competition to which our industries have been in the past subjected by the dumping of goods below the actual cost of production.

"Beyond this I should say we must face all these questions with new eyes, without regard to pre-war views or to pre-war speeches. . . .

"I shall look at every problem simply from the point of view of what is the best method of securing the objects at which we are aiming without any regard to theoretical opinions about Free Trade or Tariff Reform.

Again, on November 21st, 1918, Mr. Lloyd George in the Coalition Manifesto stated:—

"If production is to be maintained at the highest limit at home, security must be given against the unfair competition to which our industries may be subjected by the dumping of goods produced abroad and sold on our markets below the actual cost of production."

Mr. Lloyd George's Defence.

THE Safeguarding of Industries Act of 1921 embodied the principles laid down so explicitly by the two Liberal Prime Ministers of the War period, and Part I dealt with key products upon which our safety depended, and Part II dealt with the dumping question as outlined by Mr. Lloyd George.

When attacked with regard to his policy, Mr. Lloyd George said at Bolton on November 14th, 1922:—

"The Safeguarding of Industries Act was an inheritance from our predecessors. It was simply an attempt to interpret the Paris Resolutions, framed and commended to the House of Commons by our predecessors. As a matter of fact, that Act did not go as far as the Paris resolutions. Who drafted these?



The Rt. Hon. Walter Runciman, M.P., who said of the Safeguarding of Industries Act, "What a fine child."

"A good Free Trader, for Mr. Walter Runciman regarded himself as such, and with Mr. Bonar Law and Lord Crewe he put them before the Conference of the Allies, who adopted them. Mr. Asquith then recommended them to the House of Commons as his own. He was the wet nurse—Mr. Runciman being the parent—and he said to the House, 'What a fine child!'"

When the Conservative Government took office in 1924 Mr. Baldwin gave the following pledge:—

"... While a general tariff is no part of our programme, we are determined to safeguard the employment and standard of living of our people in any efficient industry in which they are imperilled by unfair foreign competition, by applying the principle of the Safeguarding of Industries Act, or by analogous measures."

Eight Out of Forty-Eight.

THIS policy was outlined in the form of a White Paper, which has been considerably criticised owing to the many difficulties presented to an industry in proving its case. This difficult procedure resulted in only eight industries being safeguarded out of forty-eight applications.

For instance, it laid down that an industry must be substantial regardless as to whether it was substantial before the war or before it was subjected to foreign dumping, and again, an industry had to prove that unemployment was abnormal irrespective as to whether the workers had moved in despair to seek work in other industries.

Both these anomalies will be removed after the election by the terms of procedure recently outlined in Parliament, and henceforth any manufacturing industry will be enabled to apply to prove its case before a tribunal. Further, a single permanent tribunal is to be set up for the hearing of Safeguarding applications.

THE difference between the policy of safeguarding and general protection is that, whereas, under the latter the Government with the assent of Parliament imposes protection upon such industries as it selects, under Safeguarding, an industry has to apply and prove its case, and also to prove that by Safeguarding the duty will not exercise a "seriously adverse effect upon employment or cost of production in other productive industry, including agriculture." It will thus be seen that the principles of the Safeguarding of Industries was established by Liberal Prime Ministers and has been adopted by Mr. Baldwin's Government.

The McKenna Duties.

THERE are also the McKenna duties, which also have the effect of Safeguarding, and which were introduced by the Liberal Chancellor whose name they bear.

These duties of 33½ per cent., which were primarily imposed to improve the exchange, to discourage luxury purchases and to save shipping space, applied to motor cars, cinematographic films, clocks and watches and musical instruments, and have proved so effective in providing employment that they have been reimposed and expanded by including motor tyres.

The whole of these duties were repealed by Mr. Snowden, when Chancellor of the

Exchequer of the Socialist Government, but have been reimposed and added to by the Conservative Government of 1924.

Great Britain's Burdens.

A WORD is desirable upon the reasons given for safeguarding the various

BRITANNIA'S DEBATES.

We propose to hold a general debate on the subject of Safeguarding to which members of all political parties and leading industrialists will contribute. There will be a concluding article giving a judicial summing up of all the arguments for and against Safeguarding but forward by our contributors.

BRITANNIA will also approach the vexed question of unemployment from various angles and will submit for the consideration of readers the opinions of some of the greatest authorities in the land. The first article on this subject by Miss Susan Lawrence, M.P., appeared in last week's issue.

It is our purpose to give publicity to proffered solutions of a problem, which, up to the present, has baffled the politicians and provides the greatest evil of the day.

industries. During the war numerous foreign countries, which, prior to that event, were our customers, commenced manufacturing on a large scale, and are now our active competitors. Under equal conditions British industry would not fear such competition, but during the war period the standard of living in Britain was raised to a marked degree, and we now find ourselves in competition with foreign countries where wages are as low in some cases as half those which Trade Unions rightly insist upon in England.

Weight of War Taxation.

IN addition, the Continent is now equipped with brand-new machinery of the very latest type, much of which has been provided under Reparations. Added to these unequal conditions, the war taxation of Great Britain has imposed a burden upon our industries which is immensely greater than any of our foreign competitors.

It is in these circumstances that various industries, suffering from prolonged depression, have applied for Safeguarding, which in simple language means the imposition of such a duty on foreign imported manufactures as will place them on more equal terms with their foreign competitors, having regard to wages, hours, adverse exchanges and taxation burdens.

THE KING IN THE "KING'S NAVEE"



This interesting and exclusive photograph shows a group of sub-lieutenants passing for torpedo on board H.M.S. Vernon at Portsmouth, in May, 1885. In the centre of the group (looking at the table) is His Majesty the King when he was Sub-Lieutenant Prince George.

Others in the group, reading from left to right, are:—Gunner Martin, Montanaro, Lowry, Allenby (brother of Lord Allenby), Pendergast, Stewart, Talbot, Brandreth, Lt. Sturdee, Instructor (the late Admiral Sturdee), Gunner Arnold, Gregory, Lambert, Winthrop, Da Costa (now Admiral Da Costa), Granville, Prince George, Wemyss (now Lord Wester Wemyss), Jones, Boyle, Charlton, Gibbons, Moubray.

THE GAME GOES ON

By Hilda Brighten

GRISSEON had always been a placid, temperate, unimaginative man, leading as quiet and as regular a life as his occupation allowed, and, apart from late hours, his existence not only allowed him to lead a regular life, it conducted in him characteristics which made of him less of a man than an automaton—a methodical human calculating machine. When you lived in a casino you put your soul to sleep—in the early days of your career perhaps you woke up that soul just on high days and holidays—but constant lulling to sleep of body and soul must eventually produce a sort of coma.

So Grisson had become nothing but this human machine, doing the same thing for eighteen years, counting, making up cards, even using the same words, the same sentences hour after hour, day in, day out. Living in an artificial light, seldom seeing the sun. Opening packs of cards, shuffling and beginning all over again. No start, no finish—always the same thing. Always counting, always adding . . . just a human machine. Rocked to a state of almost mental oblivion by the incessant recurrence of trivial detail. Just doing the same thing in the same way in most of his working hours.

But to-day Grisson was worried about himself. He could not say why. He did not feel ill—not in the ordinary sense. Pain did not rack him, but he was oddly conscious of his limbs. For the first time in his memory his arms ached; his head felt heavy, and, worst of all, he thought about his hands; those hands that all his life had been so allied to his brain that he had almost felt he was not quite sure whether they had not some mechanical power of their own, thoughts in their finger-tips. If they did not actually think, those long white fingers of his, at least they could count. Count by themselves . . . count even if he were asleep . . . who knew, perhaps count after he were dead?

GRISSEON had been a croupier for eighteen years. A casino was his kingdom. Seated on a high chair, he looked on and looked down on his subjects . . . those subjects that were slaves in his kingdom. His word was the last word, the law, the



Seated on a high chair, he looked on and looked down on his subjects . . . those subjects that were slaves in his kingdom.

command. In eighteen years he had never had an argument. He never spoke—he just gave decisions. And his slaves, what of them? He never saw them . . . during a game they were represented merely by the number of their seats.

That was one of the things that worried him now—he had suddenly become conscious when Number One had taken out a handkerchief and he had smelled the perfume. Number Nine's cigar had a heavy odour. The room seemed close, he had hoped that a window might be opened. He who for eighteen years had ordered a *changeur* to shut out every draught. It was odd, distressing—where would it lead? Always he had counted out the chips, neat piles: five blue discs of a hundred francs each, five blue discs of a hundred francs each, five blue discs of a hundred francs each, and so on into their thousands. Those fingers of his did it without aid, without thought. He need not look, he need not count—some second sense checked for him. *Deux mille francs à la banque. Banco. Rien ne va plus. Neuf à la banque.* Attention to the *cagnotte*, again a call of the capital, cards, the bank loses—and the game goes on. Eighteen years and the game goes on! And now what had happened? He saw people, wondered about them; that young man, too young he looked to play so high, had lost a hundred thousand francs at a sitting. What fools! An old man who could scarcely

see or hold the cards had won twice that sum. Eight. Nine. Eight. Nine. And the game goes on.

He used to sneer at the men and women who obviously had so little to lose but who risked that little. Why? For love of the game, excitement, hope of gain? Unhappy people most, people buying excitement paying a big price for amusement. Women growing old and haggard, tired business men dissipating the few holiday hours sitting far into the night, making a few hundreds, losing a few thousands. Going back to an office to fight half a year or a year round, make a fortune, lose a living, and back again next year. Sometimes playing for the same stakes, marking thus their unchanged situation in life as the years wore on: some playing for higher stakes, some for lower . . . some not playing at all, just looking on, drawn as by a magnet . . . a magnet of chance to the spot that, in a few hours, even a few minutes, could make or break a career.

How few it made, how many it sent away with heartache to curse the folly that had incited them to buy amusement so dearly, to toss a night through looking for ways and means, fighting in thought to get out of the hole into which a moment's recklessness had thrown them! Squandering health, scarcely smelling Heaven's fresh air, seeing the sun rise when at last weary they sought that troubled sleep that took them late into

the following day. A late lunch, a cigar, and back again to the game. *Rien ne va plus. Neuf à la banque.*

FORMERLY Grisson may have sneered, but he had not criticised, unless a shrug of the shoulders is criticism.

He was king of croupiers, acclaimed even by his fellows. And now! What made him think of the young woman who was obviously

when yesterday she would have been Number Seven?

His long fingers went on piling up stacks of fives, and fives, and fives. Yet still the brown eyes troubled him. What was her story? Were those her last hundred francs she had lost? Could she get more? It wasn't his business. For eighteen years people had been losing their last hundred francs. One paid for one's amusement. The only difference if you were a fool you paid more than amusement was worth.

Grisson passed cards, handling the long shovel as a harlequin turns his wand, counted, made up the cards, gave change, gave decisions, called his usual calls; but he wondered what time it was. A cognac would pull him together—a nice quiet little dinner with his wife in that comfortable home, so different from the Casino. He was glad he had married a woman who knew the value of money . . . no waste in his home . . . no jeopardising of the last hundred francs. He had a snug bank roll; he could retire.

But until to-day the thought had not entered his head. What would he do if he retired? His friend

Henri had opened an hotel. Jules lived on his income. Neither were occupations to entice Grisson. Perhaps he liked the excitement, perhaps

about your own life, your own job. If you had regrets and began all over again, it was invariably too late. If only one could foresee life . . . but if one foresaw the future might it not be unbearable? This squirrel cage of a brain that went round and round. How to stop it? Was this the first time in eighteen years Grisson had thought? Honestly and truthfully he could not remember.

A pity that the business of a casino did not allow of a clock—one could only guess at the time.

"DERNIER coup de la main." Grisson sorted, turned, shuffled the cards. This was a big bank that was running. Funny there seemed no law of average in this game. Number Four had all the banks to-night. Numbers Two and Three had played in partnership for four hours, but with no luck. *Faut prendre vos places.* If only Number Nine would have done for a little while with that heavy cigar! Numbers Two and Three were Englishmen. They could not even count. Their luck was changing though. They'd had two big banks. Fools, they can't even divide their spoils!

Grisson or his long fingers—which was it—divided for them. Funny he had thought of the law of average, banks were coming more evenly now. Eighteen years and this was the first time he found himself philosophising. He'd get a doctor to give him a tonic . . . fling away twenty-five francs. Who knew, perhaps there was something in medicine? Number Three had another bank. Nine, seven, nine . . . now he had won on a two . . . eight times the hand had passed.

For the first time in his career Grisson checked the chips three times before he called the bank. This was awful. He couldn't go on like this—something must happen. Then something *did* happen. The bank lost . . . but to very little. Believing at last in luck or because the table had lost as much as it could stand, only a tiny amount was called. And Grisson started to divide the gains for the two Englishmen who couldn't even count. Neat little piles of thousands of francs, blues, reds, whites, equal sizes, mesmerising in their similarity. Grisson threw across each pile to its winner, and for twenty seconds his brain stopped while the game went on.

Then Grisson started. It wasn't a visible physical start, but his figure sense came back with a rush and a horror—he had divided the stack of chips unevenly! He didn't know how he remembered, but he did. He knew of a certainty that he had given a hundred francs more to Number Two than Number Three . . . a hundred francs, a mere bagatelle, but that was not the point. He, a king, a god, the person in command, had made a mistake. He couldn't rush from the room, he dare not explain. He felt faint, he felt sick. He couldn't think, he couldn't see, he was hypnotised by one blue disc—value one hundred francs. Habit helped him. He continued to call the game, his fingers went on working. But he had made a mistake. Had the *changeur* noticed? Did the whole table know? All the gambling puppets came to life and seemed to be staring at him. He was pilloried in the high throne of the croupier's chair. Such is imagination! No one was looking at Grisson . . . the game was going on.

Twenty minutes later the game broke up, and Grisson stumbled from his chair.

THE quiet dinner and comfortable home was achieved. But Grisson couldn't forget. He ate and drank . . . but



The woman with the brown eyes, the haunting woman of his dreams, was standing opposite.

prepared to sell anything, herself, her jewels . . . just to go on with the game? He didn't care. But did he? Had he felt sorrow yesterday for the woman who so eagerly watched that last blue plaque, and, as it passed to the banker, fumbled in her bag wistfully with a bankrupt hope that she might have overlooked enough to go on. He remembered her large dark eyes, a childish weak mouth. He had had an awful thought at one moment, as she left the table, that she was going to cry. Why should she suddenly have become a woman to-day

reckoning up the chips had its fascination. He wondered in an aimless disinterested fashion what would have happened had he followed his father's wishes. He was an only son, and his parents had hoped—more—begged him to go on running the small farm that had been his own. A farm was dull . . . but was a casino less dull? Didn't one take out of life, out of one's work, what one put into it?

You did not know—could not tell—for one had only one's own experience to go by, and one's own experience only taught

always with a blue chip before his eyes. In bed the same thing, a curious shadow on the walls and ceiling—always a round disc chasing a moonbeam across his vision. And for hours he tossed between waking and sleeping, until at six o'clock he fell asleep. And he dreamed.

He dreamed he was walking alone on a cliff high above the sea—a sea that was blue, so blue that it reminded him of something. The path got narrower and narrower until Grisson felt as though he was balancing on a slack wire. He couldn't keep it up, he must fall . . . now—now—the slack wire disappeared and fell and fell an endless distance—then the sea received him. That was rather peaceful: he was not hurt by the fall . . . if only he could swim.

Grisson looked about him and saw far above where the cliff had been a green baize table, and all those faces, faces that he had realised as human for the first time that evening. The cards were there, but they were not really cards . . . they were turning into a rope. They were going to rescue him! Slowly the rope came over the cliff, and he heard voices. Someone said: "That's right, only a few yards more. Let out the rope. I think we'll get him." And then the ace of spades multiplied itself into a dozen, and joining the rope became part of it, adding just those necessary few extra yards to reach him. "Be quick! I think it will hold him" . . . and Grisson seized the rope.

The people on the cliff—or at the table, it was the same thing—went on giving directions while slowly they hauled him up. Slowly . . . carefully . . . climbing through space made him slightly giddy. It felt dangerous but not unpleasant. He was nearly at the top now. Suddenly all the faces looked bleared, except one. It was the face of the girl with the dark eyes and the empty bag whom Grisson had nearly pitied during the game. She still held her bag wide open . . . and empty. But was it empty?

Just as the half-seen rescuers got ready for the last haul, a huge blue chip of one hundred francs, swollen to the size of the green baize card table, fell out of the bag, and striking Grisson hurled him into annihilation . . .

He woke up haggard and with teeth chattering.

WHEN Madame Grisson sided with the doctor and urged her husband to rest, take care of himself and stop in bed, it threw him into an uncontrollable rage. He must go back to his work, must return to the Casino. He would not let imagination beat him. What had happened? Nothing. A fool mistake—anyone might make, and a bad dream. But why had he made a mistake—and that dream? Perhaps his liver was wrong. There might be some sense in what his wife said: he would be careful what he ate and drank for the next few days. . . . And Grisson went back to the Casino.

The same thing—he was seeing people, smelling smells, noticing details. A man wasn't a man if he couldn't master himself. He'd pull himself together, beat all this neurotic rubbish. *Rien ne va plus. Cinq*

mille à la banque. He was glad the woman with the brown eyes and the bag was not there. And sorry that the two Englishmen were again in their places, Number Two and Number Three. They did not seem to suspect anything. But that was the worst of Englishmen—one never knew. He regretted having had a scene with his wife she was a good sort. He'd try and make up for it; perhaps at the end of the season he would not go straight on to the next job, but take a short



He stole away from the Casino and walked and walked for miles along a road that had no stars.

holiday, go to a farm . . . that would do them both good.

This game of *chemin de fer* was a stupid childish game . . . worse than that. Children wouldn't be content to go on playing it, for hours turning up two cards each, just trying to make eight or nine! And yet for all its simplicity these fools couldn't play it. That was the third time to-day he'd told the same woman that holding a four and giving a nine, one did not buy.

GRISSON felt better. Nothing awful had happened this evening; certainly the room was hot, and the same man was in

Number One seat everlastingly smoking even heavier cigars than the day before. But he wasn't nearly so conscious of the faces. He didn't care who lost or won. Only one thing he did wish: that the men, Number Two and Number Three would lose or else, in winning, divide their own stakes, but they never did, and the separating horribly reminded him. It was devilish irony, they were winning all the time now.

On and on—the game went on. The air got heavier. Small fortunes changed hands. You could read in people's faces how Chance was treating them—discontent, over-flushed excitement, gaiety and despondency. Luck or ill-luck acting as a horrible limelight on the character of the players. Showing up petty weaknesses, ill manners, greed, or sudden bursts of generosity. Human nature with its mask off.

Things were not going so badly. The night was wearing away. And if Grisson was not complacent, at least he was not worrying so much. Perhaps he had worn himself out. He started hoping he would sleep, reckoning that another two hours would see him in bed. Number Two's luck continued persistent. *Faites vos jeux.* This would be the last "shoe" of the evening.

Then Grisson looked up and all the old horror came back with a rush. The woman with the brown eyes, the haunting woman of his dreams, was standing opposite. She wasn't playing. Was her bag empty? Grisson longed to know—he didn't know why it mattered so much. He knew types well enough to realise that she was not a *demi-mondaine*. Had she been he would have spoken to her. It would not have been the first time he had offered these women financial assistance—you could not embarrass them. They did not mind who helped them . . . or how. Life was hard—one made the best of it.

A croupier out of his seat of office was a man when all was said and done. But this woman was different, and she looked frightened. Grisson's attitude towards her surprised himself. She was less of a woman than a symbol. But a symbol of what? Grisson was beginning to believe in the nerves he had always laughed at. The last thing in the world he was doing now was laughing at anything. It was altogether odd. He found himself remembering hopes, ambitions, hates and loves, reviewing his life, that former life that separated to-day with a gulf of eighteen years.

He has awakened out of a sleep . . . into a nightmare. And always opposite to him were those brown eyes that looked frightened. He was ruling again. Playing *deus ex machina* in his sleep. And the awful part was that it was a conscious sleep, but one from which he could not arouse himself. He heard himself call the game, count the bank, give decisions. His voice spoke, his hands counted, but his brain only looked on. How long could this last? He felt he was drawing to a crisis. What would happen?

HE looked at those brown eyes opposite for an answer. And while looking the answer came. An American woman with an

(Continued on p. 245.)

WHAT'S WRONG WITH ENGLAND?

A Symposium of Readers' Views

Lower Standard of Living.

SINCE the Armistice, without waiting to reconstruct industry, we hastened the restoration to parity of the pound sterling, and thereby buttressed our financial system, thus enabling London to resume her position as a monetary world centre.

The burden of a debt incurred during the war inflation was doubled between 1920 and 1927, although we redeemed in the interim £742 million.

	Debt in millions.	Wholesale price index.	Equivalent on gold basis.
1920	£7,828	215	£3,652
1927	£7,554	105	£7,310

Mr. Bonar Law stated that if we settled the American debt without contemporaneously receiving settlement from our Continental debtors, we would lower the standard of living for three generations. His successor ignored his advice. Labour naturally resisted wage reduction and made no effort to contribute additional work. The increase in cost has lopped off a large slice of our export trade, coal having suffered most severely.

In defiance of economic law, politicians sought by Trade Boards and other expedients to make "Britain a land fit for heroes to live in," but they have led into the morass of unemployment a demoralised army numbering close on one and a half million which is rapidly becoming a permanently parasitical organism, costing more than the entire budget in Gladstone's time.

Now a budget of 850 millions deprives industry of the wherewithal to renew old plant, and while such a revenue could only be secured by increased output, we reduced the week to 48 hours, and permitted trade unions to limit output, thus making our manufactures unsaleable abroad. Meanwhile, America, Germany, and Italy, and other progressive countries, increased the output from 100 in 1914 to 320 by reorganisation of industry and improved equipment, and by modern methods of distribution found a ready market for their excess production.

We spend 200 millions on social services and 368 millions for interest and redemption of the national debt; and each parliament increases the load.

We have the best craftsmen in the world, willing and anxious to work, but they are trammelled by trades union regulations, Government interference, costly finance, and an inelastic currency system, which fails to respond to the needs of the day, and sterilises their task.—A. WIGGLESWORTH.

The Woman's Vote.

IT'S women. A century ago paralysis fell upon the women of England. In a coarse and sensual age they fell to the level of men's chattels and playthings. Then came the reaction, a burning fever to re-establish their rightful position. In its delirious grip they made two terrible mistakes. They demanded power; and they thought that the vote was power. But the vote is a feeble tool, and the power they claimed was theirs always. Only, becoming restive under the stern conditions upon which they held it, they had first abrogated its use.

Thus were man and woman planned, and their continuance on earth. Man must work and the prize is woman. He wins the prize and generation follows generation. He fails

In response to our invitation to our readers to answer the question, "What's Wrong With England?" we have received a very large number of replies. Below we publish a selection of opinions on the subject.

and the world ends. Woman, the prize, is likewise its bestower or withholder, and she must see that the race is run worthily and for worthy ends, and that the prize is worth winning. She has bungled her trust. At the winning post she was meant to stand, pure, serene, inspiring, ennobling, proclaiming her terms.

Instead, overcome by impatience, she flung herself into the race. Crowding the course, she jostles the runners, trips them up, dazes them with her urging. And, when they would refresh themselves by gazing on the prize, lo! the prize is gone, the winning post itself. "God," they cry, bewildered, "what are we striving for?" And in the welter that follows men and women alike are maimed, broken, smirched, trampled in the mud.

Women of England wanted the vote and got it. Now when they are busy running to the polling booth, their daughters wander unguided, unprotected, in the dangerous fields of delight, and the libertine stalks unchallenged in the most sacred recesses of their homes. England's women have forgotten that the world is made in the home.—G. S. LEEDER.

Religious Dogma.

THE final analysis must prove that dogmatic Christianity is the primary cause of "What's Wrong with England."

Dogmatic Christianity is a religion of contradictions. Love and hate; courage and fear; humility and pomp; self-sacrifice and self-esteem. That is why these characteristics are manifest in those civilisations which are founded on dogmatic Christianity. To speak of dogmatism does not mean only the Catholic Church, but all Christian sects which use dogma as a fundamental. While these contradictory characteristics exist in religion, so the same will exist in modern civilisation. To abandon dogmatism will not mean discounting the teachings of the Nazarene; for His teachings are the only hope for us.

What is needed to-day is a great army of modern thinkers to expound and inculcate the sublime truths of the original gospel of Christ; the great moral teachings nearest to our own age. These cannot fail to bring mental exhilaration and spiritual rest. And to all classes.—EDWARD MOULE.

Lethargic Politicians and Manchesterism.

ENGLAND suffers to-day from the lethargy of Rip Van Winkle politicians who disregard the changed condition of world-trade, and view her post-war industrial and commercial problems through 1914 spectacles. Unprotected industries; capital and labour, with concomitant unemployment, poverty and social unrest, provide fitting evidence of a political mentality utterly incapable of leading the nation successfully through the most critical period of its history.

Foreign-made goods are displayed every-

where, the foreigner flourishes in each English borough and city, and the capital of our most prosperous trading and industrial undertakings is being absorbed by foreign financiers. For a community whose very geographical insularity demands complete protection, this spells commercial suicide.

But the complacency of our politicians is such that even the economic cohesion of the whole Empire stands to be sacrificed for the illusive principles of a faded era. Our Dominions and Colonies, instead of being imbued by the Mother Country with the beneficence of inter-Imperial free trade, have raised fiscal barriers which now recoil upon her own misguided policy of open trade with protected foreigners.

"Manchesterism" permeates each political party, and until our Rip Van Winkles make way for other leaders or accommodate themselves quickly to post-War economic conditions, England cannot hope for prosperity or security.—A. C. WARDLE.

Grousing and Lack of Confidence.

VERY little but what can easily be put right. Our chief fault, as a nation, is our lamentable habit of grousing. It is almost a daily occurrence for the newspapers to put themselves to considerable trouble most conclusively to prove that a certain thing which comes from, say, Yugo-Slavia is an infinitely superior article to that made in this country, and much cheaper; or that the Premier of some insignificant, out of the way country does his job far better than Mr. Baldwin.

It is an acknowledged fact that confidence is the basis of trade. Now what applies to an individual in that matter applies with greater force to a Nation. Just, for a moment, imagine walking into a department store, only to find the salesman indulging in a grouse about the personnel of the administration, and the merchandise sold in general, and the article you have asked for in particular. He would not have a dog's chance of effecting a sale. Why? Simply because he would have destroyed your confidence. And yet that is precisely what we are doing (or the newspapers are doing for us) every day.

In doing so they are damnably destructive. Not only is it confidence destroying, but it is a deplorable waste of time. Instead of prating about what we can't do let us shout ourselves hoarse about what we can do. In very truth we have a lot to shout about. In an incredibly short space of time we should be doing everything better than most countries, and it would be a healthy thing to hear others singing our (present) song for a change.

Never mind about Lord Rotherbrook or Lord Beavernere or the Merry Brothers. Let the other fellow get on with his job; do your own just a bit better. Cultivate optimism; trust honesty (and there's plenty about). But, above all, let the smile of confidence and good fellowship pervade business and very soon England and the Empire, of which it is the heart, will have the rest of the world "among the also rans!"—FRANK C. BOYLE.

Further selections of readers' views on "What's Wrong with England?" will appear in the next issue of BRITANNIA.



THE FARM TRACTOR to the RESCUE

By E. T. BROWN

"Machinery can be employed on the farm to reduce production costs." A Vicker's Tractor hauling two self-lift ploughs made by Ransome's, of Ipswich.

of acres of ploughed land are being withdrawn from cultivation every year and converted into pasture. This is a retrograde step and is to be deplored. It does not get to the root of the trouble. The coach was superseded by the railway; the horse must be supplanted by the farm tractor.

A Change in Cultural Methods.

The employment of farm tractors will not, however, save the situation unless there be an alteration in cultural methods. The tractor has its limitations. There are times when it can be run over land in a perfectly satisfactory manner. But there are also



"The methods evolved so long ago were based on an adequate supply of cheap labour and horse-drawn implements."

THE cost of producing British food-stuffs is a matter of the most vital importance to the consumer. The town dweller, just as much as the countryman, is directly interested in the subject. The prosperity of the country as a whole largely depends upon the prosperity of agriculture. In post-war language, agriculture is a key industry. Unfortunately, farming is in a somewhat depressed state to-day. The reason for this is chiefly increased costs of production, and the problem of reducing costs is one which must be solved and that right quickly.

As it was in 1750.

New cultural methods must be adopted if the industry is to regain its old-time prosperity. Agricultural knowledge has advanced with rapid strides during the past few decades, since science has been called to its aid. But after all is said and done, little change in cultural methods has been made during the past hundred and eighty years.

The methods evolved so long ago were based on an adequate supply of cheap labour and horse-drawn implements. At that time, the average wage for a farm worker was 7s. per week. Corn was selling at round about 55s. per quarter. To-day the average price of wheat is 42s. per quarter, while wages stand at 30s. a week, with every probability of an advance in the near future. But the low price of wheat and the high cost of labour are not the only contributory factors. The hours of the farm worker are now strictly limited.

Horse-labour is much more expensive than was formerly the case. This is partly accounted for by the increased price of many feeding stuffs. The chief reason, however, is that the horses do not do a full day's work, owing to the shorter number of hours put in by the labourers. The average cost per horse per hour at the present time is 5½d. They work hundreds of hours less annually than they are capable of doing.

During the long days of spring, summer and early autumn farm horses are returned to their stables long before their condition demands a period of rest. If it were possible

to increase the working day the cost of production by horse-power would be considerably reduced. It would even be reduced to a profitable basis. There is, however, little possibility of any change in this direction.

Machines to the Rescue.

We live in a mechanical age. The vast majority of our general needs are provided by mechanical means. Cannot the mechanised farm take the place of the horse farm? Herein, I believe, lies the solution of the problem. Farm tractors have been used to a limited extent during the past few years. These machines are eminently satisfactory, but as yet there has been a strange reluctance to introduce them.

Farmers are, as a whole, a conservative lot of folk, but it is not entirely their fault that they have not adopted this up-to-date method of cultivation. The salesmen connected with the various tractor firms have failed lamentably in demonstrating the advantages of machinery over the horse.

The farmer needs to have his outlook widened. The agricultural colleges and other teaching institutions have done little to educate the farmer and prove to him that his salvation lies in the direction of bringing his methods more into line with modern conditions.

Machinery can be employed on the farm to reduce production costs. This is particularly true in the case of the arable farm. Thousands

times when the land is in such condition that it would be disastrous to take a heavy machine on to it.

On the mechanised farm it is generally found that work is well ahead of the weather. With horses cultivation must be frequently left until the last moment; a delay which implies inadequate preparation for the next crop. The tractor alters all this.

Last year, for example, the winter corn was got in under excellent conditions during November on the mechanised farm, while the preparation of the ground for the spring sown crops is now well advanced. On the horse farm the work is still proceeding, so far as adverse weather conditions will allow. The tractor is a speedy power unit, but even if it be necessary to work double shifts to overtake the work while the state of the ground permits, the expense would be fully justified.

Reducing Production Cost.

Ploughing by machinery is less costly than when horses are employed. It can even be done at a lower charge on heavy clay land, or what is known as three-horse land. In the latter case, working with a lightweight tractor, hauling a two-furrow plough, the cost per acre does not exceed 11s. 6d. A more powerful tractor than is commonly employed, however, is a better proposition. Threshing is carried out by motor power, but with a more powerful tractor an infinitely better threshing machine could be used.



UR OF THE CHALDEES. A general view of the scene of the digging operations.

DIGGING UP BIBLE HISTORY

By KATHARINE WOOLLEY

We publish a further instalment of Mrs. Woolley's narrative of her and Mr. Woolley's expedition to Ur of the Chaldees, Abraham's home, and the cradle of Jewish History. Good progress has been made since the first of Mrs. Woolley's articles, which appeared in BRITANNIA on January 4th, was written, and she continues her description of the search for centuries-old treasures.

THE weather has been kind to us this season. Rain has turned the route across the desert into a morass so that travellers from Damascus have either not arrived at Baghdad at all, or have come in days late, exhausted by digging out their cars from the mud; the railway has been breached in many places where, under pressure from the floods that advance slowly across the face of the desert, the earth embankments have subsided into slush, and left the rails sagging in mid air.

But the storms have scarcely touched us. For the most part, such little rain as there has been at Ur has fallen at night and sunrise has seen the mounds sufficiently drained for digging to go forward without loss of time; only on one afternoon has bad weather cut short by an hour or two the day's work.

A Painted Design.

BUT that one shower could scarcely have chosen a moment more inopportune. At one spot in the dig, a column of earth had been left standing up above the general level. A clay pot had been found lying in the soil, and, since it might probably be in connection with some grave not yet laid bare, orders had been given that it must not be moved. The men had dug all round it and no grave had been discovered; the ground level sank steadily down, but orders were respected, and the solitary pot was left perched on a column of dirt, perhaps two feet in diameter, and at least five feet high.

Then, when no possible interest attached to the position of the object, the men were told to take down the column. Partly for fun, partly to save themselves trouble, they undercut its base and proceeded to push it over by main force; the hard earth gave at a point where there was a natural cleavage, and broke off just above ground level—and the men exclaimed in surprise, for on

the smooth brown base of the fallen mass, there appeared an elaborate design in red and black paint. The foreman hurriedly sent for the *hakim*, as they call my husband, and started searching the scattered lumps for more designs, and sure enough more fragments did turn up.

A New Technique.

NOT uncommonly we find—we have found this season—small square plaques of polished shell engraved with pictures whose lines were filled in with red and black; and, since the pigment has long ago turned to powder, it tends to stick much more firmly to the damp earth pressed against the face of the plaque than to the plaque itself, and often the shell is picked up without a trace of colour upon it while the paint is left behind, making a design in low relief on the dirt.

Here we had just the same sort of thing, but it was on a much larger scale than we had met with before, and look as one might there were no shell plaques: instead there could be seen only that blackened discolouration of the soil which is left by wood whose substance perished thousands of years ago. Actually upon the stump of the earth column one could easily make out the imprint of wood, smooth surfaces, and the grooves made by bars; and then, on a stray lump, the foreman found something more elaborate: between two rows of diamond border—a sort of chip-carving whose hollows had been filled in with white—there ran a panel whereon could be distinguished in faint

intaglio, a scene of men worshipping seated gods, the negative, so to speak, of a wood carving in very delicate relief. For the first time we had proof of a new technique practised by these ancient people, of a new branch of the art which recent discoveries have taught us to admire so much.

And at that moment down

came the rain.

Working Against Odds.

IT was impossible to move the main lump, for it would have crumbled to pieces at once; the only thing that could be done was to put it properly on record. And now, in less than a minute, it would melt before our eyes. Hurriedly the men's cloaks were spread out and held over the lumps of soil, the men themselves meanwhile getting soaked by the heavy downpour. A boy despatched in hot haste to the house came back with an old and tattered silk sunshade, and, with this balanced above him and helping to support the outstretched *abbas*, the *hakim* sat down amongst the gathering rivulets and started to make his measured drawings of the panels and their designs.

Every now and then the water found a rent in a cloak and a tear in the sunshade, and fell in drops or in streams on the drawing paper or on the precious lumps of earth; but before the lines of coloured powder had been washed away altogether, the drawing was done, the shivering men sent home two hours before their due time; and, in spite of the weather, and in spite of the fact that except for the field record, there is nothing to show that such an object ever existed, yet a discovery had been made which adds a foot-note to the history of Sumerian art.

That discovery, made at the present stage of our work, is thoroughly interesting. We are getting down now into the more

productive levels. Where our old dump rose twenty-five feet into the air, we have dug down more than twenty feet below the surface, and, though there is still an appreciable amount to be moved before we reach the level of last year's Royal graves, the difference between what we now find and what we were finding earlier in the season is very marked.

Not the least interesting feature of this cemetery, where graves of successive ages lie one above the other, is the improvement in riches and quality noticeable as one digs deeper and deeper. In the upper graves, for instance, clay vessels were the rule, and a stone vase was a rarity; very likely it might be one which, in antiquity had been broken and mended with rivets of copper or of lead, proving that it was indeed a possession of value; in the lower graves vases of alabaster or soapstone are common, and are finely worked often from stone selected for the beauty of its veining.

Gold, too, rare in the higher strata, and then most often consisting only of the thinnest plating over copper, becomes normal with us now, and scarcely a day passes without the record of some object in precious metal being added to the card index. It is hard work for the basket men to carry their load up the lengthening flight of earth stairs to the waggons, but the foreman encourages them with the cry: "Are not the kings and the riches of the kings deeper down?"

Rifled Royal Graves.

DIGGING down in this cemetery at Ur, it is a rare thing to find the soil above and about a grave undisturbed. The graveyard was used at more than one period, and each period lasted for many generations; each successive layer of burials meant fresh disturbance; the diggers of a new grave would often cut through an older one, probably by accident, and then, seeing a good stone or copper vase or a glint of gold, would take all they could before preparing the grave which they themselves were making. That is why we so constantly find the bones

lying anyhow with perhaps half a necklace left and odd beads scattered in the soil nearby, dropped in haste.

Of the Royal graves discovered last season, only those of Mes-kalam-dug and Queen Shub-ad were intact: in the king's grave, while his attendants were lying in order, his own body had been removed; one other stone grave had been stripped of everything; in another, in one desecrated chamber, we found the wonderful standard which gave some indication of the quality of the other

graph shows, a sloping line of potsherd and broken brick, quite different from the clean soil above and below it, which, starting from just underneath the Nebuchadnezzar wall, runs downwards, then disappears, and reappears again some six feet further on. It is a tunnel driven by thieves who were groping their way towards some important tomb.

Probably a building on the surface, long since vanished, then betrayed its whereabouts, but the robbers, not venturing to dig straight down through the building, began their tunnel well outside. Their subterranean passage ended in a cave or hollow in the hard soil, and it seemed as if something far below had given way, and the earth above it had subsided, leaving this hollow, and that the thieves, disheartened, had there abandoned their attempt, for there is no sign of any further tunnelling. Later, when men were levelling the ground-surface for building, the passage got filled up with debris; and there it remains, a crooked finger pointing the way for us.

An Inviolable Tomb.

BUT since the tracks of former interlopers are not often so well marked, our anxieties continue to the end. We had dug down where we were sure there was a Royal tomb, and had gone through layer after layer of votive offerings and subsidiary burials, which were clearly undisturbed until at last there appeared in the soil rough blocks of limestone which could mean nothing but a masonry tomb-chamber.

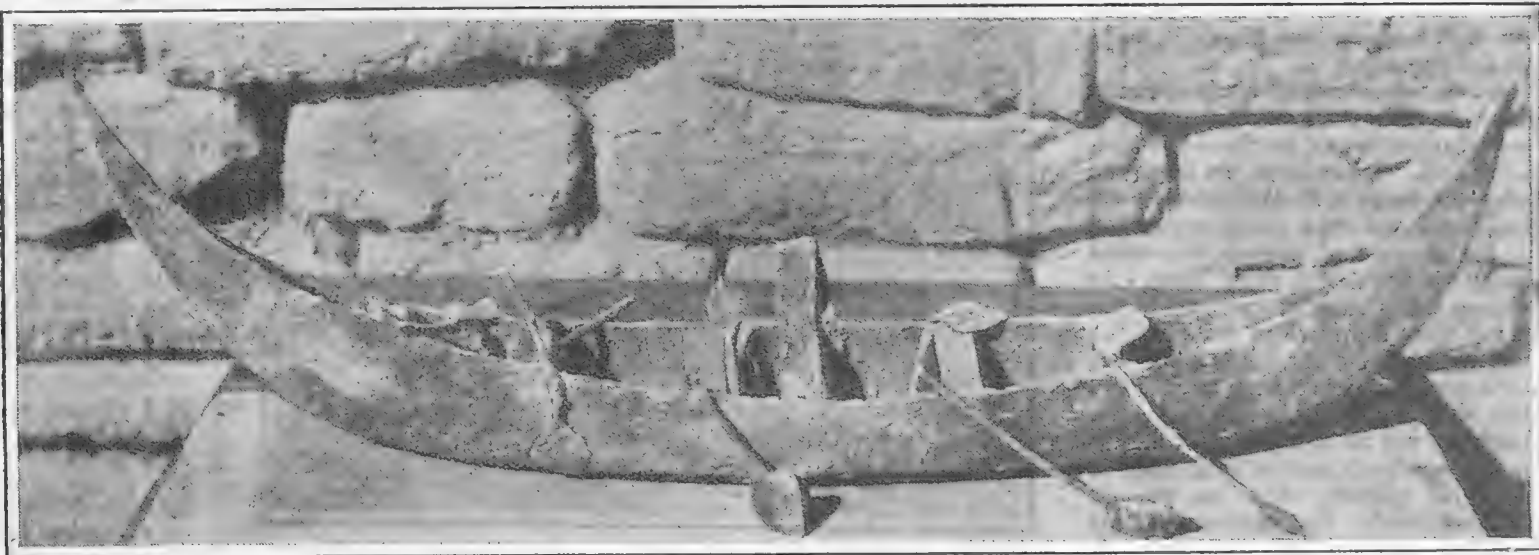
For a moment, hopes were dashed by the discovery that these blocks were loose in the earth, and not parts of a building at all, but very soon more showed up and these were in place, firmly bedded in stiff clay mortar; a little more work with pick and spade exposed an oval of rubble masonry which, with the experience gained last winter, we took to be the apsidal end of the roof of a Royal tomb-chamber—and it was so far intact. Then, digging along what was expected to be the axis of the roof, we found that the stones dropped



ONE OF THE STREETS IN UR. This was probably in existence when Abraham lived at Ur.

objects which had accompanied it, but had been stolen. So now as we come near to the fruitful level and see signs which tell of Royal graves in the neighbourhood, our hopes go up and down, and optimism alternates with despondency.

Nor are graves of later date the only cause of disturbance. In one place we could actually detect a very adventurous attempt at tomb-robbing. On the face of the great cutting, we have made, during the last six weeks, there can be seen, as the photo-



A NOTABLE DISCOVERY. A 1 ft. silver model of a boat which was found in a Royal tomb at Ur. Similar boats are still in use on the Euphrates marshes.

again, and with bitter disappointment, concluded that the middle of the roof had been broken through, and that robbers had been here before us.

Yet the masonry seemed undisturbed, and when we had cleared all round it, we had, rising up out of a square of carefully smoothed clay, the top of a dome; it was an unviolated grave and a grave of a new type, and to us the construction of the building and the arrangement of the interior were of no less value and interest than the fluted gold cup and the gold ornaments of the lady who was its chief occupant.



THE RAIL HEAD, Baskets are emptied into waggons which run down inclined rails to the dumps.



A RECENT DISCOVERY. Professor Woolley is seen removing the plaster cast of a harp.

A Reconstructed Harp.

THIS uncertainty of success up to the last moment was illustrated by an amusing thing that happened the other day. A workman had reported finding a hole in the ground. Such holes, left by the complete decay of some wooden object, are fairly common, and most of them represent the ribs or stays of coffins and indicate the presence of a grave just below, so that they always have to be reported; but this hole was not the right shape for a coffin-stay.

Another exactly similar hole appeared about a yard away, and was found to go down like the first for about two-and-a-half feet. Sticks were put down the holes and plaster of Paris poured in round them, and we were much astonished at the amount of plaster that went in before the holes were filled. As soon as the plaster was set, we began to cut away the earth to see what the cast might be, and at once found a horizontal hole joining the tops of the first two, and as this had not been filled, we cut all along it, laid a wire in the resultant groove, and filled it too with plaster; then as we cut down towards the bottom of the uprights, the soil fell away and left a clean face where there had been a

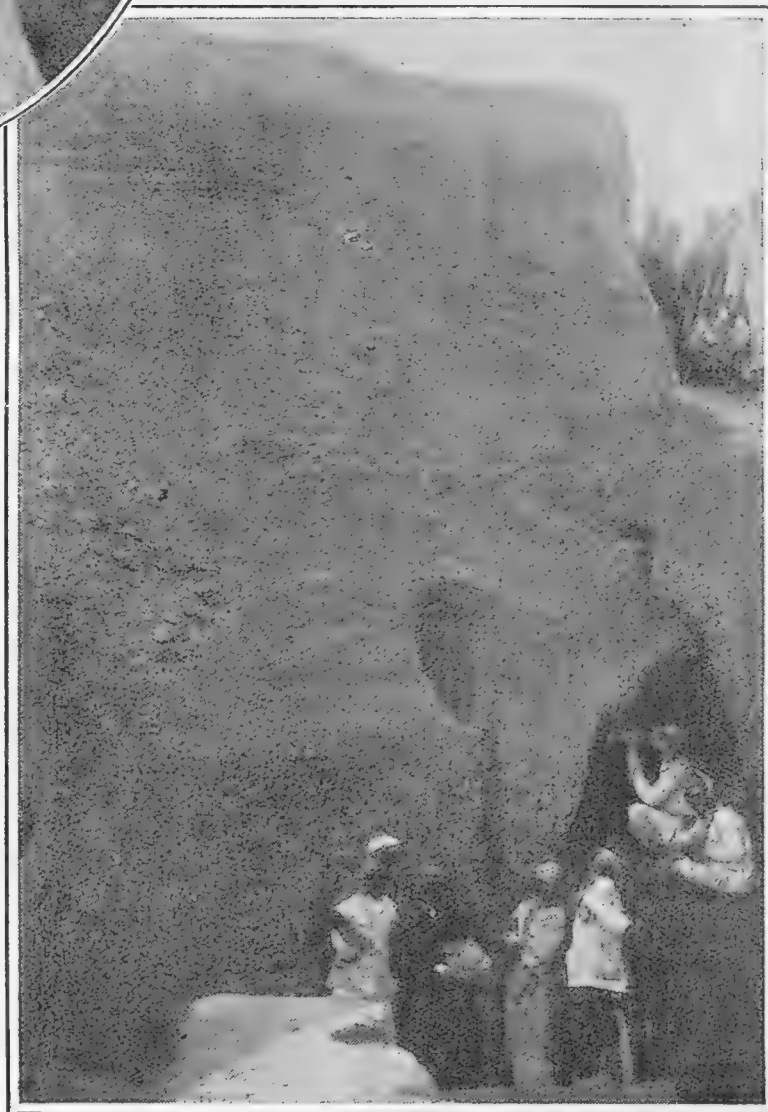
board joining them—a board too thin to have made a gap into which the plaster could run.

So a plank cut to shape was fixed in position half an inch from the smooth face of soil, and fresh plaster

was poured between the two, and when this was hard, and the earth all round could be loosened, we were able to lift out a complete cast of a harp.

So perfect had been the impression taken by the hard soil, that even the joints of the original woodwork were visible and the marks of the knotted harp-strings stood out in relief on the horizontal cross-beam; to the front of the sounding-box was still attached a copper head of a bull, and below it a shell plaque in a border of mosaic kept in place in the plaster. We had suspected from the outset that the holes might represent the uprights of a harp, but we had never imagined that our attempts at preservation—or rather at reconstruction, for there was nothing except the copper head and the shell to preserve—would be crowned with such complete success.

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THE ROBBERS' TUNNEL, used by those who thieved from the tombs.

DISCOVERIES AT UR.

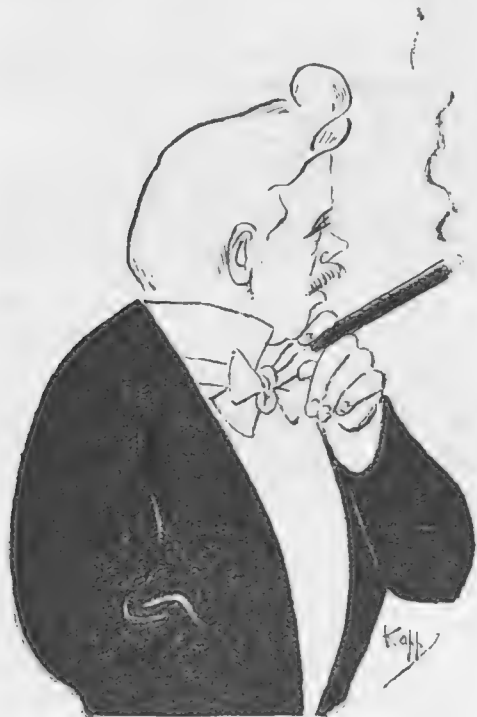
There is every reason to believe that the work of excavation at Ur of the Chaldees, now being carried out by Professor and Mrs. Woolley, will yield discoveries of great historic importance. New light is already being thrown on Bible history.

Two further articles by Mrs. Woolley, fully illustrated with photographs taken on the spot, will appear in subsequent issues of BRITANNIA.

THE NOVEL of "HIGH LIFE"

By JAMES MILNE

NOTHING is quite new, not even the styles and fashions of the English novel, the great reading of the high and the low, the washed and the unwashed. But rather a new kind of novel is coming along, and perhaps one may call it the novel of high life in travel. The fashionable hotels of London, Paris, New York and all the other capitals have been made the scenes of endless stories, flaming or boring. So have Monte Carlo, Deauville, Biarritz, Hollywood and all the other places where the fair or the frail do congregate. Now the "high life" novel is being put on wheels, for so we find in Mr. Arnold Bennett's new Cassell novel, *Accident*, with its up-to-date title in a single word.



Arnold Bennett, whose latest novel, "*Accident*," is a story of "high life" on wheels.

No "Sedulous Ape."

Mr. Bennett is not simply a "high life" novelist, although there, as elsewhere, he always acquits himself with an admirable craftsmanship. He has never played the "sedulous ape," as Robert Louis Stevenson said about himself, but he was a journalist and learned the job of seeing, interpreting and writing in Fleet Street, a good school.

His "*Accident*" practically all happens on the Blue Train, or an equivalent Riviera express, during its journey to the Island of the Blest. It is a "Grand Babylon Hotel" on wheels, for we remember that early story by Mr. Bennett in a very different vein from the Clayhanger novels concerning the Five Towns. Would it be right to suggest that he got the Clayhanger School as a consequence of being born in the Midlands, and that he drew the other from Fleet Street, perfecting it in his own characteristic way?

A Chance for Fleet Street.

What a fine "stunt" some popular daily would have made if it had said to Mr. Bennett: "Go down to Monte Carlo, write up the train journey as a novel, wire the chapters from every other station, and we'll print them as hot as if they were the latest sporting prices or the verdict in a divorce case." Mr. Bennett would have sent good "copy," for *Accident*—and there is an

accident in the book—is eminently good reading.

Why not? After all a Blue Train is a whole world of life, so busy with itself that it does not observe, does not record, does not analyse, like Mr. Bennett. Asleep most of the time would be Frith-Walker, the rich business man; Pearl, his clever daughter-in-law; Jack, her husband, whom she says she has left because he is turning Labour, but who boards the train somewhere, all dead asleep. The waiters in the train would be tired, the railway officials indifferent, the whole journey just a journey to those making it. Mr. Bennett, however, makes it live as well as move, have a being as well as Pullmans.

A Particular Gift.

You have to be a particular kind of novelist apart from the other, perhaps bigger novelist in you, to write a book like *Accident*. You must be tremendously interested in life and you must be able to communicate that interest "living" to your readers. They may rise to the big things readily enough, but real drama lies in the little things, the babes and sucklings, and it has to be dug out and handed to the general reader on a salver. You have not, as you travel, to say too much about the country you happen to be in, because that would be Topography. On the other hand, you must use a touch of geography and locality if you are to get the right atmosphere for your characters. It is they who make the novel, and they must not be out of the bill for a single moment.

A Frenchman's Madonna.

M. Maurice Dekobra, the Frenchman, has had a wonderful success with his *travel de luxe* novels denoted by *The Madonna of the Sleeping Cars*. He was a journalist, like Mr. Bennett, and he remains the journalist in his romances, unlike Mr. Bennett. But M. Dekobra has shown how very dramatic, not to say theatrical, luxury travel can be made to-day. There was nothing like it when William Black, whose dapper figure was once familiar at Brighton, invented the coaching novel and drove his Castor and Pollux through the Scottish Highlands.

There was nothing like it even when, more modernly, the Williamsons invented the motor novel and gave us *The Lightning Conductor* and its successors. Airplanes and wireless, Fascism and Bolshevism, not to mention all that lies between, have made the world rich for sensational fiction, and the novelists of the world are not throwing away their chances.

"To Norrway!"

Even a mere play writer, when he travels, can see wonderful things, dream others still more wonderful, and make a diverting show of them all in book form. Witness Maurice Bedel's *Jerome, or the Latitude of Love*, which in its native French recently won the coveted Goncourt-Prize and is published in English by Gerald Duckworth. It carries us from London to Norway quickly, but with incident enough by the way to introduce us to the line of wit and wisdom which underlies the tale. You are a Frenchman, young, impressionable, burning for romance and adventure, and you feel it awaits you in the

North Lands of Scandinavia. To "Norrway, o'er the faem," as Sir Patrick Spens went in the old ballad. And then "Are you French?" she asked, adding, "I can see you are French. I know even if you don't. I'm Uni Hansen."

That was how they came together, how they began to discover the difference between love in France and in Norway, for Jerome and Uni were both curious.

So Un-Gallic!

"She grasped his fingers with a vigour in which he recognised more comradeship than was pleasing to him. It was a boy's handshake." Jerome had the Frenchman's feeling that it is the pursuit which counts, not so much the capture. He was very eager in the pursuit, even to the neglect of the play he had come to Norway to produce. But he wanted lots of time on the primrose path, lots of make-believe, lots of poetry and illusions and not any delusions.

A splendid creature, Uni Hansen! Like a young Viking! Such a figure! Such a wonder at snow sports! So here was romance, but it ran away from him when she wrote, "I want you to understand one thing, Jerome; I am very angry that our love is a secret. It would be so much nicer if we were engaged. Then we could have good times together with Axel and Gerda and go skiing all night. And we could have lots more kisses." He was shocked at a declaration and a maidenly method so un-Gallic.

More to Come.

In France flirtation all the time, with its hazards one way or another; in Norway an engagement as full of possibility as a marriage. It all quite upset Jerome, and he returned to France both a sadder and a wiser man, bringing with him a new sort of saga, a travel novel full of sex and sentiment. It is not easy to do this modern thing and it may not be literature when it is done. But the public like it immensely; like all the elements of romance loaded on to wheels that go round with a rhythm.

No doubt we shall have Mr. Bennett do again what he does in *Accident*, for he can repeat himself without duplicating what he has done. No doubt we shall have Monsieur Dekobra taking more excursions with the "Madonna of the Sleeping Cars," though at present he is off to India to shoot big game. And Monsieur Bedel will be taking a coupé for Jerome on some Blue Train, just to discover how quickly the way of love changes according to the latitude.

Hearts of Oak!

Meanwhile there is another book, not a novel, to read, if only because it has had such adventures coming into the world. Early last summer Sir Edmund Hornby's *Autobiography* was suddenly suspended, within three days of publication. A difference of opinion about it had arisen among the members of the Hornby family and the book might not appear pending a legal settlement. Constable had to recall sixty review copies and wait for better days, and they have come.

Anyhow, the book has come just as different from what it was originally, as happens when 28 lines are excised from whole of 389 pages. Hornby has been described as, in his youth, a cross between Charles O'Malley and Mr. Midshipman Easy.

THE SMALL HOLDING and ALLOTMENT

THOUGH the soil on your smallholding or allotment may be as sodden as a wet sponge, and much of the digging yet remains to be done, the time has arrived for the compilation of your seed order. To delay ordering often means that inferior seed is procured, which brings nothing but disappointment and loss.

Both for the flower and the vegetable plots a proper cropping plan should be drawn up. In the flower section you will have to bear in mind your ultimate aim—which borders are to be devoted entirely to cut flowers, which are to be mixed beds, arranged for effect either with or without perennials, and which are to be formal beds, sown with annuals to save the expense and labour attached to ordinary bedding plants.

Seed for a 10-Red Plot.

In the same way as in the flower section, a careful vegetable cropping plan should be drawn up, arrangements being made where each crop is to grow and the amount of space that can be devoted to it. In making up the vegetable seed order, the following table will be found useful. It gives a sample order for a 10-rod garden in which a little of everything is to be grown:—

Crops.	Total length of row. Yards.	Amount of seed required.
Runner Bean ..	8	$\frac{1}{2}$ pt.
Broad Bean ..	16	$\frac{1}{2}$ pt.
Dwarf Bean ..	16	$\frac{1}{2}$ pt.
Potato—Early ..	43	About 3
2nd Early ..	32	pecks.
Late ..	56	altogether
Pea ..	24	$\frac{1}{2}$ pt. of each

Your Seed Order

Crops.	Total length of row. Yards.	Amount of seed required.
Leek ..	8	1 packet
Celery ..	8	1 packet
Parsnip ..	24	$\frac{1}{2}$ oz.
Salsify ..	8	1 packet
Carrot ..	48	1 oz.
Beet ..	24	1 oz.
Onion ..	48	1 oz.
Onion, Autumn ..	16	1 packet
Shallots ..	16	1-1 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.
Lettuce ..	40	1 oz.
Radish ..	50	1 oz.
Spinach ..	35	1 oz.
Turnip ..	35	1 pt.

Spring Rhubarb.

After the monotonous round of apples during the winter months the first supplies of rhubarb are always most welcome, and the earlier they can be obtained the better.

The usual method of forcing the outdoor crowns by means of rhubarb pots and manure gives one a moderately early crop, but several weeks will be gained if some of the old clumps which were not much pulled from last spring are at once lifted and after a week's "rest" replanted. Boxes filled with fine soil or the bed beneath the staging of the greenhouse are equally suitable for rhubarb forcing, the boxes, of course, being brought into a warm shed. In either case the crowns must be grown in darkness.

Fruit Tree Stimulants.

In many gardens and in not a few orchards fruit trees are sadly neglected. Pruning, of

course, is attended to, and spraying is practised to a certain extent, but that the trees take heavy toll of the soil in which they are growing is apparently scarcely realised. Certainly the grower will seldom do more than throw a pailful of slops around the trunk of the tree. And the obvious result is small crops of inferior fruit, even in the most favourable seasons.

The soil around each tree needs lightly forking over every year, and unless it is particularly rich it will also require manuring. Stable manure is the best fertiliser to use, a good thick layer being spread over the newly turned soil; the rain then washes the goodness down to the roots.

If stable manure is unobtainable, then a good artificial manure would be: Superphosphate of lime, 5 parts; sulphate of potash, 2 parts; sulphate of ammonia, 1 part. A full-grown tree needs about 4 lb. of the mixture, but $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. is sufficient for gooseberries, currants and the like.

Present-Time Jobs.

Now is the time to draw up your cropping plan. Remember that it is of little use trying to grow vegetables in a spot which does not get its full share of sun. Constant shade means indifferent crops.

Sprout some potatoes for an early crop. Place them in the light and in a frost-proof position.

When pruning apple trees keep a sharp look out for the eggs of aphides on the shoots.

Sow now: In the open—green peas (early, dwarf and hardy kinds) and broad beans; under glass—shorthorn carrots, radishes, cauliflowers, lettuces, onions, cabbages and tomatoes.—E. T. B.

THOUGH not to be mentioned in conjunction with fish tales, dog tales are sometimes sufficiently "steep." This is largely owing to the general popularity of the friend of man, who prefers human to all other society. "Love me, love my dog." Many women and men (and all children) love dogs, every one, from tiny Peking to ponderous Great Dane—"Mastiff, greyhound, mungril grim, hound or spaniel, brache or lym, or bob-tail tyke or trundle-tail."

Humanity has such a natural tendency towards caninity that the parts of the dog have actually become parts of speech. What listless reader does not make "dogs' ears" of his own, and, more particularly, his neighbour's, books? What schoolboy has not quoted his "Dog Latin"?

What minor poet could not manufacture doggerel? What waterside labourer of days not so long departed did not quaff "dog's nose"? Moreover, in colloquial metaphor, we call young Snooks "an impudent puppy," and say that Mr. Jawstrong "would talk a dog's hind leg off"—meaning that he chatters without "paws."

Food for Reflection.

THERE is," says the celebrated Peter Pindar, cynophilist, "a moral obligation between a man and a dog." Let us see how variously this is carried out.

Every country has a different way of treating its dogs. The Chinese eat them. It is evident that they love their dogs in the extreme sense of the word, just as the South Sea Islanders did the missionary, when they told the next comers:—

"Ah! Doctor White berry good man—so full of graby."

In some foreign parts, returned travellers

DOG TALES

By Clifford Cordley

inform us, there is a tendency to the contrary way, the dogs often eating the visitors, unless the latter happen to be the stronger or more agile. In the Arctic regions the dog is made a useful beast of burden, as he also is still in several Continental countries.

"Is them 'ere good sassengers?" sneered a passer-by, in the Georgian era, as she eyed a sausage vendor in the East End.

"Yes, they is, yer impident hussy, you," retorted the offended merchant; "them is bootiful sassengers, and no errer. Pray wot 'as sich as you to say again my sassengers, I'd like to know?"

"Oh, nothin', marm, only—it's a curious fact—but whenever you do see sech likely-looking sassengers as them, you don't see no dogs, that's all."

"Scamp."

STRANGE to say, with all our boasted love for and admiration of the dog, we often use his name to qualify anything opprobriously. Thus, we have "gone to the dogs," "dog-cheap," "dog in the manger," etc. The familiar expression, "his bark is worse than his bite," would seem to imply that the barking dog is not so dangerous as the mute one. This is strictly correct. Some of the most savage breeds do not give tongue; indeed, barking is an acquired accomplishment. Wild dogs do not bark.

Scamp, generally called "Dubbie," was born blind and continued so until he could see. The early periods of his puppydom

were taken up with teaching a kitten how to take care of itself (he carried it about with its head in his mouth) and, later, in teaching it to climb trees, by chasing it, and in playing with the children.

As he attained maturity he took an intense and much marked dislike to corduroy, and was the terror of tramps and beggars; also he developed an acute sporting spirit; caught rabbits, and, alas, poultry; and by constant practice became one of the most accomplished rat-killers in the neighbourhood; leaping on them and finishing them smartly with one hard scrunch across the loins.

Time, however, kept on flying, and in due course it worked a visible effect on the mottled face of Scamp. A grey circle appeared around his eyes and nose; sores broke out on various parts of his battle-scarred body; he grew stiff and blind; and at last he sunk gradually into his grassy bed to sleep, although, verily, 'tis a sleep in which dreams do come; for the old fellow's ghost nightly haunts the stable-yard, and plays the bear with the gibbering shades of slaughtered rats, as in the happiest moments of his earthly lifetime.

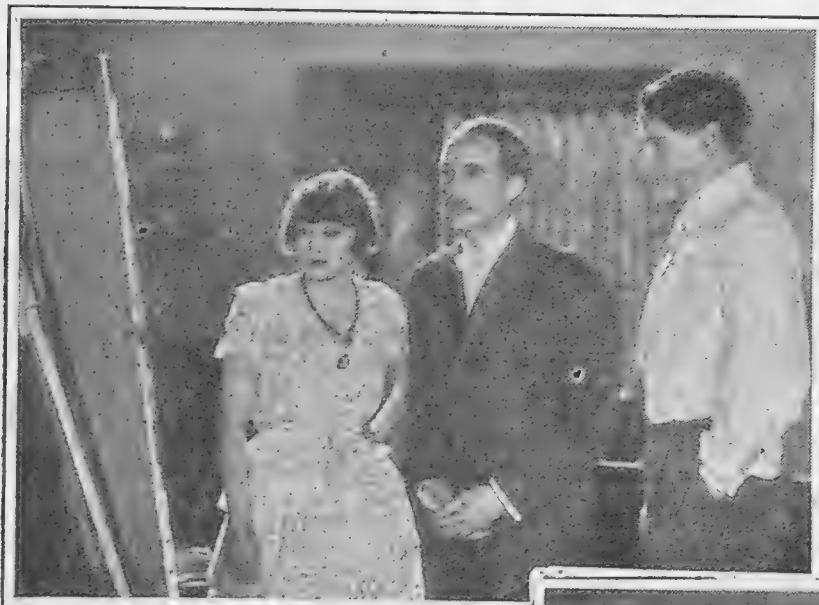
Canine Nomenclature.

IN ancient manuscripts we find the following names, or designations, employed in the sports of the field: raches or hounds, running hounds or harriers, and greyhounds, which have been favourite dogs with English and Welsh sportsmen for a thousand years; alauntes or bulldogs, used for hunting the boar, and the spaniels, employed in hawking.

"Hys crafte," says an author, "is for the perdrich and the quaille, and when taught to crouch he is very serviceable to the fowlers, who take those birdes and others with nets."

THE *Making* OF A Good FILM

By MAITLAND DAVIDSON



"THOU SHALT NOT," a film version of Zola's *Thérèse Raquin*.

I THINK one may rightly welcome the exploitation to the full of the special opportunities that the screen provides for picturing life in larger and more varied vistas than stage drama will accommodate.

I do not mean the mere exhibition for exhibition's sake of any of the pretentious displays of scenery, crowds, etc., that are sometimes included in such plays with little or no regard for their dramatic value or close bearing on the plot. That does not help to make a good story; and a good story is just as essential on the screen as on the stage. But it seems a pity and a waste not to explore the exceptional avenues for movement, action and incident afforded by the newer medium.

Too Much Psychology.

Take for one example a film very much talked of at the moment, "Thou Shalt Not," a French picture embodying the plot of Zola's "Thérèse Raquin," which is still successfully running at the Avenue Pavilion. This is in many ways a brilliant production. The characterisation of the actors is admirable, especially of Miss Gina Manes as Thérèse, who positively radiates slant-eyed desire and contemptuous hate, and of Mr. Zilzer as the trivially solemn, dome-browed husband whom she wordlessly incites her lover to kill—for this is a sort of Thompson-Bywaters tragedy in a French setting.

Up to about half-way through one's interest is all a-tiptoe, and one's admiration held by the portraiture of a paltry domestic life subterraneously electrified by the spark of sinister passion.

But the point arrives when picturisation has shot its bolt and psychology steps in.

After the drowning of the husband, the march to final catastrophe is conducted on lines of purely mental stress, with which the screen simply and emphatically cannot cope. Dream-visions

of the dead man's face or the fatal waters where he met his death, are a childishly inadequate and unconvincing expedient. The plain fact is that the subject is not one that offers real screen scope, however gallant the attempt.

Television in a Film.

An instance, and a successful one, of the combination of simple realism with marvels of fancy such as only the movies can produce is to be found in "The Third Eye," a new Graham-Wilcox film which reflects much credit on its British source and on Mr. P. Maclean Rogers in his first venture as author and director.

The ingenious plot of this revolves round a wonderful invention tabloiding the facilities of television, radio and X-rays into one single instrument of knobs and pegs. It is a truly terrifying affair, with which apparently you can at will see into any part of any building, however distant, and quite regardless of walls, shutters or other obstacles. One can imagine for it an infinity of uses and abuses; the villain of this piece employs it to discover the secret combinations of safes which he subsequently robs to the general bewilderment of all but the inventor, who has rashly lent him a specimen for "demonstration" purposes and cannot get it back.

Now this is the sort of thing which would sound merely ridiculous on the stage; but on the screen we not only see the machine itself, but are able to watch its astounding results—

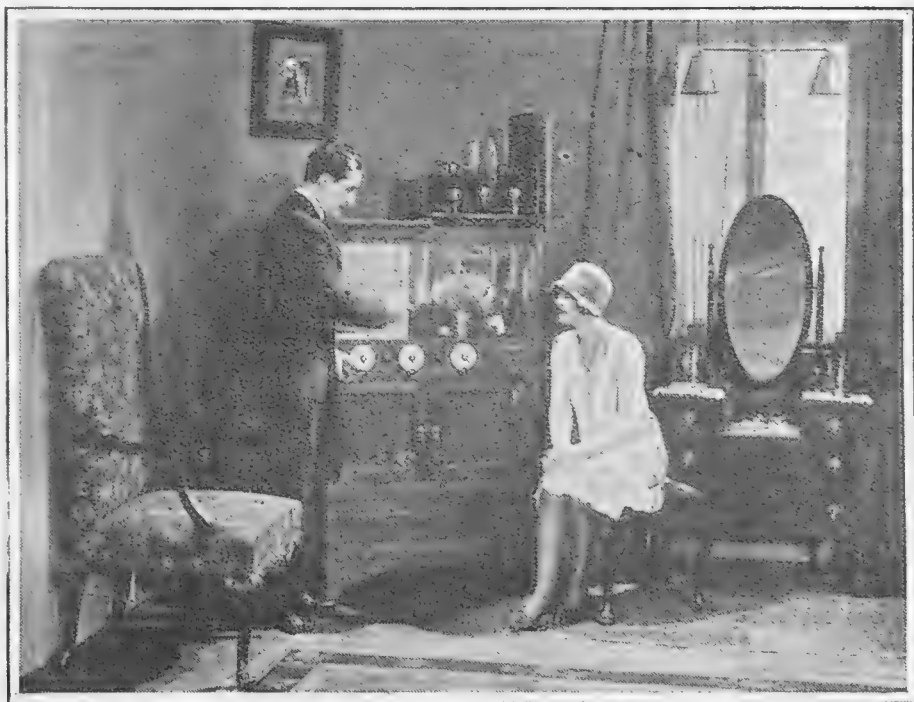
moving picture within picture. A novel and most effective idea, the *vraisemblance* of which is heightened by the untheatrical tone of everything else in the play. The people in it are all ordinary-ish persons, with a typist heroine (Miss Dorothy Seacombe) who travels by Tube, and commonplace London surroundings—all of which artfully aids the credibility of the seemingly incredible.

An Eastern Spectacle.

One can also welcome the latest product of British International Pictures, called "Emerald of the East," privately shown last week. In the way of spectacle it is eminently satisfactory. The plot, however, is not quite so absorbing, and only in the conjunction of plot with spectacle can true film success be found.



Thérèse (Miss Gina Manes) in a fit of remorse begs forgiveness of Camille's mother.



"THE THIRD EYE," a new British picture in which television plays an important part. Dorothy Seacombe and Hayford Hobbs are seen watching a transmission.

The FLYING SQUAD at WORK

By W. G. Finch



A TELEPHONE rings in a small room in Scotland Yard, and over the wire comes the news of a murder just discovered, a house burgled, or a gang of roughs having attacked a cashier in the street. In an instant an ordinary looking touring car comes out into the yard of the famous building and three quietly dressed men jump into it and are off!

They are three members of Scotland Yard's famous Flying Squad, of whom the public have heard so much, but of whose actual work they know so little.

The Detective of Fiction.

THE crime which has called them out might be anything from a street fight to a big murder or diamond robbery, but whatever it is, trained as they have been in a hard school, they can discover some thread.

Probably no other detectives come as near to the detective of fiction as the members of this mobile squad of officers in London. It is frequently their lot to effect clever but not too elaborate disguises, and daily they move in and about the haunts of London's criminals where, if their identity was discovered, their lot would indeed be a sorry one.

In this way they equip themselves with a knowledge of the habits and hiding places of law breakers which at any time might prove invaluable. It is information gleaned by them in this hazardous fashion that is utilised when the squad are "combing out" a district in London in search of a murderer, a burglar, thief or confidence trickster.

Upon such occasions as these the squad men attempt no disguise, but boldly enter these dens and calmly inquire for the man they are anxious to interview—the man whose methods they have learned from skilful eavesdropping in the haunts frequented by his associates.

A Philosophic "Doctor."

ONE of the most daring exploits of this kind carried out by a present member of the Flying Squad reads even stranger than fiction. He was anxious to detect the rendezvous of two gangs of roughs who were terrorising an area of London. For some weeks he worked day and night to discover means of tracking these men, and one night a member of the gang met with an accident and was taken to a mean house in a mean

street in North London. The Squad man had a brilliant inspiration. He hastily effected a slight disguise and called at the house as the doctor, having made arrangements with another of his men diplomatically to prevent the real doctor from interrupting.

The detective was readily admitted, and happily for him the injury was a minor one, which his first aid knowledge and his first aid outfit enabled him to deal with. He tended to the man and as he dealt out this medical assistance other members

a poor area and actually succeeded in leading the men on to talk of their prison experiences!

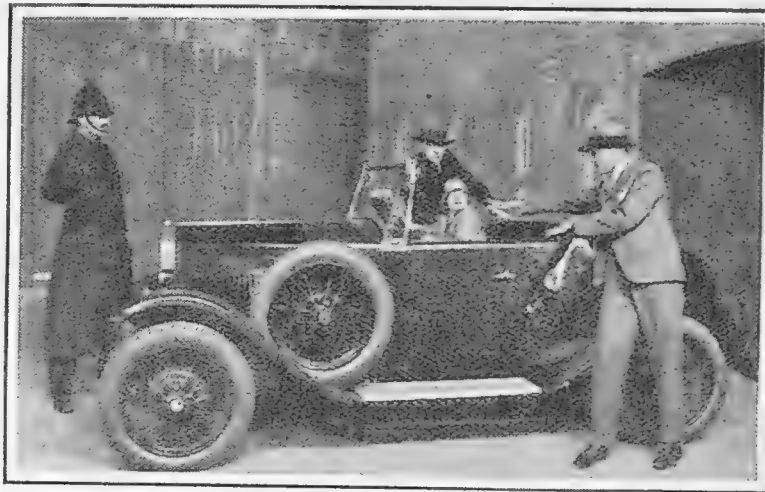
This occurred some years ago; to this day the gang has never suspected the "doctor" of being the police officer who brought about their arrest and conviction. In fact, some time later, when one of the men after release from prison met the detective who posed as the doctor, he told him one of the gang turned "copper's nark (police informer) or you would never have got us!" The detective-cum-doctor smiled, but said nothing.

ALTHOUGH this actual happening took place some time ago it is typical of many that are being enacted by Flying Squad men in various parts of London to-day. They may not be posing as doctors, but they get into these dens, and there are still many erstwhile members of London's underworld wrongfully regarded by their associates as police informers.

But this is only one phase of the Squad at work. It is their job to prevent as well as to detect crime. From the point of view of prevention, the knowledge they obtain from their frequent visits to the haunts of the infamous provide them with a personal knowledge of many criminals, consequently members of the Flying Squad daily walk about the streets of London, and, although at first glance they

give the appearance of aimlessly wandering and shop-gazing, their eyes, in fact, cover every one that passes.

A man passes them carrying a parcel. The detectives (they work in pairs) turn



An Arrest. A scene from Edgar Wallace's success, "The Flying Squad."

of the gang entered the dingy apartment.

When he had finished he remained on and actually discussed with the men the folly of their present mode of life. He adopted the air of a philosophical medical man in



To this day the gang has never suspected the "doctor" of being the police officer who brought about their arrest and conviction.

about at a convenient moment and follow the man. They are what is known as "trailing" him. He is known to them as a jewel thief, and as they follow their eyes are searching the crowds for any of his associates. Eventually he is seen looking around near a jeweller's shop—and then the Squad man moves and moves quickly.

The jewel thief is gripped as in a vice, and the two detectives smile as a motor car passes near the kerb driven by a man whose face is strikingly familiar to them.

The next day the man appears in the Police Court and is merely regarded as a "person loitering with intent to commit a felony."

It is the same when the thief actually succeeds in smashing the jeweller's window and takes the jewellery away with him. The only difference is that the process is reversed. The Squad men once again frequent the haunts of the underworld; this time adopting varied ruses to ascertain who committed the theft by associating with other jewel thieves. At the same time other Squad men are mixing with receivers of stolen property with a view to tracing the jewellery or discovering how the actual thief disposed of it.

process of day and night shadowing of the various men proved that a common lodging house in the most sordid street in one of the most sordid areas of London was their headquarters. Although this entailed weeks of patient detail work it only meant the beginning of the Squad's task; but as a matter of actual fact soon after things moved rapidly. This early work had to be accomplished in such a circumspect manner as to preclude the remotest possibility of the men obtaining the slightest suspicion of the fact they were being watched.

The Squad succeeded in this, and then one of their number, disguising himself as a private soldier, obtained lodgings in the common lodging house. For two days he adopted their form of life and conversation, voted it a much better "game" than the Army, and succeeded in so ingratiating himself with the gang that he learned all he wanted to know even down to the time and place of



A police visit to a humble home in "The Flying Squad."

the chased and the chasers sped along the detectives tried to get them to stop, but without success. Nearing Ebury Bridge it was seen that the lorry was slightly gaining on the police van. The question arose what was to be done. The longer the chase, the more it favoured the criminals. Only one thing remained and that was to crash into the lorry before it got ahead.

"Crash In!"

THE result of such a desperate manoeuvre might end fatally for the police as well as the crooks. However, it was the only thing to be done, and the inspector in charge gave the order to the driver "Crash in!"

There was a terrific smash, and amid the splintering of the wood and the grinding of screeching noises, the detectives leapt on to the lorry. As the lorry overturned, the detectives and the criminals were actually engaged in desperate personal struggles. Never for a moment did either loosen their grip. It was to be, as both sides realised, a fight to a finish, and the men continued struggling in the wreckage.

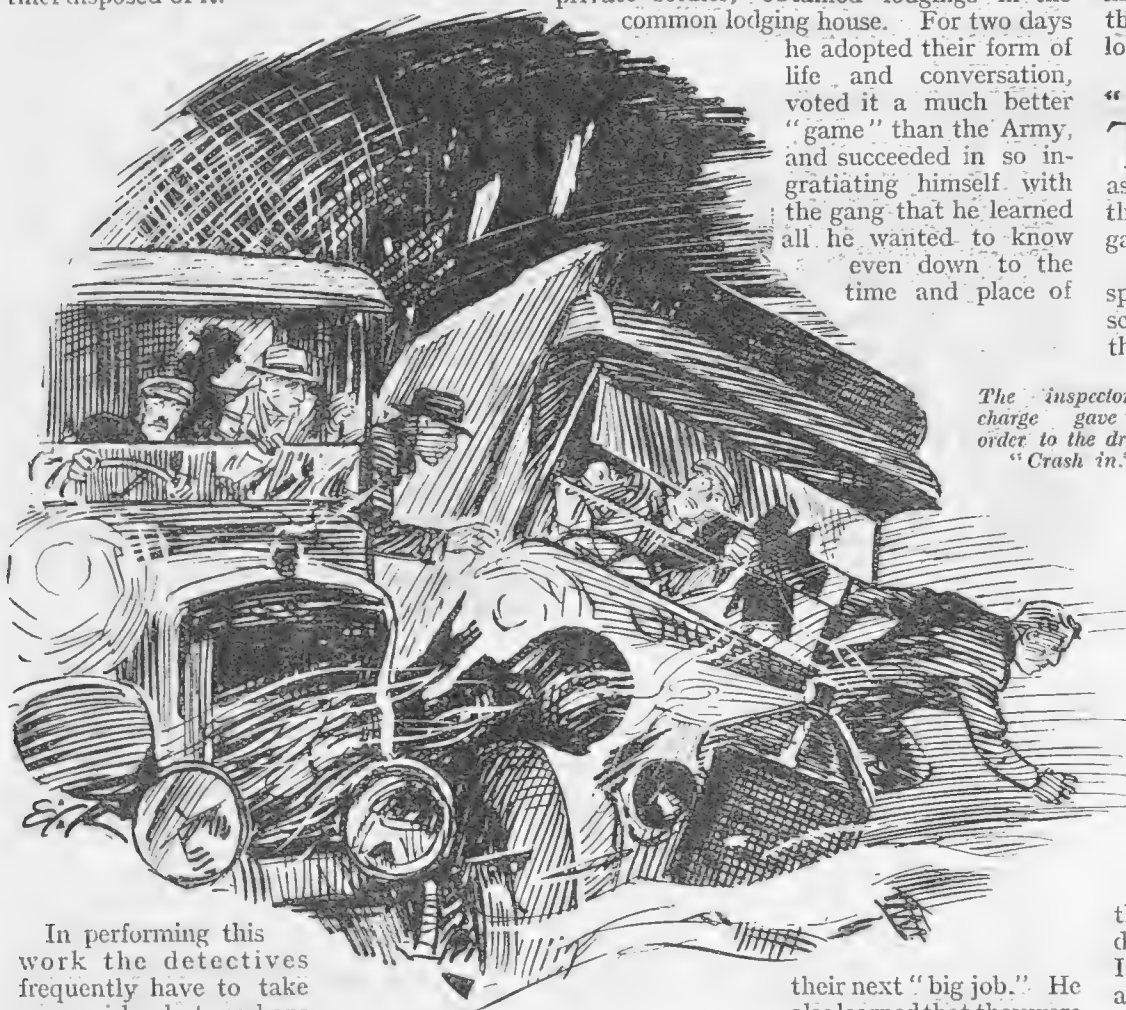
Soon, however, uniformed policemen rushed to assist their colleagues in the wild and reckless fight. The arrival of other police soon resulted in the criminals being overpowered, and although the Squad men were all badly injured, no one was killed.

London's Night Life.

THE Squad are now, among other things, investigating the life of the bogus night clubs of London, and it is safe to say after the revelations of the past few weeks these disreputable haunts will ere long be closed. In this work you will find the Squad man as much at home in immaculate evening dress of the man-about-town, as in the common lodging house or the thief's den with a muffler around his neck. Of the Squad man it can in truth be said that "he can talk with crowds and keep his virtue."

The history of the Flying Squad is almost as fascinating as the nature of its work. It was only in 1919 that it was formed, when it consisted of its present leader (then Inspector Cooper) and two police officers, P.C.s Dance and Edwards—one of whom still remains.

It is not often nowadays that the Flying Squad engage in such desperate encounters as the Ebury Bridge battle, mainly because the criminals they are after know perfectly well that the Squad are quite ready and willing for a rough and tumble if necessary, and quite able to hold their own; or, on the other hand, quite happy to take them along quietly.



The inspector in charge gave the order to the driver, "Crash in."

In performing this work the detectives frequently have to take grave risks, but perhaps one of the most picturesque and daring acts which the Squad performed was that in which the present leader, Chief Inspector Cooper, Chief Inspector Cornish, Div. Det. Inspectors Selby, Hambrook, and other officers since retired, were associated.

The Pseudo-Soldier.

SOME half-dozen desperate criminals who were known to be armed had been observed to be associating under circumstances suggesting the planning of a big robbery. The first duty of the Squad was to equip themselves with a complete knowledge of their meeting places and to find out from the men themselves how and when they proposed to carry out their nefarious plans.

This was indeed a difficult task. A

their next "big job." He also learned that they were going to arm themselves!

Late on the night when the gang were going to commit the burglary, so cunningly planned, he made his way back to the Yard, and six of the Squad men went out in their covered van to waylay the desperadoes before they could carry out their plans. The gang were observed coming over Westminster Bridge, and when an attempt was made by a uniformed policeman to stop them they speeded up.

The Squad men then gave chase in their van, and into Victoria Street the lorry and the van sped along at over fifty miles an hour. It was in the small hours of the night. London was asleep, but there is no close time for the Squad. Whenever trouble is, they are about.

They knew the men were armed, and as

PROBLEMS of RADIO SELECTIVITY

WITH the new wavelength scheme, and the somewhat reduced separation between stations, the need for good selectivity has become increasingly apparent. A really good modern radio set is well designed in this respect, but there are, of course, more receivers in use that are not absolutely up-to-date than there are wireless sets which do comply with the present necessity.

Apart from that, however, it must be realised that the ability to receive one programme clear of interference from another on a wavelength only half a dozen metres greater or less does not only depend upon the inherent degree of selectivity possessed by the set itself. The fact that the efficiency and dimensions of the aerial and earth are potent factors was strikingly brought home to me as a result of my recent remarks upon the performance of a certain popular set in my hands. In contrast with the really excellent results, particularly in regard to selectivity, which I obtained, several readers wrote to say how disappointed they had been with their own sets of similar make; and they naturally wanted to know the reason for the difference.

Look to Your Aerial.

Well, in one or two cases I tracked that reason down to the length of the aerial used. The full 100 feet permitted by the Post Office was the minimum which these correspondents were employing, and in some cases the length of wire between the free end of the aerial and the aerial terminal of the set was considerably greater. And in other cases I suspected not only an extreme length of lead-in, owing to the receiver being situated at the opposite side of the house from that at which the aerial could be brought in, but a tendency to let tidiness interfere with efficiency by carefully stapling the aerial lead to picture rail or wainscoting.

Importance of a Good Earth.

It cannot be too clearly realised that while liberties can be taken in these matters without apparently interfering with the power or range of the set, anything which tends to damp the aerial circuit inevitably carries a lack of selectivity in its train. With a powerful set, such as the modern type which includes one or more stages of screen-grid high frequency amplification, there is no need to use the full 100 feet of wire in the aerial, since ample energy can be picked up with a much shorter aerial; and, the shorter the aerial, within limits,

By Robert W. Beare

the greater is the selectivity of the set. A good earth is equally important for the same reason, but above all things a great length of aerial lead-in, lying across the floor, or fastened to the wall should be avoided. If it is impossible to reduce this to the absolute minimum of a foot or so, the greatest care should be taken that the wire does not run close to the walls, or any object which is practically at earth potential.

Delicacy of Touch.

But when all is said and done, and every possible precaution had been taken both in the design of the set and in its installation, a great deal still depends upon the personal factor. With conditions as they now are in the ether, the greatest possible delicacy of touch in the process of tuning is a vital

Accurate Voltage.

There is still one other matter which is of considerable influence with regard to selectivity, and that is the voltage from the high tension supply which is being applied to the plate of the detector valve, and also, in the case of screen grid valves, to the screen. Upon the accuracy of these voltages depends the smoothness of reaction; and upon that smoothness depends the degree of amplification obtainable by means of the reaction. The effect is not felt so much when receiving nearby or powerful stations; it is when one of these has to be tuned out in favour of a weaker transmission that the need for absolute smoothness and absence of overlap in the reaction is apparent.

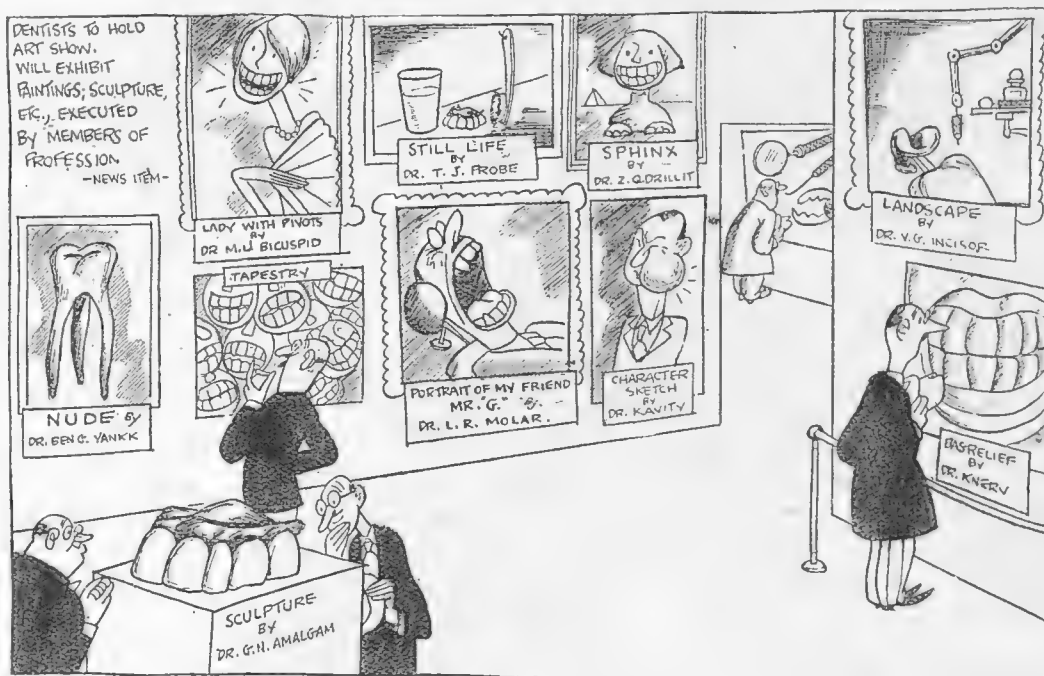
Too great a voltage on the detector anode will result in a certain degree of fierceness and lack of controllability which is fatal to selectivity, while too low a voltage deprives the reaction of much of its value; and in either case a disproportionate potential on the screen grid of the high frequency valve or valves destroys the nice balance that is essential. With dry battery H.T. it is almost impossible to be sure from day to day, or even from hour to hour, that the respective potentials are exactly what the valve or set makers recommend; with accumulator H.T., kept up to the mark by a trickle charger (the only source of high tension which, in my opinion, is absolutely reliable) there is just the possibility that with each cell charged fully, the voltage may be in excess of that which is correct.

This would only occur if charging were continued during a long period of inactivity on the part of the set, but since we estimate the voltage at 2 volts per cell, of which, in a 150-volt installation there are obviously 75, if the voltage rose to only $2\frac{1}{4}$ volts, we should have an excess pressure over the whole battery of nearly 19 volts. This would quickly drop to normal when the set was in use, but in the meantime the excess might be quite sufficient to upset the balance of reaction, and even possibly to affect the quality of speech and music, since the grid bias of the low frequency and power valves would remain at its original setting.

A H.T. Experiment.

This is, of course, only a small matter, but as it might cause puzzling eccentricities on the part of the set, it is worth bearing in mind. With battery eliminators working off the mains, a rise or fall in the mains voltage might have similar effects, so that in

(Continued on page 220.)



Some quaint exhibits in a dental art gallery.

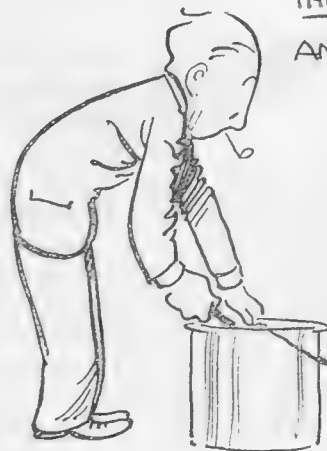
LIFE AND LAUGHTER

AND TALKING OF FIRES,



THERE SEEMS TO BE
SOMETHING WRONG
ABOUT THE DESIGN
OF OUR COAL
SHOVELS.

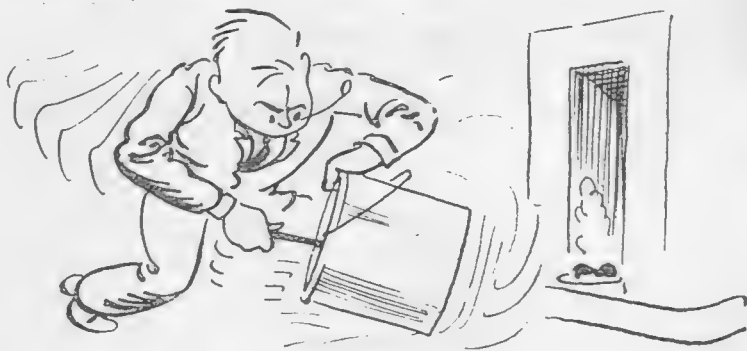
THERE IS THE COAL
AND THERE IS THE
SHOVEL.



BUT SOMEHOW
YOU CAN'T GET ~



ENOUGH COAL ~



ON THE SHOVEL



AND IF YOU DO THE
ONLY POSSIBLE
THING ~



IT MAKES IT



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every case where lack of selectivity is causing trouble, a little experiment with the particular H.T. wander plug which feeds the detector in particular will probably bring about an improvement.

A Simple Process.

While on the subject of battery elimination I am reminded of a simple little process which will be of particular interest to those who have purchased H.T. equipment but are still depending upon accumulators to heat the valve filaments, plus a trickle charger to keep the battery always up to the mark.

Normally, the charger is in action when the set is out of action, and *vice versa*; and it may so happen when a set is used a great deal that the charge may not quite keep pace with the discharge. With certain types of trickle charger, however, it is possible to keep the battery on charge the whole time, without the slightest ill effect on the valves, or on the quality of reception. In effect, one connects the output terminals of the trickle charger direct to the low tension terminals of the set, the accumulator being also connected to those same terminals. The charger is then left in constant operation, the valves being turned on or off by the switch embodied in the set.

Presuming that one starts with a fully charged accumulator, there is then no further need to worry about the L.T., which will automatically be kept in perfect condition until in the course of time the accumulator needs "topping up." Even this necessity will be infrequent, since the charge rate is so

low that very little evaporation will take place.

It should be observed that I said this could be done with some types of trickle charger only. I have one in which a Westinghouse metal rectifier is used which gives just the results I have described; and another, with valve rectification, which makes such a terrible din that the method cannot be employed. Still, the idea is worth trying out.

An Eliminator Warning.

Several correspondents have experienced trouble with the electrolytic rectifying apparatus which forms the major portion of some battery eliminators, and in almost every instance I have found that this has been due to insufficient care of the rectifying cells. The one disadvantage of this type of rectifier—and it is a very small matter, in comparison with the efficiency and inexpensiveness of the apparatus—is that the cells require precisely the same care as do those of the cells of an ordinary low-tension accumulator. Heat is generated by the action of the cells, and the natural result is evaporation. This must be made good periodically with distilled water, or the eliminator will develop all sorts of faults.

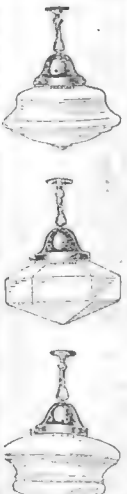
Incidentally, I suspect that some of my correspondents have even forgotten to switch off the eliminator on more than one night, with the result that evaporation is greatly accelerated. I have personally used a Tannoy eliminator, with an electrolytic rectifier, for some years, with the greatest satisfaction once I realised that reasonable care is necessary.

Causes of Fading.

Fading on distant transmissions seems to me to have been more general since the international wavelength change, though I do not imagine that this change has had any effect in causing the phenomenon. Since I have received a number of queries from readers on the subject of fading, however, it may be useful to say a few words about it. Particularly I want to emphasise the point that most of the cases of fading which the aforementioned queries concern are not true examples of fading at all.

True fading, a natural phenomenon which is at present beyond our control, is usually recognisable by its definite periodicity. This may range from a high speed fading, usually found on the ultra-short waves rather than on the broadcast band, to a periodicity so low that many minutes may elapse between the point of greatest volume, through the point of approximate silence, and back to maximum again. However long delayed the maximum is, however, it is possible to trace the regularity of the diminishing and increasing volume.

Sometimes, on the other hand, when one is listening to a distant station the music is blotted out for minutes at a time, and no amount of retuning will bring it back again. Of its own accord (if one has not hopelessly detuned the receiver in the meantime) the music returns; is again erased from the slate—and so on, quite irregularly. That isn't "fading"; that is the effect of some careless neighbour, who, by allowing his receiver to oscillate, is upsetting reception conditions for everyone in his neighbourhood. The remedy is to discover who has purchased or made a new set, and to remonstrate with him!



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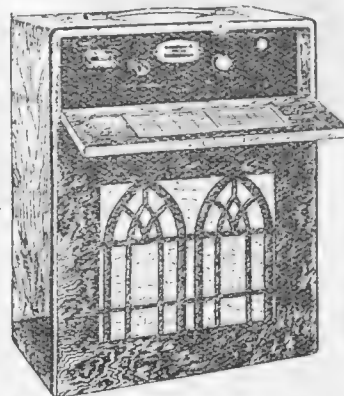
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WHY NOT EMPIRE TIMBER? By Richard St. Barbe Baker

THE United Kingdom imports over fifty million pounds' worth of timber a year, and a very small proportion of this comes from within the Empire.

Think for a moment what this means to us as a nation, in lost opportunities for employment. Let us face this grim fact, that fifty million pounds of our hard earned money is going abroad every year to make other countries rich. The Empire is that much poorer every year if this is allowed to continue.

Experts all agree that the world will be shortly faced with a timber famine. For every substitute for wood about ten new uses are found for forest products. The average man or woman has not yet faced these facts. This world shortage is in measurable distance. This applies specially to soft woods—timbers that are pulped for paper, for articles of clothing, and a hundred and one other things needed every day.

Value of Empire Mahogany.

IN twelve or fifteen years at most we shall begin to feel the pinch. As citizens of the British Empire what are we individually doing to encourage the use and production of Empire timber?

I say "use" advisedly, for an unexploited forest is unproductive. In a virgin forest the decay keeps pace with the timber produced. It is only by the intelligent harvesting of the matured crop that the young growth is given a chance to regenerate and develop into timber size. Forest conservation implies economic harvesting of ripe timber.

I have recently returned from one of the best mahogany forests of the Empire, and my experience has been that British timber firms have often had the greatest difficulty in placing their forest products on the market, however good they may be. The bulk of the timber exported from these

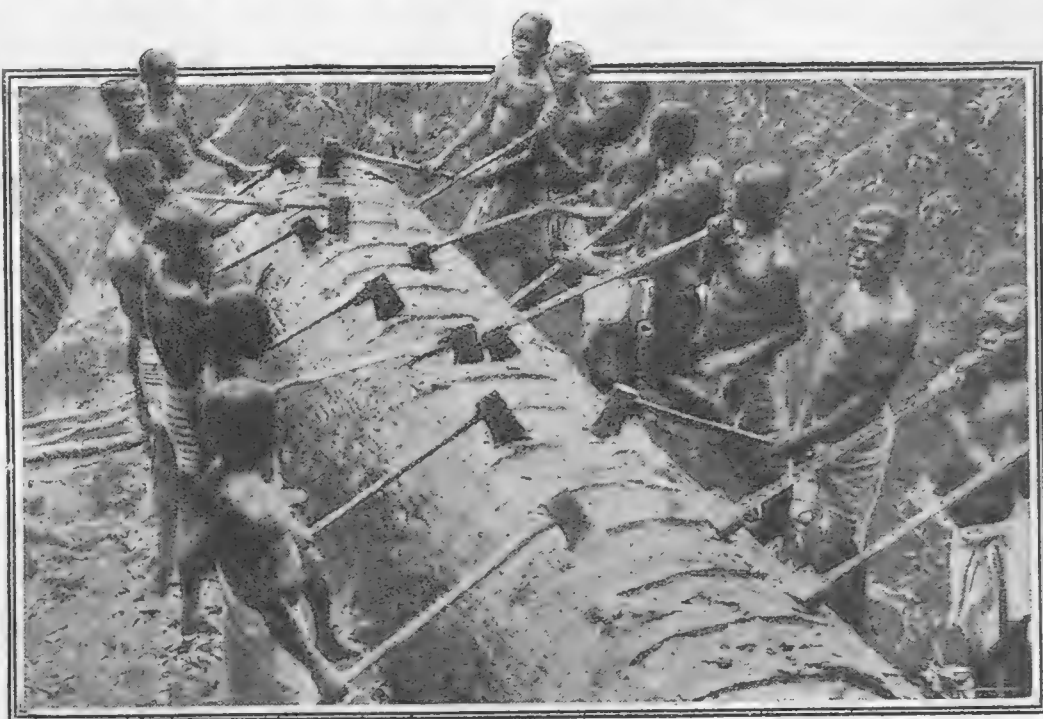


Photo:

Natives scoring an immense mahogany log at Sapoba, East Africa.

R. St. B. Baker.

forests is mahogany, though there are many other woods which may be found to be of equal value when once the demand for Empire timbers becomes insistent.

These timbers are equal in quality to any grown in other parts of the world, but owing to insufficient demand there have been cases where it has had to be sold in the English market under a foreign name. Surely this would not happen if the value of Empire timber was fully realised. Often men of our own kith and kin undergo risk and privation in their search for the big mahoganies, and, after many months of toil, when choice logs have been produced and placed on the market, they are knocked down at a lower price than is paid for timber from foreign countries. The cause is simply that the British user is ignorant of the supplies of forest products now available for him from within the Empire.

Hauling Timber.

WITH a view to aiding the timber importer and manufacturer in becoming familiar with Empire timbers, an Exhibition was recently held at the Imperial Institute. The exhibits have since been embodied in the permanent Exhibition, where they are always available for the inspection of those interested.

The photograph illustrates the process of scoring a mahogany log preparatory to adzing it square. When the tree has been felled it is cross-cut into lengths of approximately eighteen feet, and the squared logs are extracted through paths cut in the bush where a

track has been made by requisitioning hundreds of smaller trees.

When the corduroy road thus formed is in readiness, "potter-potter"—a kind of mud—is smeared on the sticks and a hundred natives haul on steel cables which have been fastened round the back of the log. Squared logs weighing up to 10 tons are shifted in this way, often for several miles, until they can be brought either to a light railway or to a floating river.

New Machines Needed.

These methods may appear to be primitive; the fact is that caterpillars and tractors have been tried out and since abandoned as being impracticable. The ground is generally very soft, and a heavy tractor has a tendency to embed itself in the soil. It is possible, however, that a lighter form of tractor than has yet been tried may prove serviceable, and it is hoped that experiments again being carried out will eventually prove successful. Large reserves of forest are left practically intact in the more inaccessible places, and these supplies will become available when mechanical means of extraction are employed more extensively than at present.

Increasing the Supplies.

THE greater the demand made upon our forests the more economically can they be exploited, and the problem of perpetuating and increasing the supplies of mahoganies and other valuable woods for the future has of recent years been engaging the serious attention of the several forestry departments.

As a Forestry Officer sincerely interested in the conservation and development of the use of Empire timbers, it gives me deep satisfaction to know that BRITANNIA is drawing attention to the vital importance of developing our Imperial resources, and not the least of these is timber.

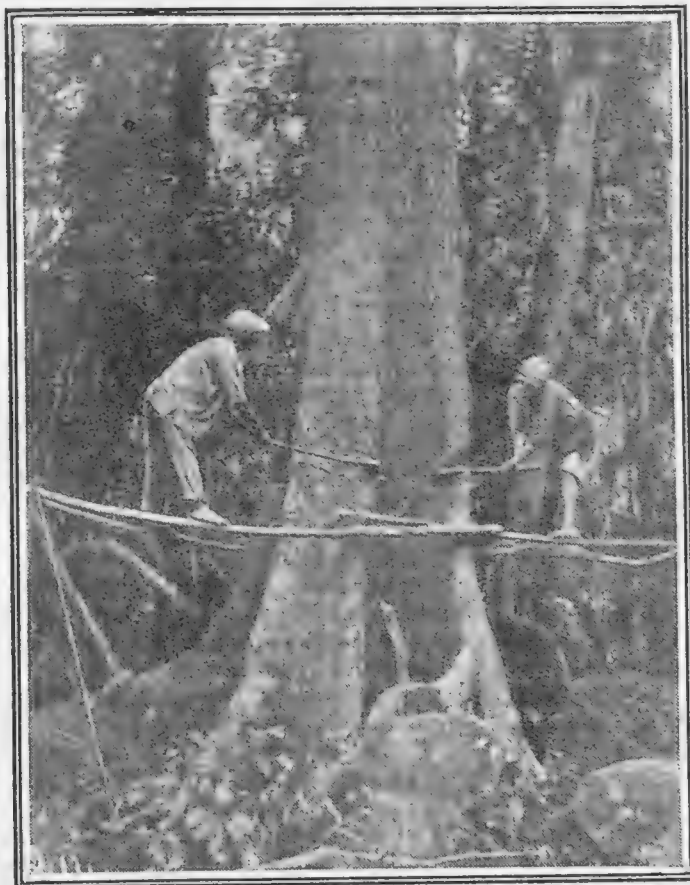


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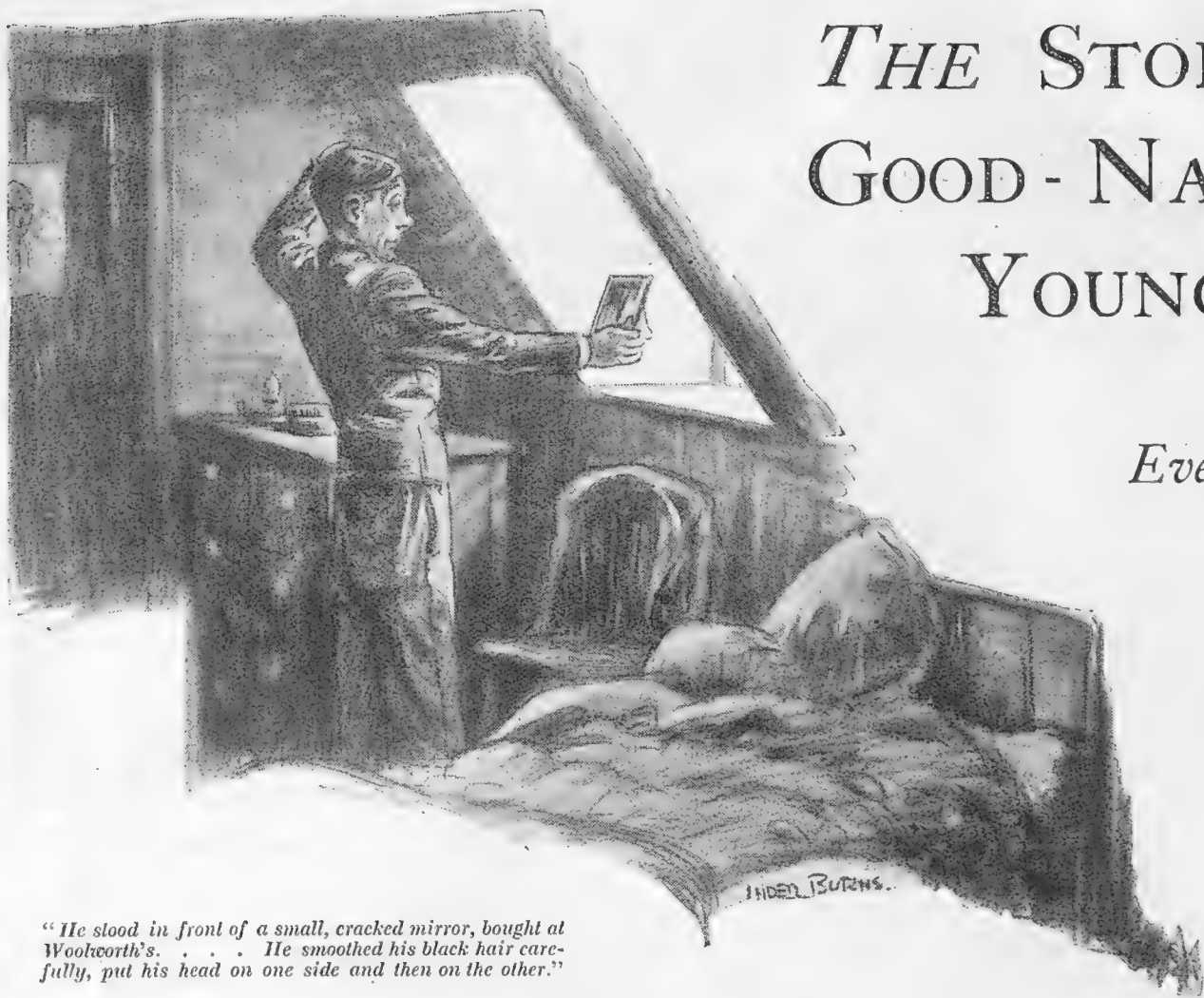
Felling a mahogany tree on the Gold Coast.

J. A. C. Holm.

THE STORY of a GOOD - NATURED YOUNG MAN

By

Evelyn Gardner



"He stood in front of a small, cracked mirror, bought at Woolworth's. . . . He smoothed his black hair carefully, put his head on one side and then on the other."

I.

JAMES had forgotten the dreary slum in which he had been born; his blowsy mother with her harsh, screaming voice, and her great red hands as ready to slap the faces of her children, as to grasp the money offered by a visiting clergyman; his father, sitting on the battered remains of the family bedstead, his shoulders drooping, his arms hanging motionless by his sides—his pale heavy face entirely without expression as he whined out the news of another day's failure; no work to be found anywhere.

For six years James had told employer after employer that he came of a respectable Leicester family lately emigrated to America and doing well in San Francisco. He had seen pictures of the town on the films and the name had attracted his attention. He had told the story so often that he believed it. When he pictured his mother, he saw her as a small neat woman, her grey hair piled on the top of her head, seated placidly on a high-backed chair in the elegant drawing-room of her American home. His father, red in the face and jovial, proud of his growing stomach and business, roaring out well-mannered jokes, or patting the heads of his over-fed children. Those were his parents; the others were forgotten.

He stood in front of a small cracked mirror, bought at Woolworth's and perched on the sill of the attic window. He smoothed his black hair carefully, put his head on one side and then on the other, pinched the disfiguring pimple which ornamented his chin, and admired himself generally. His camp bed, the sheets and blankets rumpled and in disorder, stood between the two great cisterns which provided the water for the lodging house. All night long they filled with crashes and gurglings, until his dreams were distorted into nightmares and he awoke sweating and fractious. He had pinned a picture of a film-star on to one of the panels of the worm-eaten door. Torn from a twopenny newspaper, its edges jagged, it dangled help-

lessly; the man's mouth was stretched in a vapid grin, his hair brushed back in glossy ridge-like waves; he represented James' ideal of beauty.

"That man downstairs," thought James, "stuck up, that's what I call him. Thinks himself classy. Expects me to do all the work in the house. If I wasn't so good-natured I wouldn't do half the things he tells me. He's not a gent, he isn't." He turned towards his bed and began to straighten it. "I oughtn't to be doing this. It's not my job. That housemaid, she's no good. Says she's been in better jobs. Don't believe it. She ought to make my bed. If I wasn't so good-natured—always giving in, I am. Always doing other people's work. Why didn't I emigrate with the old birds?"

He tucked the bed-clothes beneath the mattress, and shook the pillow irritably. "If that old woman thinks she's a cook, she ought to know better. Always the same food. Not that she's got much to cook with. He's too mean. Wonder why the lodgers stay here? Those two nurses are poor. Heard them saying living was expensive. That girl who arrived last night. She looks a lady, she does. And pretty, too. Ought to be on the pictures. Smiled when she looked at me. Spoke kindly. She won't stay long. I wouldn't stay here if I could get another job. Doing other people's work. If I wasn't so good-natured—"

A BELL clanged in the depths of the old house. "Damn," said James. He used the word whenever he thought that people were about and might hear him, but never to their faces. It was a smart word; gentlemen used it; therefore it was an essential part of his vocabulary. The heartiest swear-words of the slums were forgotten.

"Damn everybody," he said and flung the pillow on to his bed. He opened the door hastily. The picture of the film-star flapped to and fro, then floated lazily to the floor and landed with a vague rustling sound. As he

ran downstairs the bell rang again. "That's it," he thought, "ring, ring, ring! Never mind whether I'm worked off my feet. Never a moment to myself. It's a shame, that's what it is."

The housemaid stood at the foot of the stairs.

"I was just going to answer the bell," she said, "I thought you was busy."

"If you did your own work instead of poking your nose into other people's this here house would be an easier place to live in." He pushed her aside rudely.

On opening the front door his annoyance vanished. Hermione Pencock stood on the doorstep. The street was silent, but from the Square beyond came the occasional hoot of a motor-car and the subdued chatter of Somersetshire voices. The Minster clock struck four. She smiled and nodded to James as she passed into the hall.

"My! she's pretty! and so refined. Quite the lady."

He followed her into her sitting-room.

"Sure you've got everything you want, Miss?" he asked.

"Everything, thank you." She took off her hat and sank into a chair.

"Of course it's not the same as being at home. I daresay you're used to better. But just you ask for everything you want. Mr. Langland, he's mean. But cook and me'll get you what you want. You've only got to ask. We want you to be comfortable."

"I am very comfortable," she smiled vaguely.

"Cook and I have run this here house for the last two months. It's hard work; and this new housemaid she expects me to do her work. I can't say no! Too good-natured, that's what I am. Always trying to please everybody. I know it's silly and you get put upon, but I can't help it. That's the way of the world, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Before she came I had to do the bedrooms and clean this room, besides answering the door and all the work in the dining-room. I've only had one day off in the last two months, and what d'you think he pays me? Ten shillings a week!"

"That's not very much."

"I should say it wasn't. And if you do go out you have to be in by ten. I'm not used to this kind of job. I was a waiter before, in Torquay, at a posh hotel. I went to the pictures once a week. 'The Lovers' Journey,' that's a lovely picture. Hylton Franks, he's a good actor. I don't like the

comics. Drama, that's what I like. Something exciting."

"Yes."

"I never go to the pictures here. Haven't got the time. He keeps you at it. Always complaining. I don't think he's a gentleman, do you, Miss?"

"I've no idea."

"Now anyone could see you are a lady. Those two nurses, they're not up to much. They tell tales, they do. They told him that I used their powder and lipstick. Now that's not true, is it, miss?"

"No—no. I suppose not."

"I was born in Leicester. My old folks have gone to America. They're doing well out there. I've a good mind to join them one of these days. This town's dull. Not a thing doing; not that I have the time to go out. I expect you find it dull after London?"

"No. I like the peace and quiet."

"Do you now. Well, I never! They don't have any good pictures at the Cinema in the Square. There's just a piano and the man plays the same old tunes over and over again. Now when I was in Torquay there was an orchestra. And a show in the interval. They had Tom Beary's kids once. They were good. They say the girls in the chorus aren't nice, but a young fellow I know went into the chorus. He was my best friend. I don't see him now and, even if he came here, he wouldn't let him in. He won't let us have visitors."

"That seems rather unkind. I must go and get ready for tea." Hermione rose and hurriedly left the room. James stood looking after her, his head on one side, his arms hanging limply by his sides.

"As pretty as anything," he thought, "and not like other girls. Looks more like a boy. She doesn't mind me talking to her neither. It's a treat to have her in the house. Now that housemaid, she gets my goat." He hummed "The Frothblowers' Anthem" as he laid the tea.

II.

JAMES' last situation had been that of a boot-boy in a private hotel at Torquay. Seeing Mr. Langland's advertisement for a "parlourman" in the local paper, he had written to him saying that he had been a waiter for the last four years. Mr. Langland interviewed him, and engaged him without references, for he knew that it was practically impossible to secure waiters for the small wage he offered.

James had no idea how to wait. He bought a twopenny leaflet entitled "Hints to Waiters" and, studying it carefully, became fairly proficient. He forced the cook, a fat credulous woman, to listen to long tales about the large hotel at Torquay where he had served as head waiter; the more he invented, the more he believed his inventions, until the vague memories of his boot-boy career gradually faded and finally were forgotten.

Mr. Langland and the lodgers were at dinner. Plodding distastefully through the third course, which consisted of underdone pork chops and greasy potatoes, they talked cheerfully of the death of a neighbour, forthcoming amateur theatricals, and the humidity of the English climate. James crept upstairs to his master's sitting-room. With one eye on the half-open door, he sidled

towards the bureau. Books, papers, old envelopes, an ash-tray full of cigarette ends, were scattered in confusion.

Mr. Langland's thoughts were neatly tabulated, but his room was always in a muddle, always untidy, and the carpet was covered with used matches and cigarette ash. Partially concealed by a week old copy of the *Financial Times* lay a large yellow box of Wills' "Gold Flake." Glancing nervously behind him, James stretched out a fat red hand and grabbed some cigarettes. The dining-room bell rang. He jumped and scuttled out of the room, thrusting them into his pocket as he did so. Downstairs in the dining-room they chattered pleasantly.

"It all comes out of the tax-payers' pocket," Mr. Langland was saying, "and we can't protest. England's not a fit place to live in, what with the climate and the income-tax. I shall go abroad next winter." He had said this for the last four years, but each winter found him sitting in the same chair, at the same table, eating the same food, and making the same conversation.

HERMIONE had brought a book with her, meaning to read during the meal but what with Mr. Langland's platitudes and the dimness of the gas, she had found it impossible to do so. Dinner over, she hurried to her sitting-room, thankful to be rid of her garrulous fellow-lodgers and the unpleasant smell of ill-cooked food. Drawing an armchair close to the fire, she sat down, sighed comfortably and began to read. There was a knock at the door. James entered and placed a cup of coffee on the table beside her.

"Thank you," she said over her shoulder,



In the hall Hermione was talking to the housemaid. James caught sight of them and stood still.

without looking at him. This footman was going to be a bore. Better say as little as possible.

James fumbled in his pocket.

"I hope you won't think it cheek, miss, but will you take a cigarette?" He held out an envelope full of Gold Flake. Hermione turned round.

"Oh!" she said, "well—really—"

"Now do, miss. Take two."

Hermione hesitated. James beamed at her, his spotty face flushed with excitement. He waved the envelope under her nose. There was nothing else to do. She took one. He spilled some more into her lap.

"It's very kind of you," she said, "but—"

"I like giving things," said James, "that's my nature. Always giving things away. You musn't take offence, miss, at me being so bold, but it's a real pleasure."

"It's very kind of you," Hermione repeated. Undoubtedly the man was a bore.

"I smoke a lot myself. Expensive, that's what it is. But what's a chap to do in a dud hole like this? One must do something, at least that's what I say." He paused, rubbing one knee against the other and gazing at her with admiration.

"Yes." Why wouldn't he go away? She did not want his cigarettes or his conversation.

"When I was in Torquay I used to smoke as much as 40 a day. That's a lot, but then it was different there. What with the cinema, and the dances, and one thing and another. I went to one fancy dress dance, miss, and I got the second prize. I went as a modern lady, black silk dress and all. Rouged myself and powdered my arms," he laughed, "it was a treat; and no harm meant, of course." Hermione said nothing. "My best friend he went as a Spanish dancer. Everybody thought he was a girl. But there you are, what is there to do in this place? Nothing, is there, miss?"

"I suppose not." Hermione shifted uneasily in her chair and tried to pretend that she was reading.

"I don't believe in an after life, do you, miss? I think one just dies and there's an end to it." He was proud of his belief, and anxious that she should think him modern, well educated, almost a gentleman. "You don't believe in heaven, do you, miss?"

"I don't know." Why wouldn't the man go? What did she care whether he believed in God or Buddha or Voodoo worship? "I think," she said, "I believe in re-incarnation."

"Oh! do you now?" He did not know what it meant and hastily dismissed it from his mind. He fingered the table, rubbing its polished surface with his greasy hand. Hermione said nothing, but turned over a leaf ostentatiously. He ought to see that she was reading and that his presence annoyed her. Should she tell him to leave the room? It was impossible to treat servants like that, particularly one so defenceless.

"You must be lonely all by yourself, miss—"

Now was her chance. She interrupted him hurriedly.

"Oh, not at all. I like being alone: in fact, I prefer it. You see, I have a great deal of work to do." Surely he would take the hint?

"It isn't right that a nice young lady like you should be left all to yourself—"

She rose hastily to her feet. If the man was going to start telling her that she was nice and that he pitied her loneliness, what might it not lead to?

"I must get a handkerchief," she said, and left the room.

James returned to the pantry. The gas above the sink flickered, blown by the gusts of wind which whistled through the broken panes of the window. He rolled up his sleeves and ran his fingers down his arm, admiring its white coarseness. Seizing a plate covered with pork fat and the cold remnants of potatoes, he plunged it into the tepid water and slopped its surface with a greasy cloth.

"Well," he thought "I'm a fine chap, I am. Giving away my cigarettes. And it isn't as though I could afford it, neither. Spending my money on cigarettes and then giving them away to a lady. My, she's pretty! She's the goods, she is. Wonder what she meant by re-in—whatever it was? Well, it don't matter. I must keep an eye on myself, I must. Spending money like a lord. Five cigarettes, that's threepence. I can't afford it." He began to whistle, peering into the dirty water upon which lumps of fat were floating; occasionally he stopped to rub his chin with the back of his hand or to smooth back the long oily lock which fell across his eyes.

III.

JAMES sat on his camp bed and kicked his heels upon the floor. Things were not going right. Miss Pencock had been in the house over a week and now she scarcely answered when he spoke to her. He had done his best to please her; over Mr. Langland's bill, for instance. He had told his master that she had used five scuttles of coal instead of ten. That she never drank coffee after lunch, and that she had had scarcely any baths. But when he had repeated this to Hermione, certain that she would be pleased with him and that he would get back into favour, she had been very angry. She had said that it was only fair that she should pay for the things she had either used or taken.

"But, miss," he had pleaded, "he charges too much. It isn't fair. He oughtn't to charge all that." It had been no use. She was exceedingly annoyed with him.

"And then there's that housemaid," thought James. "She's always speaking to her. I saw her talking to her in the corridor the other day for over ten minutes. It's too bad. Miss Pencock ought to see she's not a nice girl. I shall have to warn her. The little slut! How dare she talk to a lady?"

He looked about him miserably. It was not that he was in love with Hermione Pencock. He merely admired her. But, that she should prefer another servant to himself was unbearable. It seemed impossible that she should not realise his worth, his good nature, his impeccable honesty and his good breeding. His pride was hurt. He hated the housemaid so intensely, that it was easy for him to believe all the tales he rapidly invented about her.

When I tell her what I know about that girl, it'll be a different story. It's only fair to put her wise. She might be missing some of her money one of these days. That housemaid takes everything. Regular thief, that's what she is."

He got up and went downstairs to the kitchen. It was deserted. The cook was out, the housemaid dressing. On the table lay a bag of sweets, hideous confections of pink coconut. The cook had bought them that morning, she enjoyed these "dainties" as she called them. James picked them up and went to find Miss Pencock. She was reading as usual.

"Excuse me, miss, but I thought you'd like one of my sweets."

Hermione sighed wearily.

"It's very kind of you," she said, "but I'm afraid I don't like coconut."

"Oh, do have one, miss, it would be such a pleasure." She was forced to take one. James stood on one leg and then on the other. "If you won't think it cheek on the part of a kid, miss —"

"Well?"

"That housemaid. Mr. Langland got her from the Union. The decent girls wouldn't take the wage. Her mother's in a lunatic asylum, and she goes mad herself now and then. Has awful screaming fits up in her bedroom. Cook and I don't dare cross her. She gets so angry. And then, miss, I should keep an eye on your money if I were you. I left a half-crown on my dressing-table the other day and it went. I was going out and had to borrow the money." He laughed nervously. "I thought I ought to warn you, miss. It would be awkward if anything of yours went. We should all feel guilty-like."

"Thank you," said Hermione. "It's kind of you to have warned me."

"Not at all, miss. I thought it was my duty. It was only fair to let you know."

HE went back to the kitchen, humming to himself. James did not walk, he pranced; keeping on the tips of his toes as though he were showing off his small feet. And as he moved, he put his head first on one side and then on the other, waving his arms slightly and displaying his long fat fingers. It was as though he were playing up to an invisible audience. He put the sweets on the kitchen table. "May as well leave my sweets about," he thought, "in case cook would like one. That's the worst of me, always giving my things away. But then I'm so good-natured."

The cook came in, laden with groceries and dumped them on the table. She panted heavily.

"My," she said, wiping the sweat from her forehead with a dirty handkerchief. "My! it's hot! Have one of my sweets, James?"

"Well," thought James, "fancy calling my sweets hers! The cheek of it! What will these women say next?" He took one. "Thanks," he said coldly.

The housemaid entered the room. She smiled nervously at him and he turned his back on her.

"Have a sweet, dear?" The cook plumped herself in a wicker armchair. It creaked beneath her weight. "I'm all of a sweat." She waved a plump hand to and fro, fanning herself. "You look as cool as a cucumber, you do."

The housemaid took a sweet, put it in her mouth and licked her finger appreciatively.

"That's nice," she said, "Thank you, cook."

"You're welcome, I'm sure." The cook leaned back with a sigh. "I'm that hot I don't know what to do."

James looked out of the window.

"That girl taking my sweets. She's got some nerve. And not so much as a 'by your leave.' How cook can talk to her I don't know. Makes me sick, that's what it does. The nasty little stuckup hussy."

"Well, I mustn't stay here wasting my time." The girl turned to go.

"The devil finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," quoted the cook, swaying to and fro, the chair squeaking beneath her. The housemaid laughed and left the room.

(Continued on page 244)

BRITANNIA'S PULPIT

THERE SHONE A STAR: A SERMON FOR EPIPHANY

IT is said that people do not nowadays read the Bible. Is this true? Our contributor thinks that it is. The reason would seem to be that the Bible is not read because it has ceased to be interesting. It is regarded as anything but what it really is . . . a Mirror of ourselves. Each character that is staged in the sacred pages is typical of some modern man and woman. Each of us is there, and to each is spoken a message. In this article the Rev. Desmond Morse-Boycott seeks to present the Epiphany story in a fresh way, for those who may have failed to apprehend its meaning.

IN the eastern sky there hung a star of unusual brilliance. It excited great misgiving. As the evening shadows lengthened the streets of innumerable cities were crowded by spectators. Speculation was rife. Some said that the end of the world was at hand. Some, that it heralded an era of peace and plenty. A group of famous scientists met to discuss the matter. Their conclusions were published in the *Star of Arabia*, *The Assyrian Standard*, *The Babylon Courier*, and other important papers. This was no common star, they asserted; nor, in the annals of the east, could information be found to account for it. For a little while excitement was intense. Religious maniacs went naked into the market-places, calling upon men to repent. There were a few riots.

But, as nothing further happened, except that the star seemed to be fixed in the empyrean, they all got used to it, and, after a while, it was accepted as a matter of course. Men bought and sold, married and gave in marriage. The scientists found other things to speculate upon. Life ran as smoothly as ever upon the grooves of convention. Only in strictly religious circles was attention fixed upon the star.

The Journey of the Magi.

One night a small group of religious savants (Magi, they were called) met together to discuss a plan that was uppermost in their minds. They believed that for every child born upon the earth a star was set in the heavens, enclosing within itself a spark of the child's personality. At death, that spark was re-united with its human centre. This star, bright in the heavens, betokened, to their eager eyes, the coming of a great Prince.

Three of them determined to follow the star. They sold their possessions, threw all their shares upon the market, disposed of their insurance policies, paid their debts and furnished their caravanserais. This, of course, took time. They were rebuked for their rashness by the official leaders of their church. They were insulted by relatives. They were beset by relieving officers and other officials, who wanted to put them away. They were laughed at by their friends who hoped, perchance, that ridicule would kill their intentions.

Through it all they persisted. Not even a leading article, entitled "Hitching your Wagon to a Star. A mad adventure," in the *Daily Wisdom*, deterred them from their purpose. At last, by night-time, in order to avoid the Press photographers, they fared forth. The star seemed to move in the



By THE REV. DESMOND MORSE-BOYCOTT

heavens and its light, flung out in a radiant shaft, pointed the direction they should take.

Rejoicing greatly . . . conscious of guidance from on high . . . they trekked and trekked and trekked. One night, when they were far out upon the desert, the star ceased to be visible. Great, then, was the fear in their hearts. What did its disappearance betoken? Were they deserted by God?

There was no turning back. Forward it must be, amid the awful perils of the desert. For two long years the travel-worn Magi plodded over the sea of sand. On one or two occasions the star was faintly visible. It still seemed to point them onwards. And at last they came to Jerusalem.

Where the Star Led.

What occurred in Jerusalem is recorded in the Gospel. It suffices to say that they turned their camels towards a little village named Bethlehem. And, as the jingling camel bells made the night melodious, lo! the star which they saw in the east shone brightly. Its shaft pointed over Bethlehem. They entered a crooked street. What was that house illumined by a white light, bright in the surrounding darkness? It was a tavern. No . . . the light was not upon the tavern from which came the sound of a gramophone reeling out discordant jazz, to which men sang and danced with drunken frenzy . . . it was upon a cattle shed in its yard.

The Magi alighted from their camels, hastened to the shed, knocked at the door. A sweet "Come in" greeted their ears, a strange sight met their eyes. A gentle maiden was crooning to a little Babe lying in a manger. An ass was eating provender near by. An ox was pawing the unclean straw. An old man was standing by on

guard. The Magi knelt and offered their gifts. The star had led them to the Prince of Peace.

God's Revelation.

At some time or other to each one of us there comes a message from heaven. If there is such a thing as Truth, then God would have us attain it. If there is such a thing as Peace, God would give it us, past understanding. If there is such a thing as Joy, God would have us experience it. Why, then, are so many people without Joy and Peace? Why does the man in the street so often shrug his shoulders, and say that Truth is hard to find?

The reason is this. We want, in our heart of hearts, a delegation to be sent to us from the God of Heaven. Our business-like spirits object to buying a pig in a poke. If God's demand—that we shall devote ourselves wholly to His service—is to be deemed a reasonable one. He must show us explicitly that we are not following a will o' the wisp. No gleam of a star is sufficient for us. It isn't good enough. Better to enjoy the things which lie to hand than mortgage our happiness upon the slender security of future bliss. The result is . . . we do not get there.

God waits to be found. He would reveal Himself to each of us. Yet there must be a journey. We have no right to expect

any comfort from Christianity, in the accepted sense of the word. "Comfort" means strengthening, not coddling. When each son of man is born there gleams a star in the east. Here and there, now and again, on the pathway of life, is thrown a gleam of light. Just sufficient to cheer us and help us to follow on. Not sufficient to make us entirely certain that we are wise while the world is foolish.

"I Will Get There."

God has always been found by them who diligently sought for Him, and did not fear the long trek. I am full of admiration for one of my poor boys, an orphan, brought up in a slum, though of gentle birth. He desires to take Holy Orders. He has every qualification, save one. I have not met, anywhere, a lad with a deeper sense of vocation. A preliminary, but abortive test, in a school has brought to light a sterling industry which pins him to his books from morn to night. His sense of duty is highly developed. He is a lad of prayer. He has a way with those who are younger than himself, and can lead. But he has not illumination. I said to him: "I cannot send you back, but we will start you on the A.B.C. at home." He looked at me, in dumb misery. And then: "I will look for a job. And I will work at night-time. And I will get there." Then he laughed. The star has gone out—but surely it will shine?

BRITANNIA'S PULPIT will
be next occupied by
Rev. R. W. Webb, B.D., on
"The Christian Church of the Future."

BRIGHTER BRIDGE

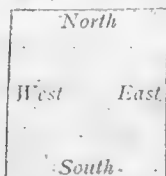
A WEEKLY Bridge Competition is now incorporated in BRITANNIA as a standard feature of the paper.

The answers to the problems must reach this office not later than first post on the Wednesday following the problem's publication. They should be addressed: Bridge Competition, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, London, W.C.

The decision of the Card Editor is final.

PROBLEM V.

♠ 10, 7.
♥ Q, 5, 3.
♦ Q, 9.
♣ K, J, 7, 5, 3, 2.



♠ A, Q, 8.
♥ A, 7, 6, 4.
♦ A, J, 10.
♣ A, 9, 8.

South deals and calls Two No Trumps. All pass.

The first two Tricks are:—

West.	North.	East.	South.
S.5	S.7	S.J	S.Q
C.10	C.2	C.6	C.A

How should South continue to play the hand? If the King of Diamonds is East and the King of Hearts is West, how many tricks should South make?

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM III.

♠ 4, 3, 2.
♥ 5, 4, 2.
♦ A, K, 7, 5.
♣ K, 5, 3.

♠ K, 10, 8, 7.
♥ A, 9, 8.
♦ 10, 9, 6, 4.
♣ A, Q.

♠ A, Q, 5.
♥ K, 10.
♦ Q, J, 3.
♣ 9, 8, 6, 4, 2.

The main feature of this problem is retaining the lead in the West hand and preventing East from obtaining the opportunity of putting the Queen of Hearts through.

Taking Trick 1 with the spade Queen, a small Club should be led. If the Ace goes up, there is no argument; if the Queen, she must be allowed to hold the Trick.

West will follow with one of the Spade equals, which South should take with the Ace, concealing the small Spade. A second Club is then led and West must (if he has taken Trick 2 with the Ace of Clubs) again be left in the lead.

After making his two good Spades, West should not hesitate to save the game but should bang out the Heart Ace at once.

Criticisms of Solutions.

I must emphasise again the fact that in these problems one must give the opposition

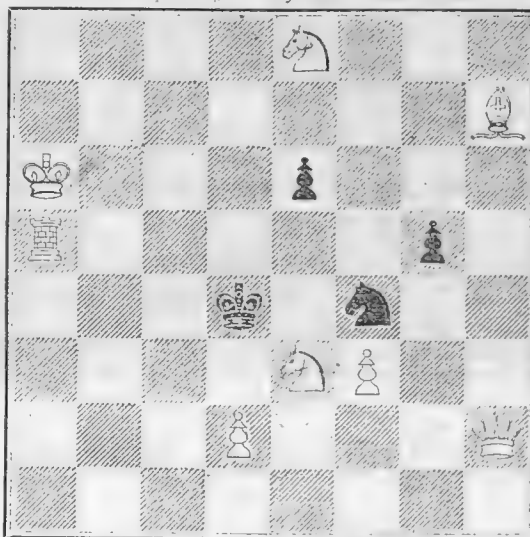
An effort to improve the Average Player's Game. Conducted by G. H. W. RAMSEY.

It is not the policy of BRITANNIA to organise competitions for large monetary prizes. We realise, however, that a small inducement lends added zest to the solution of problems, and we therefore offer 15 free annual subscriptions for the first five correct solutions to our Bridge, Chess and Crossword problems respectively. Solutions must be received by the first post on the Wednesday following the publication of the problems. The Editor's decision must in all cases be final. The Crossword will be found on page 246.—Ed.

CHESS.

By T. C. EVANS.

Problem No. 9. By the Chess Editor.



White to play and mate in two moves.

Game No. 9.—From the first round of the recent London Tournament. As was expected, Mr. Winter secured the first prize in the Premier Section.

Queen's Pawn Game.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
W. Winter.	W. H. Watts.	W. Winter.	W. H. Watts.
1 P-Q4	Kt-KB3	16 P-B4	P-KR3
2 P-OB4	P-KKt3	17 P-K5	PxKt
3 P-RKt3	B-Kt3	18 PxKt ch	PxP
4 B-Kt2	P-Q3	19 Kt-K4(c)	B-B4
5 Kt-KB3	O-O	20 PxP	PxP(d)
6 O-O	P-B4	21 Kt-KtP	P-B3
7 Kt-B3	Kt-B3	22 RxB	PxKt(e)
8 P-Q5	Kt-QKt5(a)	23 Q-B3 ch.	K-R3
9 P-K4	P-Q2	24 K-B7	R-K4
10 P-KR3	Kt-R3	25 QR-KBr	Kt-B2
11 B-K3	P-QKt3	26 QR-B6	Q-Kt
12 Q-Q2	R-Kt	27 KxQP	QR-Kt(f)
13 B-R6	B-Rt(b)	28 RxBt	R-K8 ch
14 Kt-KKt5	B-Kt2	29 K-R2	QR-K4
15 BxB	KxB	30 R(B7)-B6	Resigns

- (a) The Kt takes a long time to get back into play. I prefer 8... Kt-Kt1, followed by QKt-Q2.
(b) Loss of time... 13... Kt-B2 is better.
(c) Stronger than PxP, to which Black would reply 19... P-B4, cutting White's Kt out of the game.
(d) If BxKt; 21 PxP ch, K-R2; 22 R-B4, and wins.
(e) If PxR; 23 Kt-K6 ch, RxBt; 24 PxR, R-Kt; 25 Q-Q5, winning easily.
(f) The game is lost. If Kt-Kt; 28 R(Q6)-Q7, leaves Black defenceless.

(Notes by W. Winter.)

Problem No. 8 (Weenink). Key B-Bt (threat Q-K3). If B-B5; 2 Kt-Q2! If B-B7; 2 Kt-Kt1! If Kt-B4; 2 Kt-Kt5! If Kt-Kt5; 2 Q-R7. If RxBt(Kt); 2 KtR. If RxBtch; 2 BxR. This was a fine problem with which to start the "Ladder" Tourney. The theme—unpinning of White Kt—is very cleverly demonstrated in the first three variations. The problem was specially contributed by one of the greatest living experts.

End-Game No. 7 (Rinck). 5K2; 8; 8; 1P2P3; 8; 4r3; k1B5; 8. White to play and win.
Solution of End-Game No. 6 (Troitzky). 1 B-Q6 ch, PxR; 2 Kt-R2 ch, KtxKt; 3 P-B5.

Solutions of Problem No. 3, from E. A. Ellison, C. W. Mason, J. H. Baines, A. E. Ruddoch, W. Tattersall, F. N. Colton, D. T. Scattering, J. H. Adams, G. A. Booth, J. A. Shaljan, P. Stobart, J. W. Polito, J. L. Beaumont, H. J. Cullingford, Rev. W. Scott, P. W. Alford, E. W. C. Kearney, R. A. M. Kearney ("an extraordinarily clever problem"). Problem No. 6: J. L. Beaumont, J. H. Parr, D. L. Clark, W. Coyne, E. A. Ellison, T. Simister, J. H. M. Gray, H. L. Crook, T. F. Ward, D. T. Scattering, K. MacLennan, C. B. R. L. C. Hallam ("a very remarkable problem").

Solutions (postcards preferred) should be addressed Chess Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2, and they must arrive not later than Thursday next.

Due allowance will be made for overseas solvers.

The first five solvers for Problem No. 6 were:—T. Simister, 1, Bolton Road, Port Sunlight; Douglas T. Scattering, 4, Kirkham Avenue, Blackpool; H. L. Crook, 60, Ellismore Road, Charlton, S.E.7; T. F. Ward, "Arcliffe," Thornaby Village, Thornaby-on-Tees; K. MacLennan, 727, Tower Buildings, Liverpool.

credit for reasonable intelligence; to make East discard a Club on the fourth round of diamonds, for instance, simply "cooks" the hand for South.

Many competitors suggested that, after taking Trick 1, South should run with the Diamonds and then lead Clubs away from the King. This is treating the problem as a double-dummy affair.

It is also a mistake to allow East, having obtained the lead with the Club Jack, to return the Spade; the correct lead is the Heart Queen.

The great advantage of this method of play is that it gives the enemy every chance to go wrong. Should West not lead the Heart Ace at Trick 7, South will make the game.

To make Two No Trumps only (if one had, for example, a partial score) there is an alternative scheme of play. This is to make Two Spades, four Diamonds and one Club and then give West the lead with the Spade at the end. This is, however, not so satisfactory a method of play and consequently does not allow South to "play the hand to the best advantage."

"Never Raise a No Trumper."

This advice, stated baldly, is apt to be misleading. The sound and almost-never-to-be-disregarded rule should be stated in full as follows: When your partner calls an initial One No Trump and second hand bids a suit, you should seldom, if ever, increase your partner's contract. There is always something better to do.

It is a commonplace to say one should not go Two No Trumps in such case, unless one stops the adversary's declaration beyond peradventure—and a bare stop with nothing outside is admittedly bad. Consequently one's hand is, presumably, of some value.

With the suit in question doubly guarded, and one sure trick outside, unquestionably the most informative and the safest procedure is to double. For example: Dealer (South) One No Trump; West, Two Spades; yourself (North) hold: Spades K 10 x x; Hearts A x x; Diamonds 10 x x x; Clubs x x. Your correct call is "Double." If your hand is stronger, so much the better.

Value of the Double.

The reason for the Double, rather than the raise, is twofold: (a) It enables the dealer to visualise something of the value of your hand, and leaves it to him to determine whether to play for penalties or the game; and (b) it puts a definite quietus on "brilliant" bids by certain players who will call the "Two Spades" second hand on such cards as: Spades Q J x; Hearts x x; Diamonds x x; Clubs A K Q x x x. If third hand go Two No Trumps, they double, lead Clubs and defeat the contract.

This brings me to the question of the original No Trump call—the most abused bid in the game—which I propose to discuss at length in the next two or three issues.

The Prize Winners.

The prizewinners for Competition III are: G. C. Clark, 1, Station Cottages, Abbots Ripton, Nr. Huntingdon, Hunts; S. J. Needham, 17, Clarence Road, Windsor; Charles H. Downes, 25, Avenue Crescent, Mill Hill Park, Acton, W.3.; J. P. Scott, 129, Fitzroy Avenue, Belfast, N. Ireland; H. A. Huntley, Greenlands, Parkstone, Dorset.

Our Woman's Section

Edited
by

EVERY reader is invited to make full use of "Britannia's" Service Department. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed with each enquiry, and all letters should be addressed to the Julia Cairns Service Department, "Britannia," Inveresk House, Strand, London, marked "Furnishing," "Colour Schemes," "Beauty," according to the nature of the enquiry.

Julia
Cairns



Photo: Peter North.

MISS DOROTHY BOYD, the famous young English Film Star, who appears with Sir Harry Lauder in the Welsh-Pearson-Elder Picture, "Auld Lang Syne," shortly to be released. Her typically Anglo-Saxon beauty is particularly suited to the "open-air" heroines she portrays, and a great future is predicted for her in the fresh, unaffected style of acting she has made her own. Miss Boyd has been specially photographed for "Britannia," wearing a Riviera ensemble from Reville, Hanover Square. Almond-green wool-marocain carries out the debonair little suit, and crêpe-de-chine the accompanying jumper, that has a floral design against a background of dark green. The lacquered walking stick and crocodile bag strike the same colour note as the suit and the hat is of Bengal straw, with a wideish, pleated brim.

ADOLPHE MENJOU

ON

the ART of Making LOVE

*An interview with the
World's greatest
Screen Lover.*



Adolphe Menjou and Kathleen Carrer in "His Private Life."

ON the screen I am supposed to have emerged triumphant from innumerable amorous adventures—to be, in fact, a sort of twentieth century Don Juan.

What is more, I am supposed to know all there is to know about the science and art of love-making . . . to pose majestically as an oracle on the subject.

Much as I hate to disabuse my admirers of so tenacious a belief, I have to admit that I am still groping helplessly in the dark as to the best weapons to employ in this all-important combat.

Love is the greatest play that Fate has ever staged. Sometimes it is a tragedy . . . sometimes a mystery-drama . . . and sometimes a comedy. It is true that the majority of motion pictures end with an embrace, what happens after that is another story. And who is to say that it is not an infinitely greater story?

TAKE my own case. I first came into prominence on the screen as "the other man." To-day I appear to be standing in the full glare of the limelight. That, however, does not prove anything. For women are as various—and as variable—as an English summer, and I believe that a different technique is required for each one; if it is any consolation to the love-sick swain, unversed in the ways of the world, Love—the "grande passion"—has been known to succeed where all else failed. Cupid has no other weapons but his bow and arrows.

On the other hand, the mild flirtation adds a peculiar savour, a spice to life, and there is no denying that, even in this emancipated age, women like to have little attentions paid to them, irrespective of whether they are inspired by the "grande passion" or not.

IN spite of this—dare I say—feminine weakness—women are just as individual in their likes and dislikes as men. Frequently they are more intelligent, and they are particularly impatient with the *gauche* and awkward lover. In the management of their lives, women are far more practical than men. Even if they do choose to use their energy building up big businesses, sometimes haunted by the spectres of Profit and Loss . . . of market prices . . . of heavier duties and all the corroding influences of modern

Commerce, they still find time to surround themselves with beautiful things, spend endless time at beauty parlours, "painting the lily," as it were, and selecting the new season's frocks at mannequin parades.

And this is as it should be. They are doing it to please their menfolk. Bless them!

For woe betide the suitor who fails to notice that his fiancée is wearing the latest Parisian creation. To fail to comment on her newest hat or frock is the one unforgivable sin in Cupid's calendar.

Every woman—even the plainest—likes to be told how well she looks. And in these days of beauty aids, it is within the reach of every woman to be as decorative as she pleases. A plain woman, perfectly dressed and groomed, can be as lovely as a lyric. Moreover, a plain woman, fit, exercised, self-critical, of cultivated grace, can look far more effective than a beauty, whose ungraceful movement and carriage is the result of complacency and lack of self-criticism. I for one, succumb to their charm.

Like most men, I adore and cherish beauty, and I suppose women are sensitive to the singular pleasure it gives me, merely to look upon this outward expression of a well-ordered and intelligent mind. For the art of being smartly dressed, especially in Hollywood, which, incidentally, contains more beautiful and smartly dressed women to the square inch than any other spot on this planet—requires almost as much *finesse* as the art of love-making. In the social set in which most of my screen rôles are cast, the possession of fine clothes is synonymous with the possession of a host of devoted admirers of the male persuasion.

YOU will observe I am always immaculate; the dandy, the Beau Brummel. Never the worthy, law-abiding citizen, toiling for his daily crust by the honest sweat of his brow, but the card-sharper; the cad, the "crook," living by his wits, skating on the frayed edge of society. The night life of New York is more familiar to me than

the wide open spaces of the Western plains.

I cannot, therefore, offer any advice on the rough-and-ready methods of the "cave-man." They do not come within my province at all. To be quite frank, the "strong, silent man"—the aggressive, self-reliant, courageous hero and his primitive brethren—would bore my irresponsible screen self to tears! I prefer to rely on a certain sixth sense—intuition, if you like—rather than on a dull and unimaginative display of brawn and muscle in the winning of the girl of my heart.

Honestly, I believe that women favour just a dash of villain in their ideal hero. It adds a delicious thrill to the already delightful business of love-making. In my screen character, I try to depict neither the out-and-out bounder nor the milk-sop, but the dilettante who has tasted the gay life of foreign capitals . . . for whom the world is a place full of beautiful women, all waiting to be loved and amused . . . the man, in short, who has sown his wild oats and cherishes, perhaps, tender memories of these escapades.

IN the early days of motion pictures—when the hero and heroine were paragons of virtue and the villains thoroughly bad—audiences were only slightly interested in the identity of the players. To-day, the players most sought after are those whose characterisations are most life-like. Even the hero must have "a past," and the villain, as likely as not, some redeeming quality with which to enlist sympathy.

Personally, I cannot complain of this changing viewpoint, for it enables me—the proverbial Prodigal Son of the Pictures—to enter the lists of the world's great love-makers.

What success I have achieved is due, I think, to my absorbing interest in the opposite sex, my sensibility to their bitter sweet, welcome enchantment. Cold and heartless though I may appear—a scheming, unprincipled rotter—the true woman is conscious of my unfailing susceptibility to her charm, and, with a divine compassion, perceives beneath the mask of my indifference the redeeming quality of love.

"LOVE is the greatest play that Fate has ever staged," says Adolphe Menjou—and who should know better than he?



THE latest variety of the beret, expressed in velvet and silk-jersey, is quite ideal for travelling.

THE styles that are being worn on the Riviera to-day, and the other favoured spots in the sun, give a definite indication of what will be worn in England to-morrow. So the fashions for the south should interest every woman who counts herself among the well-dressed, even if she has to wait for the Spring to come to her, instead of going in search of it.

The Fashion side of life on the Riviera is, in point of fact, a pageant of clothes, or shall we say, a dress parade on a gigantic scale, with both an indoors and out-of-doors setting.

A few of the more bizarre styles that are being "tried out" by certain of the Paris designers, whose taste is not always equal to their enterprise will, of course, both blossom and fade under Mediterranean skies, but the majority forecast accurately what the Spring has in store.

ALTHOUGH there are at the moment no very drastic changes, all sorts of subtle differences distinguish this season's models from those of last. There is, for instance, a certain tendency to break away from the straight silhouette, to which we have become so accustomed, and there are many interesting variations in the disposal of fabrics and the methods of trimming.

The waist-line, too, shows an inclination to rise, probably a result of the growing importance of belts and sashes. This is particularly noticeable in the latest sports ensembles, practically every new model displaying a belt that cleverly emphasises the colour scheme; and a definite point that can be noted is that belts as a rule are worn at the natural waist, instead of being set low on the hips.

Are YOU Going SOUTH?

A Glimpse of Tomorrow's Spring Fashions mirrored through the Chic of the Riviera.



NOTE the new millinery line, in a model carried out in Bengal straw and trimmed with a long scarf.

FIRST in the scheme of things must come travelling clothes, for the English-woman has quite broken away from the bad old habit of the past, and achieves a high standard of dressing on her travels. Knowledgeable people always choose these in colours that can be described as discreet, and in materials that do not crush, avoiding also lingerie trimmings that soil easily.

In spite of the fact that trains, likewise air liners (!), are well-heated these days, a suitable overcoat should always be included

in a smart travelling outfit, with a view to motoring, and also to steamer wear, and Paris suggests that these should be made of a woollen material rather than of fur. A warm coat that is not too wintry in appearance is a useful possession on arrival, too, for although the sun may be shining in Tangiers, Egypt or on the Riviera, there are also the cold spells to be taken into consideration.

MANY of the new overcoats are carried out in tweed, for it is only to be expected that the fabric which has taken Paris and London by storm should extend its popularity to Southern shores. There, however, it is of a less practical appearance, usually to be seen in rather a loose, soft weave, cream, beige, camel or grey in colour, or in soft, subdued patterns that have for a background misty blue or purple, and astrakhan and krimmer are the favoured trimmings.

The majority of tailored suits are still classical in type, but slightly more waisted than those of last year. A few models have jackets that flare, sometimes in front, sometimes at the back, sometimes all round, peplum fashion. Pepper and salt is the fashionable mixture for costumes, this sober colour note being repeated again in a stole of silver fox.

MARJORIE CHARLTON.



A tweed travelling coat, with the fashionable scarf collar, shows a sleeve treatment that is new and practical, in the form of a buckle that draws the astrakhan cuff close and keeps the cold winds from creeping up the arm.



Models from Worth.

FASHION has quite a great deal to say concerning day-time clothes for the Riviera. She has been particularly broad-minded this season, and although in her heart of hearts she maintains a definite loyalty to clear bright colours, she is not heartlessly inconsiderate to those to whom the softer, neutral shades are more becoming. As, for example, beige, which, as we all know, is far from new, yet still remains smart. In the centre of the above group is sketched a very practical little morning suit in a rather heavy knit in beige, the coat being finished with a narrow roll of self-coloured crêpe de Chine; there is also a 5 to 6 inch band at the base of the coat, which gives a particularly *chic* finish and almost conceals the large practical pockets, inserted therein. The skirt, which is belted, consists of plain panels, intervened with four groups of small box pleats. Then there is a tussore silk shirt, cut precisely like a shirt, with a polo collar and side openings; these latter are most important for they ensure its perfect setting at the waist. On the left side of the shirt is a gold, black and orange motif, triangular in shape and the orange tie, while picking up the colour of the embroidered motif, gives a very striking finish.

EVERY shade of blue is being sponsored by the smart women of to-day, and I doubt whether any colour is more becoming than royal blue, which, worn in conjunction with white, is now so popular for the Riviera. To the left of the group above is one of the most pleasing models any woman can wish to secure. The coat is three-

MODELS the RIVIERA

Colourful Simplicity by Day

quarter length, and is made of the new triple-shrunk jersey cloth, while its delightfully soft lining is cut from the finest of cashmere shawls. The short scarf collar has a narrow line of white and the sleeve is correctly link-cuffed. With it goes the *chic-est* of little sleeveless jumpers imaginable—half blue, half white—with its white base finished with a 2 to 3 inch banding of blue. Quaintness and *chic* are effected both by the white armhole being piped with blue and the blue one being piped with white; also by the treatment of the V-shaped neckline, which also is half blue, half white. It is really a practical suit, for it can be worn not only with its own white pleated skirt, but also with a simple little tennis frock in white crêpe de Chine or alternatively, with the newest models in silk piqué.

REDS of every shade are tremendously popular, too. For that reason another very becoming model is included in the new deep lacquer red. It, again, is of triple shrunk jersey cloth, and the long scarf, picot-edged, its ends intriguingly finished with a minute appliqué of red and black ribbon are an example of the smartness of detail. The well-made wrap-over skirt and the coat are finished with many rows of stitching, and together are worn with a jumper of palest coral-pink, repeating the red and black touches of the suit in the stripes at the base and the wrist. Here, too, we find the linked coat cuff and a similarly linked side opening in the jumper, while, of course, the jumper has its essential finishing belt of deep lacquer red.



Models from Debenham.

Will WELCOME as CHIC

Elegant Sophistication by Night

SO much for Riviera morning clothes—always to-day of the semi-sports variety. The term "sports" covers a multitude of models and particularly delightful ones. Some of them will never see either golf links or tennis court, but what matter? They are all the more attractive! The afternoon aspect is just as fascinating, and here again woollen fabrics, combining warmth with lightness of weight are first in the field, for practical dress designers realise that cold winds often blow along the Mediterranean shores. In conjunction with fancy woollens, crêpe de Chine, both in its plain and patterned variety, is a favourite material. Sometimes it is used for the jumper that completes a debonair little suit of wool-georgette or wool-marocain, with belted coat and severely simple skirt; sometimes it carries out the frock of a two-piece, that has a long, matching coat of novelty tricotine or some similar material. A delightful *ensemble* of this type is seen on the left above, in colour the fashionable beige, both frock and coat cut on severe simple lines. Note particularly the fur trimming, dyed to the exact shade of the coat. Fur trimmings are an important feature of Riviera fashions this season—chameleon-like, they change in shade with the clothes they adorn, and are to be met with in rose-pink, almond-green, periwinkle-blue, and various other colour guises.

DANCE toilettes? They are all-important, for every night is the night of the ball (usually a pleasantly informal one, though), in Monte Carlo or Cannes or Nice. Moiré is favoured for

dance frocks at the moment, in its latest aspect, soft and supple and lending itself charmingly to the graceful drapery without which no evening gown is complete. It is used for the fascinating frock above, short in front, slightly longer at the back

and with the side panels of a different length again, that vouches for the fact that hem lines are growing more and more uneven. In colour, it is a lovely shade of duck's-egg-blue, for blue in its many variations—sapphire, moonlight and the lighter shades that verge on to green—is the fashionable colour by night.

THE right-hand frock, specially designed for dinner and casino wear, for which long sleeves are definitely "in," is expressed in soft, black net—most effective, with its "coin" embroidery and a touch of rose and silver tissue ribbon at the waist and on the corsage. It is made in the form of a three-piece, for the vogue of the three-piece has gradually and insidiously pursued its attractive way into evening styles, and can be worn either with or without its accompanying coatee, complete with sleeves. Evening wraps, designed for the South, are delightful affairs, too. One new arrival has a loose blouse effect at the back, and a flaring border of fur, almost wide enough to be described as a skirt; another displays a shoulder scarf, reaching almost to the hem, and hanging straight in the form of a panel; another is expressed in something really new in fabrics—satin sprayed with liquid gold—pleasingly typical of what can surely be described as the Golden Age of Fashion.



IN white deer-skin and tan willow calf, this neat, well-fitting Continental model with a Louis-Cuban heel has one strap. Price 42s. 6d.

AGAIN responding to Fashion's demand for brown and white walking shoes, this is a particularly chic design for the high-arched foot. Price 45s. 6d.

S t a n d E a s y



THE vogue of the Southern golf links, these well-built shoes of pig-skin are equally suitable for country or sports wear at home. Price 29s. 6d.

GLACÉ kid in cherrywood colouring relieved by water-snake insets on the outside only, compose a chic court shoe on the new high last.

WHETHER you are by way of going to the South, or whether you are not, this question of shoes is one which to-day interests every well-groomed woman. In fact, it is impossible even to be included in the ranks of the well-groomed without due consideration being given to the matter of footwear—a truth which the Englishwoman has come to realise very definitely if the prevalence of the neatly shod feet of latter years is to count for anything.

Indeed, she has acquired a distinct *foot-sense*. She no longer endeavours to flatter her feet. She has no need to do so, since by judicious choice she knows that style and comfort can be achieved in one and the same pair of shoes.

Both for day and evening wear, shoes, like clothes, are really quite simple in appearance, but, again, like clothes, this extreme simplicity makes the matter of line, cut and finish of extreme importance. The models illustrated on this page depict authentic outdoor modes for the Riviera, and while each is particularly well-shaped, its last is so made that, not only is adequate support given, but also the foot is permitted to move in perfect freedom.

For day wear, and particularly with the fashionable jersey suits, white deer-skin allied to dark tan willow calf is much in favour. The model shown in the centre has a light welted sole with a high leather Cuban heel, and for the high arched foot—often so difficult to fit well in England—this is ideal. Another similar (top left) is essentially right for the long, slender foot while the model shown (below right) is only one example of just how smart a court shoe can be.

Even pig-skin! Well-dressed women on many of the Southern golf links are exploiting pig-skin shoes. This is possibly for two reasons. The durability of pig-skin is world-famed, while the characteristic grain of the skin entirely satisfies the present demand of fashion for natural markings.

J. C.

*Photos:
Maurice Beck
& Macgregor.*

*Models
from Lilley &
Skinner, Ltd.*



MUCH non-sense has been written about most things, but about no other has more been poured forth than concerning French cookery. French cookery is cooking as conducted in France. It is not the composing of messy kickshaws, decried by many Englishmen, particularly by those who have neither been to France nor dined at a first-class French restaurant in this country. You do not have to go to France in order to dine *à la Française*. There is admirable French cooking in London and the provinces; indeed, everywhere that there is an accomplished French cook. But beware the cheap restaurants, where a many course so-called French *table d'hôte* is provided at an impossibly meagre price. There, indeed, you will be served with messes, and serve you right.

THERE is simplicity in France as elsewhere, especially in the kitchens. The secret of typical French cookery lies not so much in "what" is done as in "how" it is done. The French *chef de cuisine* is an artist to the finger tips, which he uses so skilfully. The great *chef* is one who adores his art, practising it with zeal, infinite pains and patience. Occasionally this zeal leads to extremes, as in this saying of the very great *chef*, Carême, cook to kings and emperors, when speaking of his decorative achievements: "These designs belong to the highest art and bear witness to our taste to-day!" Just as in English architecture degeneration set in with over ornamentation, often structurally unjustified, so in French cookery degeneration set in with over elaboration. New combinations were sought for with a rabid thirst after originality, the seekers being forgetful that there is original sin as well as original grace.

THE finest dishes in every school of cookery, French, Italian, German, English, are simple. The greater the complexity the greater the imperfection. The aim of French artists in cookery, as of all others, is to extract and to stimulate the flavour of the viand with which they are dealing, not to kill it; or, on suitable occasion, judiciously to combine several flavours so as to create a new and individual flavour. To achieve the latter is the high-mark of the *chef's* art. To muddle together many savours so that there is not the distinction of distinctness is the work of mediocrity.

THERE are two styles of French as there are of English cookery. The finest is to be met with only in first-class hotels and restaurants or in the homes of those who can afford to employ and reward an experienced and expert *chef de cuisine* and his lieutenants. In this rich atmosphere the average housewife cannot compete; she has not the knowledge, the skill, the time or the means. She must be contented, and there is good cause for her being so, with a sweetbread in an easy way, eschewing *ris de veau à la Financière*—that is: "a calf smiling at Mrs. Banker!" Or she may wisely and profitably turn her attention to middle-class French cookery,

à la FRANÇAISE

By

W. Teignmouth Shore

THE FRENCH GOURMET IS AT ONE WITH ALL HIS KIND: HE IS A LOVER OF THE PERFECTLY SIMPLE, WHICH LEADS TO THE SIMPLY PERFECT. COMPLEXITY IS IMPERFECTION.

which is economical and very good. Here we have Scotch broth and Irish stew, savoury and sustaining both of them. France has her *pot au feu*, worthy relation of her Scotch and Irish rivals. It is simple. It provides two courses at one scoop!

THERE are, of course, varieties in detail, but the following recipe will serve you well: put four pounds of brisket beef into a large pot or kettle, with five quarts of cold water, half a good-sized cabbage, with the large stalk excised, three well-washed carrots cut into thirds across, a couple of leeks, a Spanish onion, two or three bay leaves and a tablespoonful (or rather less according to taste) of chopped parsley, three or four cloves, a few grey peppers and what you will of salt. The leeks and the cabbage must be tied up so that they cannot go "on the bust." Simmer discreetly for at least four hours. Put in your tureen six to eight thinnish slices of stale French roll (that which you buy by the yard) or of ordinary bread suitably sized, adding thereto some of the carrot, leeks and cabbage cut up fairly fine. Then enough of the strained broth, of which any remainder can be reserved for "stock" performances. That is the first course. The second being the meat and the rest of the vegetables, with just a little of the broth as gravy. *Perdreaux au choux* is another delectable dish. Both typically French, economical and excellent.

TURNING to the high-school of French cookery, only a few points can be dealt with in one article. As I have already said, for many years the tendency has been toward a straining after new and unreasoned complications. These will not be presented

of beef, which has received a lengthy marinading in oil, seasoned with onion, parsley, and lemon-juice. That with a fine gravy, *cèleri au jus*; and *pommes de terre brioches*.

AS a sample of what in my opinion is not good, there is the somewhat absurd *Poularde Edward VII*, a fat pullet, capon or fat fowl stuffed with rice,

truffles, *foie gras*, braised in white stock. Served on a bed of rice, swamped in *sauce suprême*, touched up with curry powder, and the whole decked with red Spanish pimento! The old-fashioned pilaff of fowl is nearer the high-mark. Trout is one of the most delicately flavoured fish, yet the noted Charles Elme Francatelli, *chef* to Queen Victoria, bids us insult it with *d'Uxelles* sauce (a highly flavoured sauce in itself, and in this connection an insult), Parmesan cheese, Champagne or Sauterne, anchovy butter, nutmeg, cayenne, lemon-juice, etc.! Could you beat it? Could you eat it? That is the imperfection of complexity. Let us banish the taste of it by remembering *canard à la presse*. So extravagant, but so lovely! Slices of the tender breast of a roasted duck, the rest of the bird being "pressed" so that the juices are squeezed out—that for gravy. A few specks of cayenne and a few drops of lemon-juice. If you desire to rejoice in the full perfection of it—no vegetables. There are a few places in London—and I used to know one in Leeds—where you can get it right.

So I might go on and on and on, thinking about good times past and, I hope, to come. I will repeat this as a salient "note": the chief difference between French cookery and others lies not so much in the "what" as in the "how." French cooks are artists, those of other lands are too often artisans, always excepting the skilled English griller and roaster. Anyone can make an *omelette soufflée*, but too few know what that dish is until a French cook has made it for them. And as for vegetables! There ought to be an English Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Vegetables. So, this final recipe, quite appropriately for French Beans.

DO not slice or chop them. Never! Off with their tails, close up; string them if they are young. Stew them with a little butter, and when the butter is absorbed add a little fine meat stock. When that in turn has almost vanished, eat them, with a few drops of lemon-juice. Thus they are worthy to be a course by themselves. Here again, the perfectly simple is simply perfect.

I well know that what I have been saying about simplicity may seem to fly in the face of much that is set before us as high-class French cookery. If I err it is in capital company, I would rather sin with wise sinners than be good with foolish saints. The late *chef* Joseph, who conferred distinction upon the *cuisine* of the Savoy, put the point perfectly: "God gave a special flavour to everything. Respect it. Do not destroy it by messing." It is equally silly to mess about with the French language. Half, at least, of the terms used in menu-French are meaningless.

M E N U

UN PETIT DINER À LA FRANÇAISE

Julienne.

Sole à la Bonne Femme.

Bouchées à la Reine.

Filet de bœuf piqué à la broche.

Cèleri au Jus—Pomme de terre Bricches.

Beignets d'orange—Café.

to you at really first-class restaurants; the *chef* and the *maître d'hôtel* will know better, and with the sympathetic advice of the latter even the inexperienced *gourmet* will have both taste and appetite satisfied; say, with soup, fish, *entrée*, joint or bird, a sweet, and possibly, though unadvisedly I think, a savoury. Cooked by Frenchmen in French style.

An excellent example of the simplicity of fine French cooking is *filet de bœuf piqué à la broche*; a larded and roasted filet

If the SUN should spring a SURPRISE

BY
SONIA

IN the event of a week-end visit or a long journey, the usual beauty preparations can be safely housed in a well-equipped travelling case as shown below.



Photos: Peter North

ALTHOUGH we most of us grumble at the English climate, there is one thing, at least, to be said in its favour: it is, on the whole, very kind to our complexions. Much kinder than is Switzerland, where strong rays from the sun, reflected again from the snow, unmercifully tan and even blister the skin, unless precautions are taken. Or, again, the Riviera, where the atmosphere is dry, where there is dust and dirt, sun and strong winds.

But forewarned is to be forearmed, so do not let all your time before you start be taken up with buying clothes (important items as they are), and packing them, but give yourself a little while to think about your beauty and the things you must do whilst you are abroad to preserve it.

LET us take Switzerland first, the country where many of you have probably chosen to go for your "after Christmas holiday." Because of the strong reflected rays of the sun that tan the skin, a protective lotion is required. Many excellent sunburn lotions are to be had, all specially made to contain neither oil nor grease; for otherwise the sun would "frizzle" the grease, in the same way that heat affects ordinary fat, and would simply burn the skin.

But before you apply this lotion to the face rub some vanishing cream well into the skin, then use your lotion, and finally dust on a heavy coating of powder. When you come in again, remove the powder and the lotion, not with grease, but with a cleansing liquid, or with pure milk. Then if you like use the grease, and afterwards massage with your usual skin food. And talking of skin food, let me urge you to be lavish with it, for you will find that it is most necessary both in Switzerland and on the Riviera, in order to counteract the dryness of the climate.

WHEN you are anticipating a holiday on the Riviera, and are thinking "beautiwise," bear in mind the fact that any amount of dust and grit will accumulate during the day, particularly on the neck and face, and the cold wind, too, will be your enemy. Careful cleansing, then, will be the order of the day, and frequent cleansing, too, both with lotion and with cream. Because I have seen the unhappy result in so many skins when this part of the treatment has been neglected, may I, once again, emphasise the constant use of a good nourishing cream?

And then a word as to make-up. It is an acknowledged fact that make-up is heavier on the Riviera than at home, but even here

there is a strong tendency towards naturalness; blatant make-up is no longer decreed by fashion.

EYEBROWS, too, are not the thin, thin line they were a few months ago, although they are still plucked and made to present a trim appearance.

The eyes themselves are made up at night rather more than usual, their colour being accentuated by a shadow powder dusted lightly on the lids, and the beauty of the lashes enhanced by a little cosmetic. Particular care should be paid to the evening toilet on the Riviera, for Casino lights are not kind; they have a way with them of showing up the least defect.

While we are still considering this subject, let me remind you to include special cosmetics for make-up on Carnival nights and fancy dress balls. I have already dealt with

this question in detail, but just to refresh your memory, the chief points to remember are to study the character you are supposed to represent first, to start by applying a good foundation of grease, and to use rather more make-up than you would in the ordinary course of events, because the lights of the ballroom are rather like the footlights of the stage, and you can afford stronger contrasts.

Our Woman's Section next week will present a special Baby Number to include:—

A charming new portrait of little Princess Elizabeth. Intimate stories told of the Hon. George and the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, in an interview by Miss May Lee, R.M.S., who has recently painted these two attractive small sons of Princess Mary.

Also a peep into Christopher Robin's Nursery,

and

Many other practical and helpful Articles.

February 1st, 1929.

SO far as the actual journey is concerned your beauty preparations can be accommodated in a special travelling case. One in particular I have in mind, comprising a large bag to hold passport and money, and attached to it a separate compartment containing the lotions and creams for nightly and morning use.

GLASS-HOUSES of Fashion

By Julia Cairns

MODERN WOMAN IS DISCRIMINATING IN HER CHOICE OF PERFUMES. SHE SEEKS
SUBTLE BLENDINGS OF FRAGRANCE THAT WILL INTERPRET HER OWN PERSONALITY.

TO-DAY we love perfume. To-morrow we may love it even more. But in that we shall be no different from those who have loved it long before us, for the fragrant beauty of flowers has always found its way to the heart of the nature lover. Was it not Milton who wrote:—

*"It was a place . . . each beautiful flower,
Iris all hues, Roses and Jessamine
Reared high their flourished heads between, and wrought
Mosaic; underfoot the Violet, Crocus and Hyacinth."*

From time immemorial the peoples of the Orient have indulged in the luxury of scented flowers, of aromatic herbs, of perfumed trees, oftentimes to an extravagant excess, as the result of which we Westerners have been somewhat inclined to restrain ourselves and perhaps almost a little unduly.

YET which of us to-day can withstand the exquisite potency of an English spring with its shadowy mists of bluebells, its sheltered banks of fragrant primroses, its hedges redolent with may blossom, its meadows filled with the subtle sweetness of dew-spangled cowslips. Or, the magic breath of a summer evening as it comes wafted across from the rose-garden . . . strays in from the jessamine-wreathed verandah . . . whispers of night-scented stocks and syringa, of briar rose, verberna and honey-suckle? Few, if any of us can resist such potent charm.

The truth is we all love the fragrance of Nature. And I cannot help thinking that Nature rather loves us for loving her, too, for she seems after having passed through the hands of the wizards of industry to reappear again in quintessential form in such intriguingly and attractive little (and large) glass-houses with which, although we have not the slightest intention of ever throwing stones, we have every desire to make friends!

THE perfumer to-day assumes that the modern woman is discriminating—most discriminating—that she seeks a mysterious, haunting loveliness, a subtle blending of fragrance, which will interpret her own personality through the illusive charm of her own particular choice of scents . . . assumes, too, that, where possible, she is never so happy as when she can blend two or more perfumes, and thus create an entirely new one, which will emphasise the fascination of her own complexity. But, even so, the very greatest care shall be given to the choice of the *right* scents for mixing.

Has it ever occurred to you how very personal a perfume should really be? Like a hat or a gown! Yes, and even more so, because, of course, a hat or a gown can be changed at will, but the fragrance of a good perfume lingers on, and whispers, as it were, of you, of your own personality, to the friends you meet, to the people you pass by. So you see how important it is to pay every attention to choosing the perfume that is just right for you. Again, there is another aspect in this matter of selection; that is to say, you must make quite sure which ones are really good and manufactured from the freshest of flower blossoms, and under the best conditions. And, having done so, then try out each perfume of your fancy, taking care to note their specific effect on you. Maybe one which is rather light, whimsical and suggestive of gaiety, will be the one . . . or another, soothing, dreamy and a little more exotic . . . or a third which will recall the sweet natural fragrance of one special flower—English roses, maybe.

AND whichever you choose, its home is certain to be one of the glass-houses of fashion!



Vers le Jour by Worth is exquisitely fragrant, while Beau Geste and English Roses by Molinelle are both favoured by the chic woman of to-day.

Photos: Peter North.

You Can Still Plant Roses

By MARION CRAN

TO the rose lover, my title brings good news; it is as exciting as a message from the True-love to longing lass or lad; for a great number of amateur gardeners suffer a sadness in their rose-planting because they have a wholly erroneous idea that all their new varieties must be put in the ground between November and early December; they think another rose-year must now go by before they can put in any more beloved beauties.

ROSES begin to go to sleep early in October and are wrapped deepest in their stilly slumbers from November to the end of January. Theoretically that is the best time to plant, but as a matter of fact different conditions of the soil govern a wise gardener, and so the weather makes a closed time for rose planting during most of December and all of January. There must be some warmth in the soil to which we commit the plants, and the land is never so cold as in the bitter "young-of-the-year." February and March are another matter; the sun is gaining power again, the earth has its warm days when the soil will fall in crumbly kindness close round the roots of the shivering plants, they will soon settle into such a medium and establish themselves; giving maybe a poorish crop in June but astonishing the world in August and September by their quantities of splendid bloom; and they will go on blooming so till the winter frosts. Myself I think the autumn roses are more welcome and more lovely than even those of June when the queenly peonies and noble irises (the Lords of June!) are there to distract our delight.

I HAVE this year been caught by bad weather and a deal of work in my own rose garden—several dozen will have to be planted in February in the beds and stations which have been mellowing for weeks under the hammer blows of frost and snow and bitter cutting winds. The sweetest indulgence of the gardener "choice of varieties" lures me now down to pools of enchantment; I am keeping tryst with sweet-voiced catalogues and have been making out an order! There are some I wish to grow as flowering shrubs, *Rubrifolia*, for instance, which has a wondrous foliage of purple and silver; *Nuttalliana* semi-plena to make a great sweetness in the air from its pink blooms; and *Altaica* with flowers like a full moon and hips in the autumn time like jet earrings. There are some I need to climb through the trees besides my larger pond, and the first choice is *Moschata floribunda*, which in June and July will make a mass of creamy flowers some twenty feet high and thirty feet wide. It is a very sweet-scented climber, with the

warm dry deliciousness in its perfume that we associated with *Cornelia*, the love-letter rose.

THE gleaming mass of *Moschata* reflected in the dark pool at summer dusk is a beauty to which I look forward very much; it is to be planted so that it will go up a tree near the dream-seat to steal into the thoughts of those who prefer to sit alone in the sheltered place where the bench for dreamers is put; then, after the bloom and the perfume have passed, *Moschata* will be a mass of small red fruit, glowing again with new beauty in the winter sunshine.

Other roses to climb up trees are marked on my list, *Daniel Lacombe*, *Seagull*, *Daisy Hill* and the dear old apple-blossom coloured *Blush Rambler*. A climber which I have never yet tried and mean to now is called *Wichmoss*. It is a rambling white moss-rose and very vigorous, I hear, bearing profusely its little bouquets of fairy mossed blooms. These are, none of them I well know, the choice of an exhibition grower; they make their appeal rather to those who love their gardens and grounds for their natural beauty.

I HAVE some beds to fill with hybrid teas, and here the selection is extraordinarily difficult because of the great range of choice. I sometimes feel I should have a rose-nursery, not (by any means) to sell roses, but to grow acres of them and pick in barrowloads to give to my city-dwelling friends as well as to be able to grow every variety known to man. Circumstances shears the plume from this tossing dream; I have but a few small beds to fill, after all, and must exercise abhorred discretion. Mrs. Barraclough is first on my list—it is what we call a "thankful" rose, bearing great big blooms in lavish quantities on strong, healthy bushes, the soft sparkling carmine colour is beautiful for indoor decoration, and the shape of the flowers is a constant pleasure. Mabel Lynas follows Mrs. Barraclough very closely; Mabel is dark crimson with a rich full scent and has a wash of Indian yellow at the base of her red petals to make the colour luminous and clear; she does not go muddy and purple; and she is so hardy that she does not die back in the fiercest winter. Desmond Johnston must not be forgotten because of his nasturtium splendours of colour, nor the buttercup and bronze of Norman Lambert, the fragrant rose-peach of Mrs. S. Paton. For cutting in quantity I have put down generous Mrs. R. B. Molony. Now she is worth growing for her sweet scent alone, but more than that she is a very strong and healthy piece of goods, pure brilliant carmine in colour with no frills; a handsome straightforward fragrant well-formed rose.

Remember to:—

PLANT roses in open weather, also lilacs, guelder roses, flowering crabs and cherries, philadelphus, hawthorn and such deciduous trees and shrubs.

CUT out old branches of gooseberry bushes and thin the bushes to allow free passage for light and air. Keep plants in the garden frames ventilated.

SOW early peas and broad beans in gentle heat. Leave no waste ground undug, as this is the time to obtain full benefit of frosty weather.

ROSES ON OWN ROOTS.

For Hedges, as Groups of Flowering Shrubs, Rambling up Trees, Scrambling over Banks, etc.

FOR HEDGES.	Each.	Doz.
* <i>Aglaia</i> . Old yellow rambler	1/-	10/6
* <i>Alice Gray</i> . Double white, blush tinted	1/-	10/6
* <i>American Pillar</i> . Large single, bright pink	1/-	10/6
* <i>Arvensis</i> "Miss Jekyll". Semi-double, blush	1/-	10/6
* <i>Blush Rambler</i> . Apple blossom colour	1/6	12/-
<i>Bourbon Queen or Shakespeare</i> . A charming old Rose with large double, rose pink, fragrant flowers	1/-	10/6
<i>Climbing Caroline Testout</i> . Double silvery pink	1/-	10/6
* <i>Daisy Hill</i> . A form of <i>Rosa Macrantha</i> , with large full double pale blush sweet scented flowers	1/6	15/-
* <i>Daniel Lacombe</i> . Double peachy yellow flowers, very vigorous	1/6	15/-
* <i>Dundee Rambler</i> . Double white, margined pink	1/-	10/6
<i>Goldfinch</i> . Yellow to creamy white	1/6	15/-
* <i>Helene</i> . Peachy rose and yellow	1/6	15/-
* <i>Mme. A. Carriere</i> . Deliciously fragrant, white, perpetual flowering	1/6	15/-
<i>Mme. Plantier</i> . Smothered in Summer with double white sweet scented flowers	1/6	15/-
* <i>Moschata floribunda</i> . Covered in Summer with trusses of single white cream-tinted flowers reeking with fragrance. Vigorous	1/-	10/6
* <i>Moschata grandiflora</i> . The most rampant of all roses, large single white-fragrant flowers, very vigorous. This and the latter variety are beautiful in fruit in Winter	1/6, 2/6	15/-, 25/-
* <i>Myrianthus Renonoule</i> . Very double, white	1/6	15/-
<i>Perle des Neiges</i> . Pure white	1/6	15/-
* <i>Polyantha</i> roses. The rose coloured form of the Japanese Garland rose	1/-	9/-
* <i>Princess de Nassau</i> . Double buff, white flowers, late Summer	1/6	15/-
* <i>Rambling Hector</i> . A double form of the Himalayan Musk Rose	1/6	15/-
* <i>Seagull</i> . Huge trusses of semi-double white sweet scented flowers. Vigorous	1/6	15/-
* <i>Tea Rambler</i> . Coppery pink, nice foliage	1/6	15/-

Those marked * are excellent for sending up a tree.

WICHURAIANA ROSES.

Twenty-four kinds suitable for covering banks, etc.
9/-, 12/-, 15/- doz. 60/-, 80/- and 100/- 100.
Wichmoss. A hybrid between *Wichuraiana* and *White Bath Moss* Rose. A rampant grower covered with clusters of small white Moss Roses
1/-, 1/6, 10/6 15/-
Rugosa Roses in variety. Excellent for Hedges 12/-, 15/-

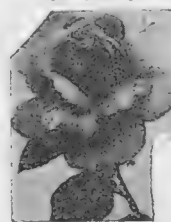
ROSE SPECIES. Suitable for Hedges.

	Each.	Doz.
<i>Altaica</i> . Large single white flower, fruit jet black	1/6	15/-
<i>Foliolosa x rugosa</i> . Nice for a low hedge	1/6	15/-
<i>Humilis x rugosa</i> . Crimson, good for Summer and late Autumn	1/6	15/-
<i>Lucida</i> . Bright red flowers, beautiful foliage. Autumn colours and fruits	1/6	15/-
<i>Lucida Alba</i> . Pure white	1/6	15/-
<i>Lucida macrophylla</i> . A very vigorous form of the type, will make a hedge 6-7 ft. high or will run through a tree 10-12 ft. high	1/6, 2/6	15/-, 25/-
<i>Nitida</i> . A charming little rose about 1 1/2 ft. high, a miniature <i>Lucida</i> . Excellent for edgings.	75/-	100 1/- 10/6
<i>Nuttalliana</i> . Silvery rose coloured, flowers in June and July, filling the air with fragrance. Bright crimson fruit in Winter	1/6, 2/6	15/-, 25/-
<i>Nuttalliana semi-plena</i> . Exactly the same as above, but the flowers are semi-double and last twice as long	2/6	15/-
<i>Rubrifolia</i> . Purple plum coloured foliage	1/6	15/-
<i>Sericea</i> (Omiensis). Charming dainty foliage, white flowers and apricot coloured fruit	1/6, 2/6	15/-, 25/-
<i>Willmottiana</i> . Very pretty glaucous foliage, sweet briar scented	2/6	25/-

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When
MODERN
FURNITURE
is WORTH
Many
a STRAW!

SUPPOSING PARIS NEEDS
SUNSHINE IN HER HOME
INTERIORS, THEN DO YOU
KNOW HER LATEST WHIM?
IT IS THE USE OF STRAW,
WHOSE HAPPY YELLOW
COLOURING GIVES AN IM-
MEDIATE EFFECT OF
PERPETUAL SUNSHINE.

THE modern love for straight lines and simple decorations brings forth a dignity unequalled in its severity by the flourishes and curves of earlier days.

Illustrated on this page is a drawing-room typical of good, modern interior decoration. The designer seems to have paused on the threshold between modern and futuristic art, and the way in which colour and form are balanced is a tribute to his skill. An unusual wall treatment is afforded by large squares of ivory-coloured parchment, relieved by plain, unornamented doors of unburnished bronze, which, at night, are illuminated by soft lights concealed in the rose quartz on their left. A desk and table, straw-finished, combined with a sycamore chair upholstered in ivory, are effectively thrown into relief by a thick *tête de nègre* carpet, thus exemplifying the use of deep tones by way of contrast, which is so characteristic of the French.

A LITTLE less sophisticated is the sitting-room. It is as though modernity had smiled at her own weakness in giving way to a gentler mood, and the cushions and comfort had rushed in at an opportune moment. Make believe sunshine lines the walls in the form of split straw. Of straw, too, are the doors and the screen which hides the piano from view, while the furniture of sycamore is upholstered in antique ivory. And, to complete the room, even the modern designer will not deny the charm of flowers—however complicated and intricate *their* curves may be!

JOYCE ROBINSON.





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Well Nina, what do you really think of her?

Bill, she's altogether lovely—her springing and acceleration are wonderful, and her performance on the open satisfies even my morbid craving for speed. If only I could lure Jim along to their showrooms. . . .

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PHOTOGRAPHY and THE CAR

By the HON. VICTOR
and MRS. BRUCE

LIGHTING-UP TIMES; JANUARY 26th

London ...	...	...	...	5.8
Manchester ...	...	...	...	5.9
Glasgow ...	...	...	...	5.7
Plymouth ...	...	...	...	5.29

IN dealing at length with the Monte Carlo Rally in last week's issue of BRITANNIA, mention was omitted of the fact that in addition to the several other competitions connected with the rally is one for photographers. A set of six photographs depicting the adventures of the car in which the competitor has travelled through the rally must be submitted; and, apart from the possibility of obtaining one of the several prizes offered, the collection of all the entered prints, which is exhibited at the International Sporting Club headquarters at Monte Carlo, affords a really interesting record of the rally.

The competition is open to the passengers in the cars, as well as the drivers; and although the conditions do not allow a great deal of spare time, each year the display of photographs speaks volumes of the diligence and enthusiasm of the various picture makers on the trip.

As a matter of fact, photography is an almost indispensable concomitant of motoring. A very large proportion of the pleasure of a motor tour lies in anticipation, and reflection after it is all over. The tour itself is all too often too much of a rush for the traveller to obtain a proper perspective of the novel scenes through which he is moving.

A Standard Fitting.

In addition, there are usually some members of the family who would have dearly loved to go on the tour if the seating accommodation of the car—and the available cash!—had permitted. Looking at photographs may be a poor substitute, but it is a valuable educational pursuit for the younger members of the family.

And then, when next year, and the reiterated problem of where to go comes round, the photograph albums of previous tours often offer useful suggestions. Some parts of a previous trip, over which one was forced to hurry, or where the weather was bad, may profitably be fitted into a new itinerary.

It is not only the photographs that are there, but the pictures of famous beauty spots or historical relics which are obviously missing that may convey the suggestion. In fact, a camera is so essential an item in the equipment of the motor car that it is rather surprising that no enterprising manufacturer has yet included it in his list of standard fittings!

The Motorist's Camera.

WHILE there are probably few homes throughout the country from which a camera is entirely missing, it is quite possible that many motorists have not thought of the two pastimes in conjunction, and when the idea of taking a camera on tour does strike them, they are entirely at a loss as to the kind of camera best suited to the purpose.

Well, the first thing to avoid is a complicated camera. With the best will and the greatest skill in the world, the operator of such a machine will inevitably miss many a picture which would have enriched the eventual album through the care required and the time taken in putting the camera into operation. A good wide aperture lens, preferably with considerable depth of focus, so that small errors of focussing do not ruin the picture, and giving a sharp, crisp negative should be chosen, and as the shutter

should be sturdy and as nearly fool- and damage-proof as possible, perhaps something a little less refined than the usual focal plane arrangement is desirable.

The body of the camera, which will necessarily be of the folding variety, should also be robust, and particular care should be taken to note that when the bellows are extended the struts are absolutely rigid. The usual little mirror view finder will naturally be attached, but it is a good idea to have in addition a direct vision finder for those occasions when time or circumstance will not permit one to use the mirror.

Plates or Films?

AND then the problem of (a) plates or films, and (b) roll films or film packs, remains. Although experts are agreed that for the finest results plates are essential, it is to be feared that they are ruled out for several obvious reasons on a tour. Roll films have much to recommend them, and several disadvantages. They can be quickly developed, but it is difficult to give the necessary individual attention to two adjacent exposures, one of which may be an interior time exposure and the other a snap at some hundredths of a second. They are not subject to damage when out of the camera, but require a little patience and time to insert.

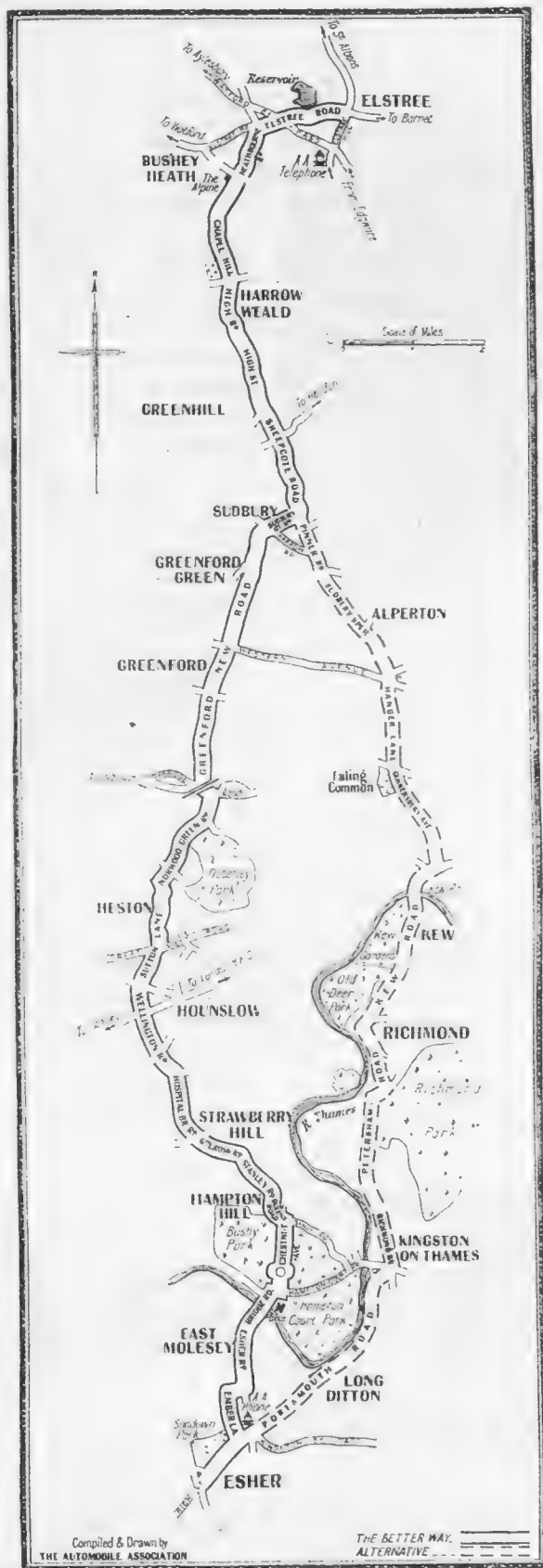
Practically the reverse applies to the film pack in each case, but from the motoring point of view probably its greatest advantage is that the used pack can be removed and a new one inserted easily in a couple of seconds, if necessary. Greater care is required, however, in the handling of the packs, as the slightest pressure from back to front may result in the fogging of one or more of the films.

Through the Windscreen.

FOR those who are interested in photography under unusual conditions, I suggest that the motorist should make the experiment I am going to propound and that he should try a snap from the back of the car while the latter is in motion, at any speed up to forty miles an hour, and while it is not every exposure in these circumstances that is successful, some amazingly good results have been obtained. Everything appears to be against success: the proximity of the driver's back view, which must be badly out of focus; the interposition of the glass, probably very dirty, of the screen; the movement of the car, and probably the movement of the object to be photographed as well.

As a matter of fact, it is just the hopelessly out-of-focus driver's back that is the making of these pictures, though it depends largely on the character of the lens used as to whether the resulting picture will be a success or not. The lens should have sufficient depth of focus to indicate the outline of very near-by objects when focussed on infinity, and not sufficient to bring out sharply any obscuration of the windscreen. Anyway, it's an interesting experiment. There is little that one can say by way of advice.

The camera should naturally be held as steadily as possible, though as the car is already dithering about over a rough road a little extra movement more or less will not make much difference. As



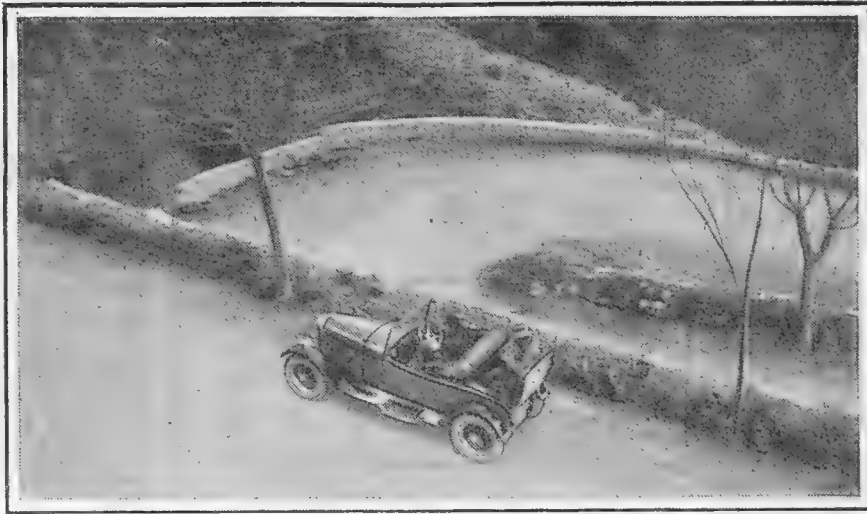
Compiled & Drawn by
THE AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION

THE BETTER WAY.
ALTERNATIVE

THE BETTER WAY

Alternative route from Esher to Elstree and on to the
Great North Road.

rapid an exposure as conditions permit should be given, though there is no necessity to use an ultra rapid plate for the purpose. But the secret lies largely in the selection of the stop in conjunction with the shutter-speed—and the most suitable stop is governed by the characteristics of the lens employed. A very deep-focus lens will take, and, indeed, needs a much larger stop than one with a more critical focus. In the latter case it will be necessary to stop down until the driver's back and the interior of the car cease to be mere grey blurs, and take on definitely recognisable outlines.



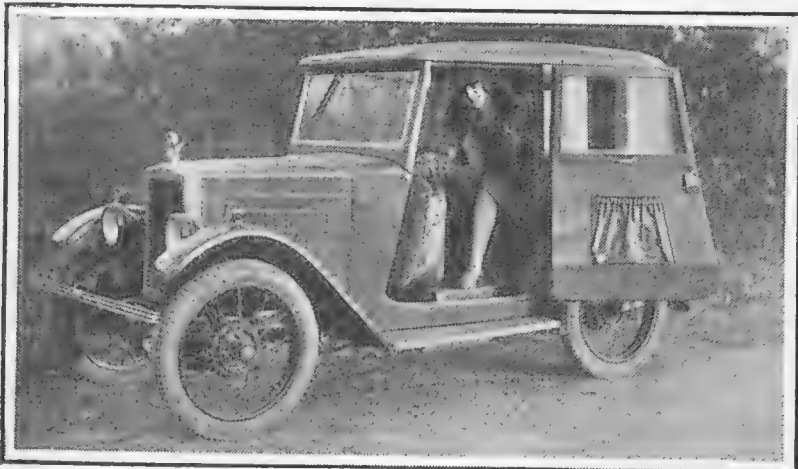
The final test. A competitor climbing the tortuous Col de Brans in the Monte Carlo Rally.



The Morris Minor.

Trying Out the Morris Minor.

Engine	Four cylinders, 57 m.m. bore, by 83 m.m. stroke; 847 c.c.; overhead valves and camshaft; aluminium pistons.
Tax	£8.
Clutch	Single plate, toggle operated.
Gearbox	Three speeds, central control.
Rear axle	Spiral bevel final drive.
Ignition	Coil.
Carburettor	S.U. piston type.
Lubrication	By submerged pump to all bearings, valve gear and working parts.
Brakes	Pedal operated four wheel; lever operated transmission brake.
Suspension	Semi-elliptic fore and aft.
Electrical system	Lucas six-volt starting, lighting and ignition.
Wheelbase	6 ft. 6 in.
Track	3 ft. 6 in.
Overall length	Both models, 120 in.
Overall width	Both models, 50 in.
Price	Touring car, £125; fabric saloon, £135.



Interior of Morris Minor, showing how the front seats lift to allow the passengers in the rear seat to get out.

THE performance of the Morris Minor is not to be judged from its diminutive size and horse-power; while the interior comfort is considerably greater than the external appearance of the car would lead one to expect. As a matter of fact the lines of the little car are most effective in giving it quite an imposing air (in view of its wheelbase and track); but it is no exaggeration to say that it will carry four average adults in comfort or that the engine is well up to its work.

All that could be said of a much larger and more expensive car is true of the Minor. Its acceleration is good, and it has a remarkable

capability of holding on to top gear on quite considerable gradients. Its road holding qualities are distinctly above the average, while the gear change is both easy and accessible. With a comfortable touring speed, in the neighbourhood of forty miles an hour, plus good hill-climbing powers, a very satisfactory average speed should be possible on a long run, which should not be fatiguing even for the driver, since the driving position is unusually comfortable for a "baby" car.

The Steering.

As with other makes of car of the same type, practically the only point on which criticism is possible is in regard to the steering, which seemed rather unduly light, by contrast with the control of larger vehicles. It is a matter to which the driver would soon become accustomed, of course; but it does appear that the introduction of a little more resistance to the turning of the steering wheel would be an improvement.

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16th November, 1929.

Messrs. C.C. Wakefield & Co., Ltd.,
Wakefield House, Cheapside, LONDON, E.C.2.

Dear Sirs,

We have used CASTROL Motor Oils exclusively throughout our Works and to lubricate our ALVIS Cars entered in competitions for the past four years.

During this period, the ALVIS Car has worthily upheld the prestige of the British Motor Industry in events both at home and abroad. You will recall, among the many successes of the ALVIS this season, its wonderful performance in the 24 Hours Grand Prix d'Endurance, finishing at the head of the 1500 c.c. cars at an average speed of 59.19 miles per hour over the 133 laps of the intricate course covered in the 24 hours; and, more recently, the International Class F Records established at Brooklands on October 10th by a Front Wheel Drive ALVIS driven by Major C.M. Harvey and Mr. G.A. Willday as follows:-

6 Hours ... 91.77 miles per hour. 500 Miles ... 91.02 miles per hour
1000 Kilometres ... 91.06 miles per hour.

We feel it due to you to express our appreciation of the very material assistance rendered by Wakefield CASTROL in the achievement of these ALVIS successes, and have pleasure in recording our complete confidence in CASTROL and in recommending its use to all ALVIS owners.

As are,
Yours faithfully,
For ALVIS CAR & ENGINEERING CO., LTD.

W. J. P. M.
Managing Director.

Follow this advice — insist on
the Product of an All-British Firm!

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO., LTD. Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2



BRITANNIA'S OPEN FORUM

In order to give as wide a selection as possible from the large number of letters we continue to receive, correspondents are asked to limit their letters to a maximum of 200 words.

Provisioning the British Isles.

(From Sir M. de P. Webb.)

Mr. Bertram H. Tubbs states that Mr. Fenner Brockway in the *New Leader* of December 21st has given a "detailed reply" to my inquiry how the Socialists propose to ensure the continuous provisioning and equipment of these islands.

May I point out that neither Mr. Fenner Brockway nor any other Socialist has so far dealt with, or even recognised, the dependence of these islands from day to day on overseas supplies of food and other vital necessities. It is this omission that renders all Socialist remedies for our present ills so particularly futile.—M. DE P. WEBB, *Chairman, Central Executive, National Citizens' Union.*

Lord Rothermere's Reply.

It is a long time since any pronouncement has given me so much pleasure as has Lord Rothermere's letter to his brother peer of Birkenhead published in *BRITANNIA*.

There is a definiteness in Lord Rothermere's dicta that is sadly lacking in the words of the leaders of any of the great political parties of the day. There must be thousands who are filled with nothing but admiration for the spirit of men like Mr. Maxton and the die-hard Tory squire, just because in neither do we see the Socialist-Conservative or the Conservative-Socialist.

Surely any virtue which the party system has is through its partisanship, and in the present Conservative leaders there does not seem to be one who is not everlastingly fearful of losing the Socialist vote.—JAMES KILPATRICK REID.

Co-Education.

With reference to the article by the Hon. Mrs. Bertrand Russell on the above, I should like to make the following observations.

Co-education of boys and girls "from the ages of two to twenty-one" would probably result in the same unfortunate "trial marriages," which are so prevalent at certain American universities, where this system has been adopted. To guard against this, and similar evils of immorality, and sex-influence, the London hospitals have disallowed co-education of the sexes in their medical schools, where it is rightly considered that education would be detrimentally influenced by sex, if this were adopted. This, of course, is the key to the whole situation.

There is nothing wrong morally with our education of boys; but there certainly would be if they were co-educated with girls; and, naturally, the converse to this also holds good.

My dictum is that boys should be educated like boys, and girls like girls. They cannot be all lumped together into a veritable hotch-potch of co-education mutually, because, apart from moral considerations (which, I take it, are most important of all) there is the psychological aspect, which is almost equally important.

The male mind is wholly distinct as from that of the female mind, and each of these should be treated accordingly. This will tend to produce, to the everlasting good of the community at large, the manly man and the feminine woman.—BRIAN GUILLEMARD.

World Peace.

Your contributor, Colonel Fitzhugh Minnigerode, has some strange ideas on how to promulgate world peace. He suggests the idea of an Anglo-American military alliance keeping all the other smaller nations of the world at bay—frightened to fight.

It is obvious that although such an alliance might keep the rest of the world quiet through terror, the resulting state of affairs would not be true peace. America and England and her Empire would be the stern master shadowing the little boys who were longing to get at each other, and soon the little boys themselves would co-operate to overthrow what they would designate, and rightly, as a tyranny.

True and lasting peace will only come when every nation voluntarily lays down the sword, when each sees and realises for itself the folly and evil of war and resolves to fight, not against its neighbour, but against this very shadow itself. "Universal peace may be Utopian," said Lord Grey, "but it is either Utopia or Hell for us."

It is nonsense to talk glibly of the uselessness of the League of Nations and the Kellogg Pact. Nobody can say definitely that each will succeed in its object, but at least the ideal of both remains good, and after all, ideas always come before realisations.—"SANE PACIFIST."

The Simon Commission.

(From a British Officer in India.)

India is in the process of having its constitution pulled up by the roots and pruned, so the whole country is seething with talk and foolish demonstrations. Crowds gather wherever the Simon Commission goes, wave black flags and shout, whilst the leaders stir up racial hatred in the vernacular newspapers. The contents are swallowed wholesale by the literate masses, the written word being gospel in India.

It is very hard to fathom the Indian mentality. Firstly, there are some select individuals who consider the British connection essential if India is to become an united nation in the future. They are few, but a pleasure to meet. Next we have the large group of Western educated politicians and the student class, who want Dominion status at once, but only as a cover under which they may shake off the British connection as soon as possible. Under such circumstances, the grant of Dominion status to India would be an unforgivable surrender on England's part.

The political class cannot rule the country unaided, since an armed force would not be with them to maintain law and order. The British Army would have left India, and the Indian army would either disband itself, or parts of it would place themselves under the various native princes. The latter will never submit to "babu rule" but would sack Bengal as their ancestors did, and carve out states for themselves. But the political class either does not foresee this, owing to its present security under British rule, or else it does foresee such a state of affairs, and is merely showing to the world how well it can talk and blowing off steam generally. The existence of such a class is due to our faulty policy of education.—B.

The Birthplace of Bolshevism.

Captain Reginald Berkeley, in his article, "Bolshevism and Modern Youth," tells our readers that "Bolshevism first found expression and recognition among Russian people," from which one would imply that Bolshevism was born in Russia, but such is not the case according to *Bolshevik Russia*, by G. E. Raine and Prof. Edouard Luboff, LL.D. I quote

these lines from Chapter 3, entitled, "The Birth and Growth of the Bolsheviks."—

"Bolshevism was born in London in the summer of 1903. It was born on the occasion of the meeting of the Congress of the Russian Social Democratic Labour Party, held in a building in the East End. In the course of the proceedings the first paragraph of the Party Rules was discussed. Martoff, the leader of what later became the 'minority' (Mensheviks) proposed that 'a member of the R.S.D.L. Party is anyone who recognises its programme, supports the party with funds, and regularly assists it personally under the direction of one of its organisations.'"

At this Congress no less a person than Lenin was present, and he pressed an amendment to the effect that in addition to recognising the programme of the party and supporting it with funds, a member must take an active part in one of its organisations. This amendment obtained a majority of three, and thus the party that carried it became called "Bolsheviks" (the majority).—BERTRAM H. TUBBS.

Competition in Ireland.

I am glad to read under the above heading the remarks made by E. A. Lawler, which I heartily endorse. The people here will deal with English people rather than their own; look at all the successful English factories that have opened up here during the past eight years, and there is plenty of room for more before the foreigner comes along, although there are a few here already. Still the Irishman has found out "it is far better to deal with the devil you know than the devil you don't know," and they patronise all English shops before their own.

But the main thing here is English coal. This country depends solely on England and Scotland for all her supplies, and yet there is not one English coal company here. There is a ring of Dublin merchants, who call themselves the Coal Merchants' Association, and who have no fear of competition. I wish you could convince some good English coal company to come along here. I have been 20 years connected with the coal trade, and there are big profits, and I can get good cash customers.—F. A. RICE.

Co-operative Societies and Taxation.

It is a little difficult to follow your correspondent, Mr. Eddie Williams, as he appears to be mixing indiscriminately the Co-operative Wholesale Society, Ltd., and Co-operative Societies. The former, as its name implies, is a wholesale institution, but when we speak of the latter we are generally understood to be speaking of retail institutions, but, nevertheless, so far as taxation of their profits is concerned there is no fundamental difference.

To which Act of Parliament does he refer which permits the Co-operative Wholesale Society, Ltd., and Co-operative Societies to trade without paying income tax on their profits? or am I to conclude from his letter that the Government should bring in legislation to tax members of the Co-operative movement as such irrespective of their income?—L. T. CORSEY.

Is Parliament Moribund?

I was very sorry to see under the heading, "An Ecclesiastical Statesman," that the writer speaks of our "moribund Parliament."

Personally I believe that Parliament was very much alive, and showed it by throwing the Bill out for the New Prayer Book. They also showed that they interpreted the wishes of the greatest number of English people by doing so. I am thankful to Parliament, and to think that so many in England still glory in what the Protestant Reformation did for England and the world.—(Miss) G. GUICHY.

THE STORY OF A GOOD-NATURED YOUNG MAN (continued from page 226).

"You go to the devil," muttered James and, scowling at the cook, he followed her.

As he walked down the passage into the hall, his thoughts were concentrated on the housemaid. His hatred was so overpowering that he could scarcely see; a film formed before his eyes; he clenched his hands; his heart seemed to grow larger and larger, as though it would burst with rage.

"The little slut!" he thought. "How dare she? How dare she? And me so kind. Always laying myself out to do good." His anger suddenly subsided and he chuckled. "But she's done for. I've told Miss Pencock all about her. She knows the truth. She won't have nothing more to do with her."

IN the hall Hermione was talking to the housemaid. James caught sight of them and stood still. For a moment he could neither see nor hear. A great buzzing sounded in his ears and he felt that he was going to fall. Gradually Hermione's voice became distinct.

"I hope you have better news of your sister," she was saying.

James did not wait to hear the answer. He rushed past them out of the front door, into the street. Not caring where he went, he ran on. Tears poured from his eyes; his body shook with sobs; all he could do was to mutter: "I'll kill her! I'll kill her!"

He found himself on the bridge outside the town. Looking down, he saw old cans, broken plates, even a rotting boot lying on the bed of the river. The water flowed swiftly, the boot moved gradually inch by inch until it disappeared under the bridge. Masses of weeds, green and slimy, swayed to and fro with the force of the current. James controlled his sobs.

"If I could do it," he thought. "If I could kill her. I'd like to knock her on the head and see her fall down, all limp. Then Miss Pencock would see that I was a man. No, it's no good. The police would catch me."

He shivered. An indistinct memory flitted across his mind. A narrow street. A woman crying. A man being dragged away by two tall men in blue uniforms. Where was it? He could not remember. It must have been a dream. He had never seen a thing like that happen. Yet the word "thief" rose to his lips. It was ridiculous. He, James, with respectable parents "doing well" out there in San Francisco, he had never seen the arrest of anybody. He must have read of it in a paper, or seen it on the films. That was it; he had seen it on the films. He felt relieved.

"Miss Pencock can't have understood what I said to her. She looked as though she understood. Yes, she understood all right. She can't have believed me." He tried to dismiss this uncomfortable thought, but it clutched him. "She must have believed me. Why! she wouldn't think me a liar. Surely she wouldn't think that. Me! a liar! I've never told a lie in my life. And I'd like to catch anyone saying I had. I'd give it them good and hard. Perhaps, yes, that's it. That girl stopped her, got into talk with her. Miss Pencock was frightened of crossing her after what I'd said." He drew himself up, straightened his tie, and felt calmer. "And if she starts any more tricks of that sort I'll kill her. That's what I'll do. I'll kill her."

He turned, and, leaving the bridge, started to walk back through the town. Holding his head on one side, his arms flapping lazily, he glanced to right and left at the people who passed him. All was well. Everyone looked at him. Everyone admired him.

IV.

HAVING decided that Hermione was frightened of the housemaid, James spent a peaceful evening. He was genial to the cook, made a few obvious jokes at which the unfortunate woman felt she ought to laugh, and, except for an occasional scowl at the housemaid, all went well. Hermione had gone out to dinner. James did not feel jealous of the young man who came to fetch her in a two-seater Bentley. He was a gentleman; that made the difference. He did not know that Hermione told her friend of the boring attentions of the garrulous footman.

"I expect," he thought, "she's telling him about that girl. What a bad lot she is and how she was took in by her. If she talks of me, she'll say what a good chap I

am. Always ready to help. Never put out. So good-natured and generous."

He went to bed early and soon fell asleep. He dreamed that he was trying to kill a large black beetle. It was running about the floor near his feet. He stamped on it, tried to crush it, but it always eluded him. Every time he thought it was beneath his foot, squashed by his weight, it appeared in another corner of the room; crawling vigorously. He felt so irritated and angry that he screamed with rage.

Suddenly the insect began to grow. It assumed such vast proportions that it almost filled the room. He cowered against the window, certain that it would attack him. It came nearer and nearer, and when it touched him he awoke. His bedclothes were on the floor and he was shivering with cold and terror. James did not go to sleep again.

The next few days passed unhappily. Hermione paid no attention to him. Whenever he came into her room she was reading and never glanced up or spoke; he did not dare interrupt her. On the other hand, she was always talking to the housemaid. He came across them in the passage, deep in conversation. She lent the girl books, and on one occasion he saw Hermione giving her money. At last he realised that she had not believed his story; that she did not think the housemaid either insane or a thief; but that she thought him a liar.

James became morose; he never spoke to the cook; he crept about his duties silently. He did not bother to brush his hair or wash himself; he did not care which suit he wore; he never stood and admired himself before



He stared at her. She was alive, she could speak.

the glass. He could not sleep. He had been greedy, but his food disgusted him. He would sit for hours in the pantry, scarcely moving, and if anybody came to disturb him he jumped up terrified, as though they had laid their hand upon his arm to arrest him.

ONE afternoon a girl came to tea with Hermione. It was practically impossible to close the door of her sitting room. However much she slammed it, put her shoulder against it and shoved, shook the handle, lifted it and pressed with all her weight, sooner or later there would be a creak and the wretched thing was ajar. Consequently, as James stood outside in the hall, he could hear every word of their conversation.

"The poor girl's sister is very ill," Hermione was saying. "I feel so sorry for her. She's such a nice little thing, and quite intelligent. I lend her my books sometimes. The footman told me the most fantastic story about her; all invented, of course."

"What's he like? He looked very glum and ill-tempered when he opened the front door just now."

"My dear! He's impossible! Always telling lies! He's the sort of creature who pretends to be charming and good-natured and is really quite degenerate. That thoroughly nervy type. I can imagine him being terrified if he saw a mouse or a black beetle, and saying afterwards that nothing in the world frightened him."

"Servants nowadays! They're not what they used to be."

James did not wait to hear any more. He ran upstairs. He did not know what he was doing. His thoughts were in a turmoil. "I'll kill her! kill her! kill her! Frightened of a black beetle. It's true I was, in my dream. I'll kill her, that's what I'll do. I'll kill her."

THE housemaid's bedroom door was open. She stood beside her bed, her back towards him. He crept towards her. In the fireplace lay a poker; he picked it up silently. She did not move or turn towards him, absorbed in a letter she was reading. He was shaking so violently that he could scarcely lift the weapon in his hand. He moistened his lips with his tongue, and sidled closer. He lifted the poker . . .

A few moments later James was running down the passage. He bounded along exultantly, his head thrown back, his narrow chest expanded. His breath came in gasps, gasps of satisfaction. He could have screamed and shrieked with joy.

"I've done it," he thought. "I've done it. I hit her and she fell all limp, just like I've always pictured. She lay there and didn't move. I didn't have to strike her twice. She's dead, that's what she is. Dead! dead! dead! I've killed her. And Miss Pencil said I couldn't kill a black beetle. I was no good. I hadn't got no spirit. She'll see now. I've killed her."

"James!" called the cook. "Dinner's ready. Go and sound the gong." Dinner already! It was tea-time only a minute ago. And what had happened in the meantime? He had killed a woman. Killed her with one blow. He beat the gong so loudly that Mr. Langland, who was passing, told him not to make "such a damn noise." He beamed into his master's face. He could smile now. Hermione came out of her room and looked at him curiously.

"What a bestial face he's got," she thought.

"You'll know all about it in a moment. You'll know the kind of chap I am. I've killed her."

AS he placed a plate of soup before her he remembered the police; he felt strangely cold, his hand shook and he spilled a little of it. She looked annoyed. Once outside the dining-room he tried to collect his thoughts. He stood gazing at a pot of flowers, taking in their every detail,

his hands twitching nervously, his lips moving unconsciously.

"If they come," he thought, "if they get me! It'll mean jug and worse." He tugged at the corner of the table-cloth. "How pretty those flowers are, so dainty. Worse? That means being hanged." He stepped back clutching at the wall. "They'll guess it's me. But why should they? Everybody knows how good-natured I am. I've killed her. They'll be after me."

The dining-room bell rang. He was so absorbed in his thoughts that he only heard its echo. Making a desperate effort to calm himself, he went into the kitchen.

"Fish!" said the cook. "There you are. It's a bit burnt, but less said soonest mended, and that's the truth." James took the fish silently. "You don't look what I call perky," she called after him as he left the room.

"Perky yourself," he retorted feebly. The cook laughed good-naturedly. He did not hear her answer.

"That's the result of the war," Mr. Langland was saying as he entered the dining-room. "It was different in the good old days. I don't know what we're coming to, with the price of living so high. And the people one meets nowadays. They're not the right type. Not quite—quite—you know."

"I've killed her," James thought. "I've done it. And I don't care even if they do catch me."

Dinner dragged on. He thought it would never come to an end. Meat, pudding, cheese, dessert, the cook's jokes, Mr. Langland's chatter. He could scarcely see, and everybody's sentences seemed jumbled and nonsensical.

"That boy's all thumbs to-night," Mr. Langland muttered as he neatly peeled an

apple. "But what can you expect from servants nowadays? It was different before the war."

James took Hermione her cup of coffee. He did not speak to her or look in her direction, but placing the tray by her side, quietly left the room.

THE hall was dark, but the light from the upper landing flooded the stairs. Somebody was coming down. He looked up. Everything swam; the floor suddenly seemed to touch the ceiling; the walls grew closer and closer. He clutched at the table; his hand swept across it so that a vase of flowers toppled and fell; the water streamed on to the carpet.

"I'll mop that up, James," said the housemaid. "You don't look yourself to-night."

He stared at her. She was alive. She could speak. Her cheeks were rosy, her hair neatly brushed off her forehead. He remembered now. He had not hit her, but he thought he had. That was it; he thought he had. A crowd of memories ran through his brain. His home in the slums. His mother red-faced and swearing. His father always out of a job. His brothers and sisters with grimy faces and tattered clothes. The boots he had cleaned at that private hotel in Torquay. Hundreds of pairs of boots. Cigarettes? What was that about cigarettes? He'd stolen some. And sweets too. That girl was bending down, mopping up the water. What had he said about her? That she was a lunatic? That was silly, he knew she wasn't one. Her mother couldn't be in the Union because she was dead. He passed his hand across his face and leaned towards her.

"Here! Let me help," he said, and then almost without thinking, "I'm so good-natured."

THE GAME GOES ON (continued from page 207).

atrocious French accent gave a six, and, showing him her cards, asked, "Do I buy?" She held a five. The demon who had disinherited his spirit said, "No, you stand . . ." How could he, even asleep, have made such a mistake? A child would have known better. The table clamoured, seethed, admonished him. Had the American woman with the five bought, she would have made nine. The next player, turning his card, showed her. Grisson apologised, wiped his head and went on stammering apologies. But all in a dream. Of such tiny things are tragedies made.

Another croupier relieved Grisson in an hour's time. That hour was a blank, a void which he yet saw as a concrete thing—a concrete thing surrounded with hostile threatening faces. The king had failed. The subjects were in revolt. How much of this was true, how much in Grisson's imagination?

He stole away from the casino and walked and walked for miles along a road that was black through a night that had no stars. Sleepless and hungry, unconscious of both. On and on. With his thoughts, thoughts that condemned him . . . he could never trust himself again. It did not occur to Grisson that the whole matter was trivial, childish, a thing to be forgotten in an hour.

Signalmen who through carelessness had wrecked trains . . . captains who had sunk their ships had no bigger burden on their conscience. Grisson had failed in his duty—had betrayed a trust. He did not care to face life. That was all his long tired hungry walk told him. It pointed to nothing but ephemeral emptiness . . . and yet gave birth to thoughts that could envisage no

new beginning, no end, only an exit. Grisson went back not to his home, not to his comfortable wife, but to the silent dark casino, that empty stage where he had played his infinitesimal part. He let himself into the small room where the croupiers changed and hung their coats, his tired mind almost a blank. Only always before his eyes danced a blue plaque . . . an ordinary disc that for eighteen years of his life had represented just one hundred francs—and now meant his symbol of eternity. He was scarcely thinking now, not feeling, in a curious frozen stupor. He removed his collar, neatly folded and then hung up his coat . . . and . . .

WHEN the cleaner came at ten o'clock the next morning to clean the room that the croupiers used to change in, she found Grisson's body hanging to the wall, desolate, soul-forsaken . . . an empty, dangling puppet, while next to him fluttered the coat he had hung up, the croupier's uniform, the discarded badge of high office.

The *changeurs*, croupiers, waiters, the men who had worked near him for so many years during the nine days' wonder that succeeded his death, speculated on the problem. They debated, argued, probed for a reason, speculated on the mystery, putting two and two together, always to find that two and two only made four. Had he an unhappy love affair? Did he suspect his wife's faithlessness? Had his bank roll disappeared? Was it drink, drugs, debts?

Not one of them ever got near the solution. No one guessed his death was due to a small blue disc value—exactly one hundred francs.



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1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
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3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Now Send the Coupon, Please

We take the risk—not you. We undertake to please you . . . to win you in ten shaves. Give us the opportunity to prove our case. The coupon is for your convenience . . . to prevent your forgetting. Won't you use it, please?

From all chemists
and hairdressers

1/6 FULL SIZED
TUBE



10 SHAVE TEST.

Simply insert name and address and send with 3d. in stamps to cover postage and packing of trial tube to THE PALMOLIVE CO. (OF ENGLAND), Dept. B.1 21, Eagle St., London, W.C.1.

Name

Address

Please print name clearly.

BRITANNIA CROSSWORDS—No. 9.

CLUES:

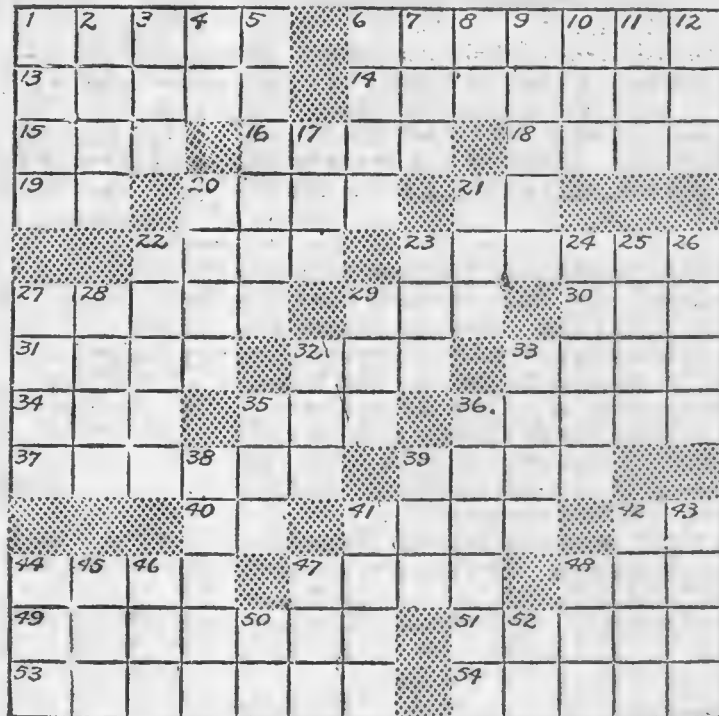
ACROSS.

1. Wickerwork basket.
6. Appease.
13. Fabric closely resembling silk.
14. Pertaining to the side.
15. Consumed.
16. Tailless animal.
18. Gloomy.
19. Exist.
20. Son of Adam.
21. Note of the scale.
22. Drudge.
23. Musical instrument.
27. Ruin.
29. Kitchen utensil.
30. Period of time.
31. Calm.
32. Cereal grain.
33. Den of wild beasts.
34. Large vase.
35. Indefinite number.
36. Mark used in proof-reading.
37. Druggist's tool for mixing.
39. Large wagons.
40. Note of the scale.
41. Feathered animal.
42. Personal pronoun.
44. Officer who assists a General.
47. Rend.
48. Cry of a sheep.
49. One who originates.
51. Leaves out.
53. Camping out.
54. Drawn tightly.

DOWN.

1. Edible shell fish.
2. Amount.

3. Even so.
4. Toward.
5. Induce.
6. Scheme or project.
7. Boy.
8. Near.
9. A tree.
10. Constellation.
11. A sailor.
12. The moose deer.
17. Lubricant.
20. A spiral.
21. Parcel of land.
22. Wanders absent-mindedly.
23. Cover for a hurt finger.
24. Comes close to.
25. A large lake.
26. A small pie.
27. A kind of fish.
28. Small opening in the skin.
29. Recompense.
32. Single unit.
33. To set on shore.
35. Alcoholic drink.
36. A vegetable.
38. Deal with.
39. By way of.
41. Mass of floating ice.
42. Head coverings.
43. Comfort.
44. Deed.
45. Wrath.
46. Cavern.
47. Measure of weight.
48. A receptacle.
50. Note of the scale.
52. Personal pronoun.



ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD No. 8

Clues Across: 1, Ramollissement; 11, Eryngo; 13, Solaster; 16, Troon; 17, Xeransis; 18, Ras; 19, Coir; 20, Diamond; 22, Icama; 23, Pond; 24, Ilex; 26, Ma; 27, Seeder; 29, Menace; 30, Ectal; 33, Income; 35, Tyr; 36, Holystone; 39, Rede; 41, Taggers; 42, Okes; 43, Bis. Clues Down: 1, Retrimant; 2, Arracacha; 3, Myosis; 4, Onoclea; 5, Loxia; 6, Sordor; 7, Slain; 8, MSS.; 9, Etiolate; 10, Trod; 12, Gnome; 13, Serpents; 14, Anadem; 15, Esneey; 21, Miners; 25, Xeres; 28, Dis; 29, Monk; 31, Tog; 32, Lye; 34, Coo; 37, LG; 38, EE; 40, DI.

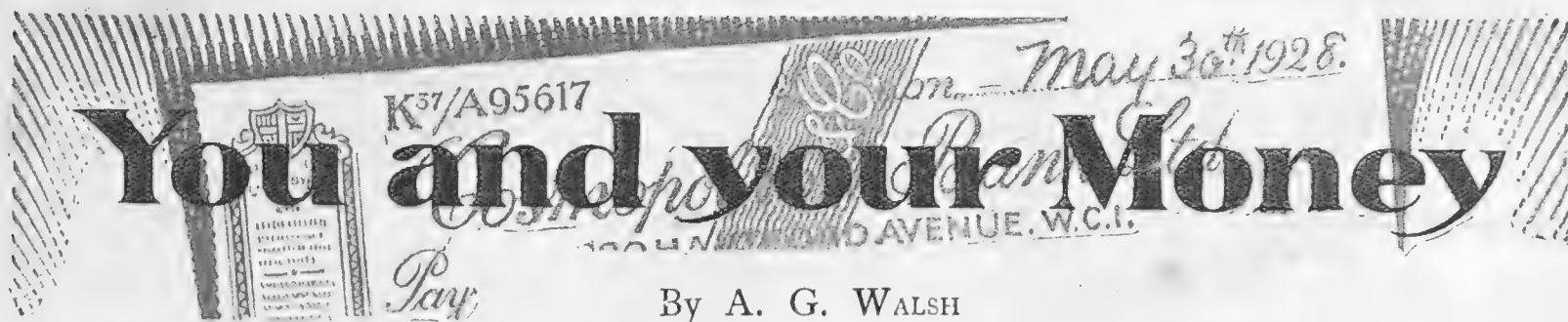
Crossword No. 7.—Winners of one year's free subscription to BRITANNIA:—F. T. Jones, 11, Claude Road, Cardiff; Mrs. M. G. Brodick, Millside, Reigate, Surrey; Charles Pettward, Finborough Hall, Stowmarket; Mrs. Currie, 99, Abingdon Road, Kensington, W.8; Miss E. M. Harris, 58, St. John Street, Oxford.

ANOTHER REMINDER.

Lord Birkenhead is at present on holiday. On his return to London, towards the end of this month, he will contribute to BRITANNIA, a weekly commentary on current affairs, political and otherwise. The national importance of this arrangement—probably the most interesting ever made in modern journalism—is obvious.

No elector can claim to be well-informed unless he has read Birkenhead in BRITANNIA.

ORDER BRITANNIA TO-DAY.



IN their annual speeches the chairmen of the great banks generally touch upon the national and international aspects of commerce and finance. The occasion is taken to put forward individual theories and the viewpoint of the banking community.

The bankers' views thus afford food for much thought, and, where controversial points are raised, furnish topics of discussion in City circles.

I consider the bank meetings to be the most interesting of all City gatherings. They are something out of the ordinary, and the speeches dwell upon the nation's prosperity rather than upon the affairs of each particular bank.

I doubt if the public in general appreciate the educational value of those gatherings.

A Banker on Rationalisation.

THE first of the meetings was that of Barclays Bank. Mr. F. C. Goodenough, the chairman, is an ardent supporter of "rationalisation." He advocates a better industrial policy, greater efficiency, scrapping inefficient plants and closing down redundant factories.

He contends that by concentrating and arranging output it should be possible to reduce prices and so sell an increased output and to employ more hands.

This is Mr. Goodenough's remedy for unemployment. He declares that if this broad idea of "rationalisation" is correct, then it is far better than "the quack doctrine of tampering with our credit and currency system."

Lending Abroad.

ONE topic touched upon by the chairman of Barclays Bank interested me. That was his reference to the development of overseas relations and lending money to foreign countries.

As he pointed out, it is often suggested that the financing of trade between countries outside Great Britain is prejudicial to our own industrial interests; but that is not really the case.

Such transactions earn profits for this country from abroad, and serve to increase the total of our invisible exports, upon which we depend to adjust our visible adverse balance of trade.

LAST year this country lent to foreign Governments, municipalities and railways something like £24,000,000.

This money, besides producing good interest, helps us to pay for our imports. And it generally leads, either directly or indirectly, to industrial orders.

You have a striking example in Argentina, where the leading railways, and most of the public services of the capital and other cities, have been financed by British enterprise. And the result?

Argentina, according to the British Commercial Counsellor at Buenos Aires, is now the third largest foreign buyer of British goods, and gives employment annually to 5,000,000 tons of British shipping.

This authority declares that experience teaches that a sure means of increasing British trade with Argentina is the further investment of capital and retention of British enterprises in British or Anglo-Argentine hands.

Quite Sound.

IF you are seeking a short-term investment (one repayable in a few years), let me direct your attention to the ten-year 5½ per cent. debentures of the British Tanker Company.

These debentures are secured by a first mortgage on the company's fleet, which is under charter until 1938 to the Anglo-Persian Oil.

The terms of the charter practically constitute a guarantee of the annual interest. The debentures are to be repaid at par by January, 1936, at latest, but the company has the right to repay them during the previous five years at £102 for each £100 of debentures. The current market price is £100.

Gas v. Electricity.

I WAS much impressed with official statistics issued the other day respecting the consumption of gas in this country.

They should dispel the idea held by some investors that that illuminant is being ousted by electricity.

Notwithstanding the extension of electric lighting, the figures, covering five-year periods since the beginning of this century, show a marked increase in the use of gas.

For example, the total output of gas in 1902 was about 160,000 million cubic feet. By 1922 the production rose by over 100,000 million cubic feet and in 1928 the total reached 318,509 million cubic feet.

The inference from last year's record output is that the large gas undertakings (I mean those of our cities and large towns) are as prosperous as ever.

THE stocks of selected gas concerns; in my opinion, merit the classification of sound investments.

Take the largest gas undertaking. This is the Gas Light and Coke Company. The last available accounts, those for 1927, returned net revenue as £1,736,990. The year's interest on the debentures and prior charges called for £445,140.

Now look at the margin of income behind the interest. I regard the company's 5 per cent. debenture stock as safe and sound. It stands at par (£100).

Other sound gas securities include those of the South Metropolitan, Tottenham and Commercial Gas companies, and among provincial concerns, the Liverpool, Sheffield, Newcastle, Bournemouth, and Brighton companies.

Rhodesia's Asbestos Industry.

PERHAPS the prediction is premature at the moment; but sooner or later there will be a boom in South African

asbestos shares. I am convinced of this after studying the facts of the position.

At the same time, until more speculative confidence has been created here in the possibilities of the new industry, I cannot foresee the general public rushing after the shares of the prospecting companies just yet.

After the sad experience of the short-lived platinum boomlet investors may be a little diffident of asbestos propositions. Thus we may have to look to Johannesburg for a lead.

Still, asbestos mining is increasing in importance as the world's needs for this essential product are becoming more insistent. The superiority of the type of fibre found in South Africa justifies the belief that the Union in a few years' time will be the leading producer of that material.

In its annual review, packed with useful information of mining and industry in South Africa, the *Mining and Industrial Magazine* of Johannesburg foreshadows a "very substantial increase" this year in asbestos production, and probably a still greater expansion in 1930.

This authority understands that the chief producers of blue fibre (Cape Asbestos Co., and Turner and Newall) intend to develop on a larger scale than heretofore.

Points About New Companies.

SEVERAL correspondents already have sought my views on the prospects of Einstein's Electro-Chemical Process.

I can only say that the process may be all that is claimed for it; but it does not yet appear to have been put to commercial use. The success of the company, therefore, will depend upon the measure of support it receives from manufacturers and others who can make use of the process.

As I have pointed out on previous occasions, it is only by actual trading results that one can gauge accurately the prospects of any newly-established enterprise.

And it should be noted, too, that capitalisation is an important factor. A company over-capitalised is not likely to prove remunerative to investors.

While on the subject of new companies, have you noticed, when some concern successfully develops a new commercial field, how quickly competitors come along?

The well-deserved success of the Vocalion Company with the cheap record undoubtedly led to the rapid multiplication last year of gramophone record ventures.

Ner-Sag also has an imitator. Again, following upon the success of the Machine Made Sales Company there has been quite a carnival of automatic machine promotions lately. So much so that I feel that the possibilities of the "automatic salesman" by now are well-nigh exhausted.

The prudent investor should realise the essentially speculative character of all new enterprise, which either have to create a market, or compete for custom in an existing one.

Ceylon Tea Shares.

WHEN the merits of tea shares as high yielding investments become more generally recognised I hope to see quotations much higher. In the Indian list the favourites are:—Assam, Jokai and Assam Frontier. These were given in last week's selection.

Please don't ask me to select a tea share standing at a few shillings, or below par. There is none.

You will find below a few of the most promising Ceylon tea companies. I have divided the list into two sections. Group "A" comprises companies which sell their crops from April to the following March and issue accounts in April and May.

Those are the companies likely to pay the big final dividends before mid-summer. I include Bogawantalawa with these, as its crop selling year ends with May and the report is due in July.

The remaining companies in the under-noted list, classified as "B," might aptly be described as the autumn group. Their crop year extends from October to the following September. Annual accounts are rendered generally in October. The final dividend, of course, is more distant than in the case of the companies in group "A."

The Differences.

WHICH group to select from is a matter for individual consideration. As I have already explained, the attraction of the shares classified as "A" is the nearer final dividend.

The "B" group has, of course, the best chance of benefiting by the present recovery in tea prices (if it lasts). These companies have fully half the crop still to sell.

But the "A" companies also look like having five months of good prices actually assured to them; that is, from November last to March next.

If you cannot make up your mind, let me give a hint. The most popular shares under "A" are Ouwah, Spring Valley, Alliance and Bogawantalawa. Under "B":—Carolina, Lanka and Ceylon Land.

The market capitalisation represents the capitalisation at current share prices. A large capitalisation is not a drawback. Rather an advantage, for it means a larger number of shares and a freer market, thus making the shares more negotiable.

Responsibility of Directors.

AS this issue will have gone to press before the adjourned meeting of the Ner-Sag Company has been held, obviously it would be improper to make any comment upon the unhappy state of affairs as disclosed in the circular issued last week by the secretary of the company.

I am, therefore, confining my remarks to the responsibility of company directors in general. In my humble opinion, the measure of this responsibility in the legal sense remains uncertain.

True, the new Companies Act adds to the liability of directors for any negligence, default, breach of duty or trust; but the application of the penalties imposed by the Act is subject to qualification.

First of all, it must be shown to the satisfaction of the Court that the director concerned was "knowingly and wilfully" negligent, or that he countenanced certain breaches of trust.

Non-complicity in the irregularities complained of would probably free a director of any legal liability. So it seems to me that no penalties can be enforced, or legal responsibility attached to any director for the faults of another.

Anyhow, that is how I read the section of the Companies Act dealing with the matter. Of course, I may be wrong; I am not laying down the law.

Swedish Industrials.

JUST lately I referred to the growing popularity of Swedish industrial shares. The best known of these is Swedish Match. Other such shares dealt in on the London Stock Exchange are those of Kreuger and Toll, S.K.F. (Swedish Ball Bearing Co.); the Electrolux Co.; and the Separator Co.

Kreuger and Toll, is virtually an industrial investment corporation. It has large holdings of Swedish bank shares, is interested in the match and building industries, and in iron ore deposits. Recent years' dividends have been at the rate of 25 per cent.

The international importance of the S.K.F. may be judged from the fact that the world uses 30 per cent. of the products of the company and its subsidiaries. Dividends have been on a progressive scale, 10 per cent. being paid for 1927.

Electrolux owns certain patents for refrigerators and household appliances. Its organisation is world-wide. Dividends for

the last two years have been on a 10 per cent. basis.

The Separator Co. manufactures centrifugal machinery for the milk industry, but its separator is also used in other industries for the filtration of liquids. Recent dividends have been 8 per cent. on the ordinary and 7 per cent. on the preference shares.

The foregoing shares are all highly priced, and as I stated before, they are more suitable for investors who seek for gradual appreciation over a period rather than for an immediately good yield.

Messrs. F. C. Mathieson and Sons, have now published the 1929 edition of their *Handbook for Investors*. This is a concise record of Stock Exchange prices and dividends for ten years of selected securities. Price is 5s. A new edition of *Mining Highest and Lowest Prices* is also issued. This includes six years' dividends. Price is 2s. 1d. by post.

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A member may nominate another or others to receive his or her shares in the event of death. Shares may be held in joint names. Shares do not fluctuate in value, but dividends may increase with the growth of reserves.

Dividends, at present, are at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum. Facilities are available for the resale of shares.

Not more than 5 per cent. of the funds of the Trust can be invested in any one security. The Trust has the co-operation of many leading financial houses.

Since January over 1,300 investors have become members of the Trust, whose investments exceed £130,000, spread over 200 securities. Shares 2/- each. Minimum holding 10 shares, maximum 2,000. Entrance fee, at present, 1d per share.

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CEYLON TEA COMPANIES

(GROUP A)

Company.	Acres.	Market value.	Last full div.	Int. div.	Price of shares.
		£	p.c.	p.c.	
Ceylon Plantations	9,300	2,000,000	45	15	5½
Nuwara Eliya (N)	2,950	1,650,000	50	16	6
Eastern Produce	11,200	1,650,000	40	10	5
Galaha	5,800	900,000	25	7½	3
Ouwah	3,200	950,000	25	7½	4
Standard (N)	3,000	780,000	40	17½	6½
Dimbula Valley	3,100	675,000	30	12½	3¾
Spring Valley (N)	2,000	525,000	27½	7½	3¾
Alliance	2,400	420,000	20	6	2¾
Bogawantalawa (N)	2,300	450,000	30	10	3¾
Imperial	1,850	200,000	15	4	2
Rangalla	2,000	175,000	15	5	1¾

(GROUP B)

Scot. Tea and Lands (N)	6,650	1,630,000	25	—	3½
New Dimbula (N)	2,550	700,000	50	—	7
Ceylon Land	2,900	360,000	30	—	2½
Lanka	2,400	340,000	15	—	2¾
Carolina	2,400	360,000	27½	—	4

(N) No rubber grown.

The Endless Flow of Money.

IT is a matter of comment that the new issue boom shows no signs yet of abating. Myself, I feel that next month will witness the slowing down of these capital appeals.

The public are over-loaded with new shares, the most of which cannot be realised to advantage. And there is no blinking the fact that incidents like the Duophone slump and the Ner-Sag affair are shaking confidence in new ventures. Happily, these "City sensations" (as the daily Press describe them) are rare.

In fairness, I should say that the bulk of this month's capital offerings has been sound stuff. But there are investors who appear to be unable to discriminate between a speculative risk and what is reasonably solid.

Too much reliance is put upon estimates of future earnings and probable dividends, without recognising that frequently the basis of an estimate is largely guesswork, or the optimism of the promoter.

£220,000,000 for New Ventures.

LAST year was notable for the boom in new issues and for the great increase in new "limited" companies. At Somerset House there were 9,012 registrations with an aggregate capital exceeding £220 million.

This is the highest figure since the record of 1920, when 10,087 companies were registered with an aggregate capital exceeding £559 million.

In an analysis of last year's new companies, Messrs. Jordan and Sons, the Chancery Lane registration agents, point out that no less than 37 companies were incorporated with a capital of a million or more.

The largest individual registration was the Ford Motor, with a capital of £7,000,000. Next came Tocuyo Oilfields and the Rhodesian Anglo-American, each £2,500,000; Stoll Theatre; £2,190,000 and Taylor's (Cash Chemists) £2,000,000. These were the "multi-millionaire" companies.

I have mentioned already that 9,012 companies were registered last year, but only 838 of these were public companies.

The registration of a new "limited" company is an expensive proceeding. The government imposes a stamp duty of £1 per cent. on the nominal capital. Thus a company with a capital of £1,000,000 pays £10,000 in capital duty. In the case of the Ford Motor the duty amounted to £70,000.

Now you will understand that mysterious item, "preliminary expenses, etc.," that invariably appears in the accounts of a new company.

Points About Industrials.

THERE is still a good deal of activity in the Industrial share market; but the character of the business is very different from what it was a few months ago. Then any rubbishy share, if it was of the denomination of one or two shillings, became a medium for speculation. Now the public want something solid.

Wonderful reports of the richness of the Frood mine have sent up to a new high record Mond Nickels. Once more these shares are a popular tip. I am told they are good for £15 and that eventually they may see £20. These, mind you, are only market predictions, but they do not emanate from irresponsible quarters.

I HEAR well, too, of Margarine Unions and Unic shares, both of which already have enjoyed a good rise. Quotations cer-

tainly seem high enough for the present. Informed people, however, claim that the limit has not been reached yet.

The companies between them almost control the margarine industry, and their possibilities are such that in the course of time earnings will probably justify much higher prices for the shares.

Holders who can exercise patience might find it more profitable not to take profits just yet.

Imperial Tobaccos.

THE price of Imperial Tobaccos is wavering a little, consequent upon selling before the dividend announcement. I expect the past year's results will be known within the next fortnight.

Doubts are now expressed respecting the long-awaited bonus and the market is not quite so optimistic as it was a couple of months ago.

Some inquiry is being put through for Associated Portland Cement shares. To suggest that the dividend will be further increased this time would be guess-work.

It has to be remembered that the capital was increased by the issue of the 500,000 new ordinary shares last spring. I believe that in the past year the company was trading on a lower range of prices, but against this there is a probability of costs having been reduced and the turnover increased. The dividend for 1927 was 8 per cent.

SAFE AND SOUND.

The City Editor of BRITANNIA (Mr. A. G. Walsh) will personally reply to inquiries re investments and finance. His absolutely unbiassed opinion will be given, free of charge, on the understanding that no legal or other liability is thereby incurred.

All correspondence, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be addressed to the City Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresh House, Strand, London.

Motor Shares Supported.

THERE is a quiet demand just now for motor shares, notably Albions (a Glasgow favourite) and Maudsleys. Guys and Leylands have not held their best prices, but I look for some recovery. Simms Motor Units are being bought on dividend anticipations.

I understand that the intention of the directors of Matchless Motor Cycles (Colliers) is to pay an interim dividend in March for the half-year just completed.

The company, I believe, is the pioneer of the motor-cycle industry. It was turned into a public company last November with an issued capital of £200,000 in 5s. shares. These shares now stand around 6s. On the basis of last year's trading they ought to give a good yield.

7%

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The accounts of the Trust are under the supervision of an auditor appointed by His Majesty's Treasury.

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THE LURE OF TRAGEDY

By MAITLAND DAVIDSON

WHAT is there about tragedy that has such power to fascinate an audience? For it does fascinate us, if sufficiently convincing. Yet the majority of us, I imagine, would not make a tragic play their first choice in the way of dramatic entertainment; to many it would come some way after their last. In imagery, as in fact, we shrink from gloom and shocks just as we court comfortable ease and laughter.

But when we are thrust face to face with the darker and more terrifying side of life, we find in it, I believe, also something deeper, something unexpectedly big; undercurrents are stirred and emotions set flowing, whereas comedy can come to a dead stop with the last reverberation of a laugh.

That is only one theory, of course, and no doubt the neo-psychologist would diagnose both sadism and masochism—a perverse pleasure in having one's flesh made to creep, as prescribed by the Fat Boy in *Pickwick*. Anyway, tragedy certainly has its hold and its appeal—and that this is getting more and more recognised, the waning vogue of the "happy ending" testifies on both stage and screen—though to be fully effective it must be neither arbitrary nor unrelieved. Unlike the artificially grandiose thrillers of ancient Greek drama, with attendant chorus wailing "Woe, Woe!" or the manufactured horrors of Grand Guignol, it should arise imperceptibly and naturally out of the ordinary lives of ordinary people, and have its streaks of sunny white as well as its blotches of funereal black.

Philosophy of "The Seagull."

Of two tragedies that I have just seen acted—and that have moved me to this little outbreak of attempted analysis—there is no question of which is the more subtly human, though by no means therefore more theatrically successful. In fact, with all its often brilliant insight and intensely interesting developments of character I can't see Tchekov's "The Seagull" ever having much of a run at a popular theatre, though Mr. Philip Ridgeway's presentation of it at the Arts was a memorable piece of work.

Curiously enough, this play is called a comedy on the programme which was handed to me, though I cannot discover from my own long-cherished copy of George Calderon's translation that the author ever labelled it as such. It is a challenging but a wrong description. True, as Calderon rightly if tritely remarks, life is never pure comedy or pure tragedy, and some of Tchekov's plays may be "tragedies with the texture of comedy." But, and in this one

especially, he would be a singularly insensitive *dumm-kopf*, I think, who did not hear the note of tragedy sounding under and through the trivialities almost from the first.

An Actress and Her Son.

The scene is a Russian estate, where the presiding genius is a spoilt and self-centred actress of forty-odd, sister of the owner (it is pre-revolution Russia, of course, for Tchekov died in 1904). Her young son, aspiring to literary fame, but crushed by her egotism, is in love with a charming girl, but is robbed of her by an already successful author (his own mother's lover), who afterwards deserts her.

That is the main tragedy, but there are several subsidiary ones of love gone awry, and not one single character

is contented with his lot—not even the lady so heavily coated with ego, for, however pleased with herself, she is in continual (and justified) anxiety about retaining her *cavalier servente*.

That does not sound terribly cheerful, and indeed it is not exactly a heartening piece of the modern kind. Actually, by the way, the author ventures to indulge in several soliloquies, though that soliloquies should be taboo is no more incontrovertibly defensible than the ban on split infinitives, which will be found in a great number of the very best authors. After all, people do quite often talk to themselves, and as Mr. G. K. Chesterton once remarked, if a man doesn't talk to himself, it only shows that he doesn't consider himself worth talking to.

A Satire on the Theatre.

But in the desultory form the author has adopted there is opportunity for a great deal of entertaining comment on life in general, as when the young Constantin speaks of his mother's devotion for the stage and rails at the solemn proceedings.

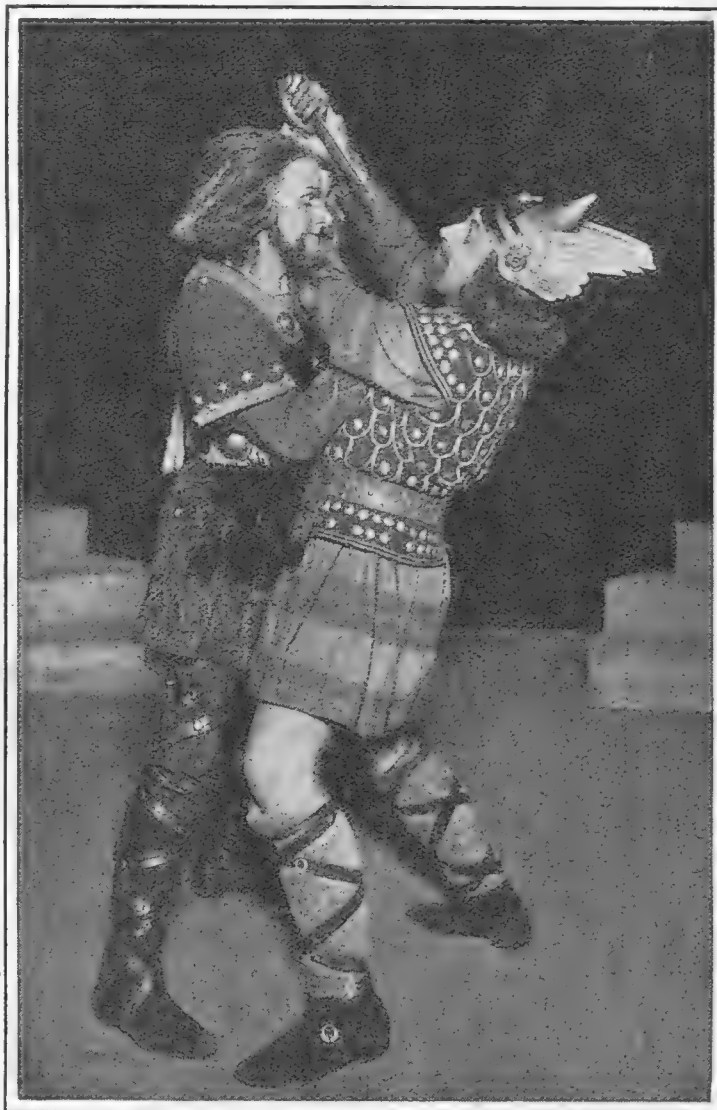
When the curtain goes up and the gifted beings, the high priests of the sacred art, appear by electric light in a room with three sides to it, representing how people eat, drink, love and wear their jackets,

and strive to squeeze out "a little tiny moral, easy to comprehend and handy for home consumption." And the passage when Trigorin describes his life as an author is a most remarkable achievement in dramatic analysis.

This, in the present case, owed much to the really admirable interpretation of the part by Mr.



Miss Nancy Price, who gives a fine character study in "Thérèse Raquin," Emile Zola's play at the Q. Theatre.



"Lay on Macduff." John Laurie as Macbeth and Percy Walsh as Macduff in "Macbeth" at the Old Vic



Have something to say to each other in "He Walked in Her Sleep," the new farce at the Vaudeville.

Henry Hewitt, an actor whom one would like to see more often in important parts in London. A beautiful performance, too, was given by Miss Valerie Taylor as the girl Nina, as wantonly "ruined" as the seagull was shot, but the other women in the play did not fit their parts too well.

One of them was so amiably colossal that the idea of her having a love affair introduced an unwelcome element of bathos; we are all doubtless sympathetic with the "fat girl in love" hymned by Miss Sophie Tucker, but her place is not in tragedy.

Whole-Hog Tragedy.

The other tragedy I have in mind is Zola's "Thérèse Raquin," which I saw at the Q Theatre last week, performed in English. Curiously enough the play has been given here in French, too, lately, and a film version, referred to elsewhere, has also been shown at one of the leading cinemas. Now this is really what you might call a whole-hog tragedy, or nearly so. I do not mean that its catastrophes come about incredibly, but that the hand of Fate, or whatever it may be, moves more directly, quickly, undeviatingly and uncompromisingly than in, for instance, "The Seagull."

Perhaps that is partly because the protagonists are of a simpler, more one-idea-ed class—French shopkeepers in a small way and their friends. At any rate, it is very soon obvious not only that Laurent the artist has an intrigue with Thérèse, but that the two are forming unspoken plans to remove her husband. And after the first curtain has fallen, the whole of the last three acts are occupied almost entirely with the psychology of a gradually accumulating remorse—or, rather, haunting by a hated memory.

Acting too Noisily.

When I read Zola's novel, on which the play was founded, I received a very deep

impression which still remains, although it was a great many years ago. But as this was not repeated or revived at the Q performance, I am driven to the conclusion that there must have been something amiss either with the play or the acting. Probably both. I do not believe that a plot depending on mental developments can quite successfully be translated from book to play form. Further, in this case, the acting was in some respects at fault.

The whole affair was done too noisily, for one thing. A fateful quietude of physical things was rather demanded—except, of course, in the final angry scenes between Thérèse and her murderer-lover, which, on the contrary, might have been much more bestial. All the cast, alas, talked and behaved too much like real gentlemen and ladies rather than provincial tradespeople—with the one honourable exception of Mr. H. R. Hignett, that sterling actor, who gave the piece its most supporting bolster of verisimilitude.

A Fair-Whiskered Villain.

Miss Jane Wood was very excellent and sinister as Thérèse, and Miss Nancy Price, splendid in several moods as the mother—doting, sad and vengeful. But Mr. Russell Thorndike, got up like Schauberg in "La Bohème" (far too early costume for 1880), with fair whiskers, a namby-pamby voice and a touch of corporation, was not in the



But more than a word of praise should go to Eva Moore and Brian Gilmour in the same play.

least one's idea of the brutal, virile Laurent.

Mr. Anthony Ireland, on the other hand, as the sickly invalid Camille, was brisk and brusque and twice as manly. What can the producer have been thinking of? All the same, even in its imperfections the piece was never futile or ridiculous—there is that generally to be said of plays which have the courage to handle elemental issues, however they may fail in detail.

Delysia's Big Success.

And now—wiping our brows and leaning back in our stalls with possibly a sigh of relief—from tragedy to comedy. And I am glad to be able to say that I have just had the pleasure of seeing a "werry capital" specimen of its kind in the shape of "Her Past," by



The main support of "He Walked in Her Sleep," is Mr. John Deverell.

Frederick Jackson (also author of "The Love-Lorn Lady"), produced at the Garrick last Wednesday after a week at Golders Green.

Before proceeding any further, I would wish to say that probably about fifty per cent. at least of any merit acquired by this show seemed to me to be attributable to Mlle. Delysia for her acting of the chief part. As far as I can remember, this is the first time she has appeared in a "straight" part in this country, and she makes of it not only a success but a triumph. She carries it through with unfailing vivacity, vitality and grace.

A Witty Farce.

But the play itself, though unequal, has wit of the lighter kind, movement and some ingenuity of plot, though not on strikingly original lines; in fact, it is more of a farce than a comedy. It is the story of a French lady of little character, but charming disposition, who begs her respectable English lover, Sir John Chadwick, K.C., to marry her; he refuses, so she declares her intention of finding another husband. The selected man turns out to be a son of the old country family of which Sir John is a life-long friend, and the ensuing complications can be imagined to be terrific.

Mr. Paul Cavanagh is the charming and handsome Sir John, and Miss Violent Vanbrugh as a naughtily-inclined Duchess, Mr. Morton Selten as a downtrodden baronet husband and Miss Jessie Bateman as the masterful wife (though with a weak spot in her armour) all help the jolly affair to a smiling success.



And Audrey Binham should not be forgotten.



THE SECOND TEST MATCH. Australia takes the field against the M.C.C. at Sydney. England won by eight wickets.

GAMES AND PASTIMES

BY "ARBITER"

THE M.C.C.'s return match with South Australia, which began to-day at Adelaide, will be interesting chiefly because of the light it may throw on the ability of "Tim" Wall, acclaimed by a few good judges (including Clem Hill) as the fast bowler Australia is looking for, to prove that his feat in dismissing Bradman, Kippax, and Andrews at small cost in the match against New South Wales was not a mere flash in the pan. If Wall, who is only 23 years of age, comes off against England's big guns this week, it is quite on the cards that the Australian selectors may drop Oxenham, despite the fact that this player has already been selected for the fourth Test.

A Juvenile Trio.

The selectors have been criticised for not experimenting more with an eye to the future, seeing they have nothing to lose, with the Ashes still in England's keeping. But surely they cannot be blamed for not having given youth its chance. I doubt if any Australian XI has ever included such a juvenile trio as Jackson (19 years), Bradman (20 years), and Beckett (20 years). All will be playing in the fourth Test match.

It would appear that Bettington's omission has displeased authorities so diverse as Macartney and Mr. J. L. Garvin, but Bettington's methods, as I have previously mentioned in these notes, are far from being novel to English batsmen, and it is at least conceivable that such a keen judge, for instance, as Warren Bardsley has not let this fact escape his notice.

Australia's New Star.

Archie Jackson, who, at nineteen years of age, is to play for Australia in a Test match (he made two centuries in a first class match—against South Australia—when only seventeen) is regarded by some critics in the Commonwealth as possibly the best Australian batsman of his age who has appeared in first-class cricket since Clem Hill and Victor Trumper were boys.

"Not Out," of the *Sydney Referee*, Australia's leading cricket writer, gives Jackson this high praise: "He more closely resembles the crack players of the early 1900's than

most of those of to-day. Among contemporaries he resembles Kippax most, but in his front-of-the-wicket strokes he is more like Trumper than Kippax. He drives with the same crispness and power, and places the ball in those off shots with something akin to that of the master."

I cannot help thinking that nothing would give generous critics of this country, like Mr. P. F. Warner and Frank Woolley, keener pleasure than a big stand against our bowlers in the fourth Test at Adelaide by the two babies of Australian cricket, Bradman and Jackson. Cricket's rich heritage owns no nationality when a Ranjitsinhji, a Woolley, a Trumper, a Hill, or a Macartney are at the wickets.

A Dull Day at Twickenham.

I HAVE not missed an international match at Twickenham since the War, and I certainly can recall no struggle there, during that period, so dull and so devoid of sparkle and "class" as last week's Wales v. England affair.

Class, to my mind, was represented by only one player of the thirty—Colin Laird. He has the subtlety and brains of W. J. A. Davies in attack (and twice his strength) and is the best defensive outside half I have ever seen. His display was all the more remarkable seeing how badly he was served by Whitley, who found it quite impossible to escape the attentions of Powell and the Welsh wing forwards, and, on the few occasions when he did get the ball, was as slow as a carthorse.

Why the selectors ever dropped Arthur Young for Whitley will always be a mystery.



"PAT" HENDREN GETS BUSY. A cut off Grimmett passes Nothing and Hendren starts for a run.

WALES FAILS TO BREAK THE TWICKENHAM TRADITION



ENGLAND BEATS WALES BY 8 POINTS TO 3. An English forward gets the ball in a line out.

I admit Young is not an easy player to partner, and he and Laird have never yet quite succeeded in hitting it off, and dovetailing into each other's intensely individualistic style of play, but even if, as a pair, they do not combine with that "oiled castor" smoothness of Kershaw and Davies, or Mill and Mark Nicholls or A. E. Cooke, they proved last season far and away too clever behind the scrum for any other international pair.

We missed at Twickenham last week Arthur Young's inimitable "steal-aways," so disconcerting to the most alert opposition and so fruitful in openings. We missed, too, the brilliance of "Wakers," still the best forward in the country, and Aarvold is still a long way from being a Corbett, although he is probably the best of a moderate lot of centres at the moment.

Indifferent Forwards.

The English forwards were ragged, poorly led, and woefully ineffective out of touch; their heeling, too, was slow, and one or two of the veterans, notably Cove-Smith and Tucker, had had enough of it long before the full-time whistle. On the whole, a very disappointing debut by England, and one that seems to hold out little hope against Ireland and Scotland, unless there be radical changes at half-back, in the centre, and among the forwards. Wakefield and H. L. Price would have infused much needed "pep" into this lifeless pack; Young would have transformed our attack. England without Young against Scotland will be an England without thrust.

Welsh Failings.

Wales were painfully weak at stand-off half and in the



A FINE TACKLE. R. Jones is brought down near the English line.



AN INTERCEPTED PASS. A Welsh effort goes astray into the hands of an Englishman. The three-quarter play was not up to the usual international standard, but both sides showed a sound defence.

centre. Roberts, the Oxford stand-off half, was slow, and, moreover, hardly laid a finger on Laird; of making an opening he hadn't a glimmer of a notion.

Guy Morgan, nephew of the famous "Teddy," took and gave his passes beautifully but lacked "thrust," but I think if he were played inside to a nippy outside half like Vincent Griffiths, he would be really effective in cutting out openings for his supports. Roberts got the ball away to him so slowly that the English backs were on top of him before he had time to move.

Famous Corinthians.

TOMORROW the eyes of the whole Soccer world will be centred upon the Football Association Cup tie between West Ham United and the Corinthians. There

is no doubt that if clubs were given their own choice of opponents, the majority would plump for the famous amateur side. They are a wonderful attraction, their name standing for the very highest in football—and the mere word "Corinthian" conjures up visions of some of the finest players that the winter game has produced.

The greatest of these was G. O. Smith, and others who come readily to mind are R. E. ("Tip") Foster, E. C. Bambridge (the present honorary secretary), A. E. Henfry, S. H. Day, C. Wreford-Brown, B. O. Corbett, W. J. Oakley, C. B. Fry, T. Lindley, the brothers A. M. and P. M. Waters, W. N. Cobbold, and M. H. Stanborough, among a host of others.

It was no uncommon feat for the side in those days to score double figures against some of the best first division Football League Clubs. Glorious traditions have been handed down, and the present side seems to be quite capable of beating West Ham.

If they can clear this difficult obstacle, then they should advance far, and in so doing will add yet another page to their magnificent history, and, incidentally, will do an enormous amount of good for the game.

Not a Weak Spot.

The present Corinthian team has no fewer than nine amateur internationals in its ranks, while four of these have represented England in an International match proper. In the opinion of many fine judges of the game, the outstanding player at Norwich was A. H. Chadder, the old Oxford Blue, who has developed into a splendid centre half, and I shall not be at all surprised if he does not receive a full cap ere long.

On the form at Norwich, there was not a weak spot, and although Chadder stood out in a great side, others to touch their best form were A. G. Doggart and K. E. Hegan, who were wonderfully well served by F. H. Ewer. C. T. A. Ashton, besides scoring three goals, played very well, particularly as his partner was injured after the first ten minutes, while no fault could be found with the immediate defence.

The Boat Race.

THE crews are still very much in the experimental stage, Cambridge having tried at stroke first Lander, then Elles, who stroked the winning boat two years ago, and now Brocklebank. As the President has been spending most of his time on the towpath, it is clear that the Light Blues will continue to be in a fluid condition for some little time to come.

Mr. Harcourt Gold and Mr. "Gully" Nickalls, the Oxford coaches, must be wishing they had a similar embarrassment of riches. Everyone will be pleased to know that Mr. Jerram Escombe, who has had so much to



WINTER SPORTS NEAR LONDON. Fred Leach, the golf professional, enjoys curling on Wimbledon Common.

do with Cambridge's big run of victories in the last five years, has recovered from his serious illness, and will again be available to put the last finishing touches on Cambridge when they come to Putney.

Cambridge have been fortunate indeed in their coaches of late years. It is this fact more than any inferiority in raw material that mainly accounts for the Light Blues' long winning sequence. At Oxford it has been a case of "too many cooks."

LAWN TENNIS

By F. GORDON LOWE.

ALL lawn tennis players will join in heartily congratulating Miss Helen Wills on her recent engagement to Mr. Shander Moody, junior, of San Francisco. This does not, of course, mean that Miss Wills is going to give up the game; far from it. In fact, she has already announced her intention of returning to Wimbledon, where she has won the Ladies' Championship for the last two years, this June. Miss Wills has always been deservedly popular, both for her perfect manners on the court and her modest demeanour off.

Few would say that she possesses the supreme technique of her predecessor, Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, but against this the Californian girl has introduced much greater pace into women's tennis. Because of her tremendous hitting powers, Miss Wills on several occasions has been able to hold her own against some of the first-class men.

In Australia.

The success of the British tourists over Victoria at Melbourne by seven matches to four is quite their best performance up to date. The opposing side, with the exception of Patterson, had their best team out. Austin, who was in fine form, beat both Hawkes and Schlesinger, while Higgs, doing better still, did not lose a match, beating, among others, O'Hara Wood.

Unfortunately during the last double of the series when partnering Collins against Hawkes and O'Hara Wood, Higgs fell and twisted his knee. This unfortunate injury is likely to keep him off the court for some time and emphasises the need always to take a reserve man with these touring teams.

Previous to this match none of our men, with the exception of Collins, have enhanced their reputation in Australia. We hear too from Sabelli, the non-playing manager, that the attendances at some of the matches have been none too good. This state of affairs is unfortunately to be expected until our men begin to show more dangerous form. The fact that we lost the Test Match at Sydney, even when the Australians had not put their most representative team in the field, could not increase public interest.

Kozeluh's Methods.

A type of game which Karel Kozeluh employed while winning the French Professional Championship at Beaulieu has come in for a certain amount of criticism. The Czecho-Slovakian was, as usual, purely defensive, and he was certainly hitting the ball very late. His wonderful footwork, however, stood out as being remarkable. Both Albert Burke and Ramillon were by far the finer stroke players, but they did not win against Kozeluh or even look like doing so. The truth is this ultra-steady game, although not so spectacular to watch, will win nine times out of ten, unless an opponent can produce an exceptionally brilliant streak. What does Lacoste do for his success, except to get the ball back a perfect length with machine-like regularity.

CHEST DISEASES

"Umckaloabo acts as regards Tuberculosis as a real specific."

(Dr. Secheyay in the "Swiss Medical Review.")

"It appears to me to have a specific destructive influence on the Tubercle Bacilli in the same way that quinine has upon Malaria."

(Dr. Grun in the King's Bench Division.)

If you are suffering from any disease of the chest or lungs—spasmodic or cardiac asthma excluded—ask your doctor about Umckaloabo, or send a postcard for particulars of it to CHAS. H. STEVENS, 204-206, Worple Road, Wimbledon, London, S.W.20, who will post same to you free of charge.

Readers will see in the above few lines more wonderful news than is to be found in many volumes on the same subject.



A LOVE GAME. Miss Helen Wills, whose engagement to Mr. Shander Moody, jun., is announced.

WEIGHED IN

By "Blackfriar"

THE line of reasoning taken by some people often amazes me. A popular and prolific writer of mystery stories, who dabbles in racing in his spare time, in reviewing the weights for the Lincolnshire Handicap the other day, remarked that it was absurd for anyone to say ten weeks before the race that a particular horse had been "thrown in." In support of that opinion he contended that over the peculiar Lincoln mile a loss of start might make 7 lb. difference, and a bad turn at the "elbow" bend in the course another 7 lb. Therefore a horse that would seem to have a stone the better of the weights might have all this advantage wiped out by some such happenings in the early stages.

A curious sort of argument indeed. The basis upon which all handicaps are framed is past running. Such fickle things as luck cannot be taken into consideration. Let us suppose, though, a horse is shown to have a stone in hand of the rest on the "book"—it has been known. Surely he is just as likely as any of his rivals to gain the double advantage of a fortunate start and a good place at the turn? I am afraid, my dear Watson, you have not given sufficient thought to your subject.

Racing's Greatest Lottery.

Our friend might have advanced his argument with more point in regard to the Grand National which on account of the big part that luck plays in it is rightly considered the greatest lottery in the racing world. Mr. E. A. C. Topham seems to have had that idea in mind when apportioning the weights for the next big test at Aintree seeing that he has lumped over forty of the entrants together on the minimum mark. If these forty odd horses had been nominated for a selling steeplechase of three miles over a "park" course, I am sure Mr. Topham could have utilised a two-stone range to handicap them without any grievance being felt.

There are Tipperary Tims in plenty among this lot. Perhaps the most likely is Fine Yarn. Like last year's winner this nine-year-old gelding wears a tube and is a good jumper—he rarely falls; but has more speed. That he has the requisite stamina in spite of his wind infirmity he displayed when beating a huge field for the four-mile National Hunt Steeplechase at Cheltenham two years ago. He was then in Stevens' stable at Eastbury.

That clever young Epsom trainer, Pendarves, now looks after him and I imagine he will do his utmost to get him in good trim so that Sir Peter Grant Lawson, who won the Household Brigade Cup on Fine Yarn at Hawthorn Hill last year, will have a reasonable chance of adding his name to the list of amateur riders who have steered a Grand National winner.

Easter Hero's Weight.

However, for the sake of the game, I am hoping that the race will fall to one of the numerous better-class horses engaged, like the consistent Bright's Boy, Maguelonne, Knight of the Wilderness, Trump Card, Master Billie or Patron Saint.



A NATIONAL CANDIDATE. Mr. W. Parsonage's Master Billie.

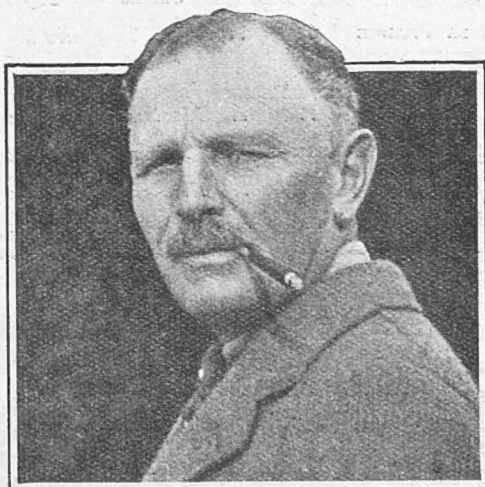
I shall be rather surprised if Easter Hero goes to the post, especially now that Mr. Topham has seen fit to give him top weight. Owing to his habit of jumping askew at his fences I have never regarded him as a potential "National" winner, believing that he will always do better over less formidable jumps. Since that lamentable affair last March, when he put half the cracks out of action at the Canal Turn, followed by his equally unfortunate experience at Auteuil, where he lost his jockey at the first jump, Easter Hero's attention has been confined to hurdle races.

It seems a little difficult to understand, therefore, why he should now be asked to carry more at Aintree this time than what he failed with last year, whereas a tried performer like Bright's Boy, who finished third in 1926 and again the following year and is Easter Hero's senior by only a year, has been dropped three pounds. More than ever do I expect to see Maguelonne the hope of Jack Anthony's stable.

Harshly Treated.

A horse I feel has been somewhat harshly treated by the handicapper is Patron Saint. This admittedly brilliant young 'chaser has never essayed the Aintree fences; yet he is asked to accomplish the—for a six-year-old—record feat of winning the National under 12 stone. I shall not be greatly surprised if he is not among the acceptances.

Many people will pause at the name of



CAPTAIN P. WHITAKER, who is to train at Newmarket, where he is expected to take up his residence shortly.

Week-End Selections.

NEWBURY, FRIDAY.
Hlsley S. Hurdle.—Langside.
Royston S. Handicap Steeplechase.—Loyal Scot.
Weyhill Handicap Hurdle.—Rolie.
Sefton Steeplechase.—Kakushin.
United Services Cup.—Dash o' White.
Four Years Old Hurdle.—Voltero.

NEWBURY, SATURDAY.
Reading S. Steeplechase.—Fortissimo.
Lambourne S. Handicap Hurdle.—My Toy.
Winchester Handicap Steeplechase.—Eagle's Tail.
Berkshire Hurdle.—Promptitude, if absent Gainsharp.
Moderate Handicap Hurdle.—Woomerah.
Ogbourne Handicap Steeplechase.—Socrates.

Koko. He is a horse with a distinct "if." He appears unable to jump properly until he has had time to work up to top speed. That, at least, is the impression I have gained after seeing him come to grief more than once at a simple fence early in the race.

Great Span and Master Billie.

If only because of his fine effort last year, when, in the opinion of most of those who witnessed the race, only the slipping of the saddle robbed him of victory, Great Span, all being well, will remain one of the leading fancies. He has only 5 lb. more to shoulder and his recent victory at Lingfield showed him to be thoroughly well.

Since George Blackwell sent out thirteen-year-old Sergeant Murphy to win the "National" of 1923 Newmarket has carried off the event thrice more, with Double Chance (1925), Jack Horner (1926) and Sprig (1927). It follows then that provincial trainers of candidates have every reason to fear their rivals at headquarters. This year the menace is more formidable than ever for, in addition to the imposing string under the charge of Harvey Leader, Captain Percy Whitaker is now installed there, with Master Billie, last year's favourite, as his champion.

Ever since he finished sixth to Jack Horner in 1926, Master Billie has been marked down as a future winner of the great race. It is true he fell in each of his subsequent essays, but in both instances there was an element of ill-luck about his eclipse.

The Betting Change.

After next month an important alteration to the Rules of Betting will come into operation. Hitherto whenever an objection has been sustained all winnings that have been paid out over the disqualified horse have had to be returned, sometimes a fortnight or more after the bet has been settled. With the totalisator in operation such a situation will never arise, for, once the machine has paid out, the transactions on the particular race will be finished. It would, of course, be impossible to work in any other way, and recognising this the Jockey Club recently amended the objection rules to meet the case.

But that, of course, still left the bookmakers "in the air," so to speak. Tattersall's Committee, by whose decisions the bookmakers of the country abide, have therefore decided that as from March 2nd, when the new Jockey Club rule comes into force, bets shall be paid out on horses as shown by the official number board on the course, and that such settlements shall remain undisturbed even though an objection may subsequently be lodged.

I am sure all backers will welcome the change.

CARTOONS OF THE WEEK



THE DISAPPOINTED TRAPPER. How the American Prohibition agents aimed at an elk and killed a rabbit. (New York Herald.)



PEACEFUL PERSUASION. Poincaré (to member of Independent Conference of Experts): "You are, of course, not bound to any opinion, but if the result is not what I expect—beware!"—(Kladderadtsch, Berlin.)



POLITICS IN JUGO-SLAVIA. The Fundamental Law. (De Groene Amsterdammer.)

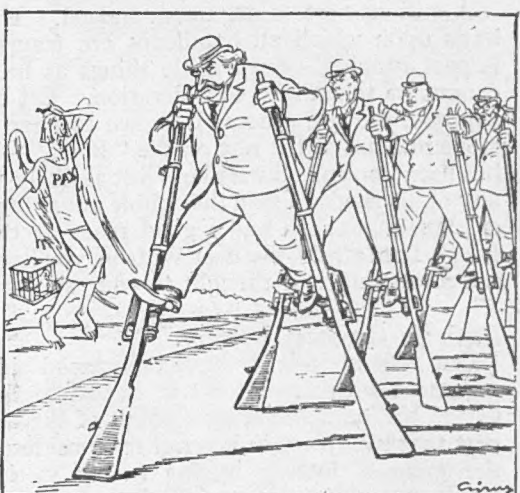
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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK



HOOVER'S FIRST PROBLEM. Finding jobs for his helpers in the Presidential Election.—(Brooklyn Citizen.)



EUROPE ON STILTS. "We hope to make definite steps towards peace in 1929," says M. Briand. "We hope there will not be a 'crash,'" adds the Guerin Meschino of Milan.



"HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER!" Uncle Sam's two loves.—(Philadelphia Record.)

Use **MAZDA** LAMPS and see things in the right light

